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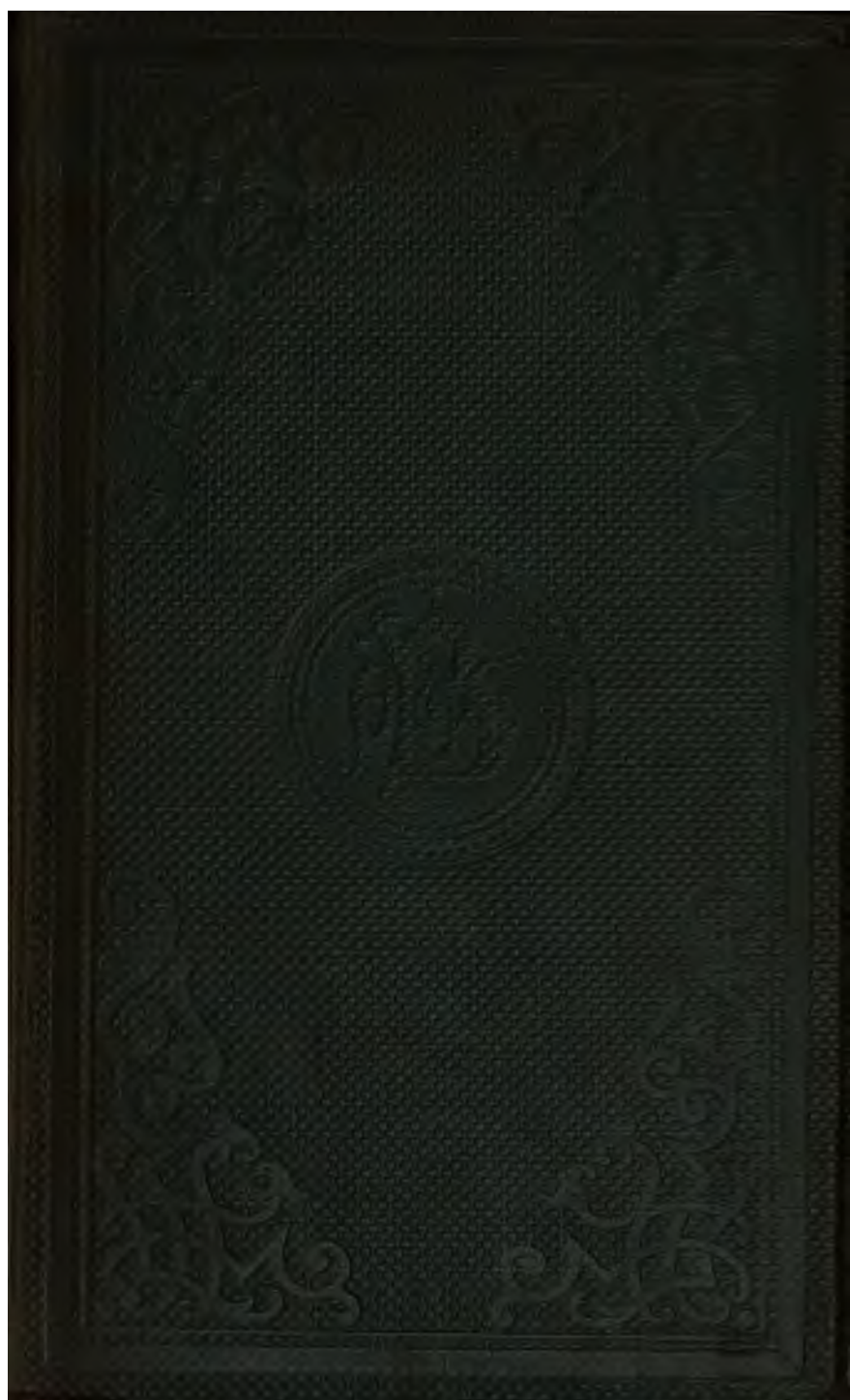
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SECOND EDITION

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PREFACE.

IN our prefatory remarks we shall endeavour to point out the distinctive features of this book, and to explain the manner in which we think it should be used, leaving it to teachers and the public generally to judge whether its claims of being an improvement on the English school collections at present in use be well or ill founded.

In regard to the prose lessons, it will be seen that they embrace a great variety of subjects, and are selected both on account of the elegancy and liveliness of the style in which they are written, and of the interesting nature of the information they contain. In books of this class it has been popular of late years to present the scholar with summaries of sacred and of profane history,—and with short but connected, although necessarily very meagre, views of some branches of science, illustrated with a few diagrams. In our experience as a teacher we have found such books not well adapted for teaching young persons to read fluently and elegantly, or to inspire them with a love of reading by themselves. But without referring particularly to our experience in teaching, a moment's reflection on the nature of the human mind will show that this must be the case. The powers of the mind come into operation gradually, and in invariable order; and, at the age of eleven or twelve years, the fancy and the affections are more particularly active; but the dry language in which scientific truth is often conveyed, with page after page of history, in which names and dates are for the most part the only things ever meeting the eye, are neither suited to charm the one nor to engage the other. "It is no wisdom"—says Dr Arnold, "to make boys prodigies of information; but it is our wisdom and our duty to cultivate their faculties each in its season—first the memory and imagination, and then the judgment; to furnish them with the means, and to excite the desire of improving themselves, and to wait with confidence for God's blessing on the result."

In regard to the poetical lessons we have to remark that their number in this book is unusually large, that they exhibit a very great variety of measures, and that they are internally fitted to delight the youthful mind while they foster a correct literary taste. In no respects, perhaps, are the generality of English collections with which the author of this book is acquainted so objectionable as in their scanty and ill-chosen poetical lessons. Poetry however, may be much used, and with the happiest results in carrying on the work of youthful instruction. Sentiments presented to the mind in the garb of verse make a more lasting and intelligible impression than if presented in sober prose; and in no way is the memory capable of being made more useful than by treasuring up some of the choice productions of poetic genius, the recitation of which is no less beneficial than the exercise of learning them.

One great objection to the English collections in use in this part of the country is the impossibility of marking off a definite piece of work to be done at home. You may give the class a general order to prepare such and such a lesson, but this command involves so much that it is never attended to at all. In this book, however, the master can at once mark off work to be done which will be both pleasing and of immediate use. To each lesson will be found a set of questions, numbered, so that pupil and master can instantaneously find any question referred to. These questions are constructed not so much on the principle of eliciting the knowledge that is *in* the mind, as of working new information gently *into* it, by leading the pupil into a train of thought similar to that which the author himself may be supposed to have followed. In preparing answers to questions constructed on this plan, the pupil is delighted to feel that he is not a mere passive recipient of knowledge, but a co-worker with the author himself. Whatever knowledge the mind acquires in this way affords great delight, and is lastingly retained, for the memory becomes the storehouse of what the reason has comprehended and the judgment approved. We have endeavoured to draw moral and religious instruction from all the lessons, as we consider it a teacher's duty in everything and at all times to be casting the good seed into the mind, and, by God's blessing, into the hearts of his pupils. We have introduced almost every lesson with a note, original or selected, bearing directly on the subject in hand, and we have added notes at the foot of the page wherever they were deemed necessary. This does away entirely with the use of a separate manual, or key, in which matter of this kind is sometimes inconveniently furnished.

We must refer to the arrangement of the poetical lessons, which will be found nearly the same as in the prose ones. We deem this part of our book a decided improvement on the old plan, and it is nearly a novelty in school books of this class. In conclusion, we would just say, that the lessons being entirely independent of each other, except in one or two instances, they may be read in any order the master may deem advisable, but we would recommend the vocabulary at the end of the book to be read by the class in the master's hearing at the rate of two or three pages weekly, over and over again, in order that the pupil may get the benefit of it in as easy a way as possible. Of course, when reading a lesson, the columns must be thoroughly mastered in every point of view. We would also strongly urge upon teachers to subject their pupils to a searching *vox voce* examination on each lesson, after they have mastered the columns and answered the printed questions. Some use, also, might be made of this book in teaching composition, as a class of elder scholars will be perfectly able to reproduce, in language of their own, the substance of any lesson they have studied in the full manner here indicated. The poetry, besides being studied exactly in the same way as the prose lessons, ought also to be learned by heart and recited in the class at the rate of twenty or thirty lines per week. We will now commit our little work to the public, praying God for Christ's sake to bless our humble endeavours for the benefit of the young.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In preparing a Second Edition of the "READER" for the press, the compiler has availed himself of the opportunity presented of effecting some considerable alterations, which, it is believed, will greatly enhance the value of the book. These alterations consist chiefly in a different arrangement of the vocabulary, the omission of some prose lessons, and the addition of a great many new extracts, not only most suitable, but quite fresh in a school collection. Room for these pieces has been found by shortening some of the longer notes, increasing the number of pages in the volume, and printing the poetical division in a rather smaller type. The extracts are all made from authors of the highest standing, and care has been taken, that the definitions of words,

notes, &c., added to facilitate the study of the lessons by the pupils, should be full, correct, and really useful. The words selected for explanation have been printed in italics in the body of the lessons, an arrangement that must obviously be of great advantage, both to the teacher and the scholar. If the compiler has succeeded in his design, the "ADVANCED READER" will be found to contain a great amount of important and useful information, highly attractive in itself, well arranged for the practical purposes of education, and in tone, ever tending to strengthen and elevate the spiritual element, the higher part of our nature.

GLASGOW, MARCH, 1858.

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RELIGION AND MORALS.

SOLOMON'S ACCOUNT OF OLD AGE EXPLAINED.

Thomson's Lessons.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>Ad-mon'ish, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. ad, moneo</i>), to warn; to exhort; to counsel or advise.</p> <p>Ded'i-cate, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. de, dicatum</i>), to give wholly to; to consecrate or set apart to God; to devote.</p> <p>Fac'ul-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. facultas</i>), a power of the mind or of the body; capacity; ability.</p> <p>In-firm'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. in, firmus</i>), weakness of body or mind; feebleness.</p> <p>Lu'mi-na-ry, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. lumen</i>), any body which gives light, as the sun, the moon, etc.</p> <p>In-ter-pose', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. inter, positum</i>), to place or come between; to interfere.</p> <p>Fir'ma-ment, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. firmus</i>), the apparently solid concave of the heavens; the open sky.</p> <p>Ob-struc'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ob, structum</i>), anything that builds up or closes the way; obstacle; impediment.</p> <p>Di-ges'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. dis, gestum</i>), the dissolving of the food in the</p> | <p>stomach, and the carrying of it to the different parts of the body to nourish it.</p> <p>Har'mo-ny, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. harmonia</i>), concord of sound; melody.</p> <p>Cap-tiv'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. captum</i>), the state of being a prisoner; slavery.</p> <p>Cir-cu-la'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. circus</i>), a moving round; a going and returning.</p> <p>Vi'tal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. vita</i>), pertaining to life; necessary to existence.</p> <p>Im-mor'tal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, mors</i>), exempt from death; imperishable; undying.</p> <p>Treas-u-ry, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. thesauros, F. trésor</i>), a place where anything valuable is kept.</p> <p>Rec'on-cilel, <i>p.p.</i> (<i>L. re, concilio</i>), brought into a state of friendship from a state of enmity.</p> <p>Pil'grim-age, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. peregrinatio, Ital. pellegrinaggio</i>), a long journey to a holy place; the journey of life.</p> |
|--|---|

IN the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, the preacher *admonishes* us to *dedicate* our youthful days to the service of our Creator, considering the evil days which are coming upon us, when all

the *faculties* of our minds and bodies shall fail us under the *infirmities* of age. For then, as the preacher beautifully represents it to us, as in a glass or mirror, the sun, and the moon, and the stars are darkened; the superior powers which rule in the body of man, as the heavenly *luminaries* do in the world—the understanding and reason, the imagination and the memory, are obscured as when the clouds *interpose* between us and the lights of the *firmament*. In the earlier season of life, the clouds of affliction having poured down their rain, they pass away, and sun-shine succeeds; but now the clouds return after the rain; old age itself is a continual sorrow, and there is no longer any hope of fair weather. The keepers of the house, the arms and hands which are made to guard and defend the body, begin to shake and tremble; and the strong men, the shoulders, where the strength of the body is placed, and which were once able to bear every weight, begin to stoop and bow themselves; and the grinders, the teeth, begin to fall away and cease to do their work, because they are few. Also those that look out of the windows are darkened; the eyes, those windows of the body, through which we look at all things abroad as we look out from the windows of a house, become dim; and he that uses them is as one who looketh out of a window in the night. Then the doors are shut in the streets; difficulties and *obstructions* attend all the passages of the body, and *digestion* becomes weak when the grinding is low. The youthful and healthy sleep sound, and are apt to transgress by taking too much rest; but the aged sleep with difficulty, and rise up at the voice of the bird; they are ready to leave their disturbed rest at the crowing of the cock. The daughters of music are brought low; the voice fails and becomes hoarse; the hearing is dull; and the spirits, now less active than they used to be, are less affected by the powers of *harmony*; and so sit in heaviness, hanging down their heads, as virgins drooping under the sorrow of *captivity*. Old age, being inactive and helpless, becomes afraid of that which is high; it is fearful of climbing, because it is in danger of falling; and being unfit to endure the hardness of fatigue, and the shocks of a rough journey, the fears which are in the way discourage it from setting out. Then the almond tree flourishes; the hair of the head becomes white, as the early almond blossoms in the hard weather of the winter, before the snows have left us. And even the grasshopper becomes a burden; the legs once light

and nimble to leap, as the legs of that insect, and which used with ease to bear the weight of the whole body, are now become a burden, and can scarcely carry themselves; and when the faculties thus fail, the desire fails along with them, for nothing is desirable, when nothing can be enjoyed.

Such are the evil days, which come upon us when our youth is past, and prepare the way for that last and greatest evil of our death, when man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets lamenting his departure. Then the silver cord, the nerves whose coat is white and shining as a cord of silver, is loosed, and no longer does its office. The *circulation* of the blood stops at the heart, the fountain of life,—as when a pitcher, which draws water, is broken at the well, or the watering wheel, circulating with its buckets, which it both fills and empties at the same time, is broken at the cistern. Thus do the *vital* motions all cease at death; and the dust returns to the earth, to become such as it was before man was made out of it; and his immortal spirit returns unto God, the fountain of *immortality*, from whom it proceeded.

Let then the light of my understanding, while I have it, be employed in the search of truth, and let my memory be a *treasury* of all useful knowledge; let my hands labour while their strength lasts, and my shoulders be ready and patient under every necessary burden; let my mind be ever looking out through the windows of my body, to see and learn, while the day-light is with me. Let the daughters of music be employed in the praises of God, before they are brought low; let my youthful ambition and activity be occupied in pursuing the elevated, difficult, and laborious path of Christian duty; and let me so spend my early years, so use my bodily strength and all my faculties, as that my hoary head, being found in the way of righteousness, may be a crown of glory; that when I depart I may be affectionately remembered by the wise and the good; and that when this body ceases to breathe, and is mixed with its kindred clay, my soul may go into the presence of a *reconciled* God, and enter on the enjoyment of that eternal happiness which my Saviour purchased for me, and for which his grace and Spirit have been preparing me in the course of my earthly *pilgrimage*.

1. To whose service should we dedicate our youthful days?

2. What consideration should urge us to do so?

3. What are represented under the figure of the sun, moon, and stars?

4. Name the superior powers of the mind.

5. What are meant by clouds, and what

by the clouds returning after the rain ?

6. What are meant by the keepers of the house ; by the strong men ; by the grinders ; by the windows ?

7. Explain the expression "the doors are shut in the streets."

8. What kind of slumber do young persons in health enjoy ?

9. At the voice of what bird do the old rise from their bed ?

10. What do you understand by the daughters of music being brought low ?

11. To what is the hair becoming white likened ?

12. What is the grave here called ?

13. Why are the nerves called the silver cord ?

14. To what is the stoppage of the blood at the heart compared ?

15. Where does the immortal spirit go when the body dies ?

16. How can a sinner find acceptance with God ?

TRANSLATION OF THE AUTHORIZED ENGLISH BIBLE.

Albert Barnes.

Trans-la'tion, *n.* (*L. trans, latum*), removal ; the rendering of a book, etc., into another language ; interpretation ; version.

O-rig'i-nal, *adj.* (*L. origo*), first in order ; most ancient.

Mar'gin-al, *adj.* (*L. margo*), written on the margin or edge.

Com-mit'tee, *n.* (*L. con, mitto*), persons sent aside, or appointed to consider a matter and to report.

Aus-pic-es, *n. pl.* (*L. avis, specio*), literally, omens drawn from the flight &c. of birds ; favour shown ; patronage.

Pro-pi'tious, *adj.* (*L. propitius*), favouring ; encouraging.

De-lib-er-a'tion, *n.* (*L. deliberatio*, see *libra*), a weighing in the mind the reasons for or against a matter ; consideration.

E-lapse', *v.* (*L. e, lapsum*), to glide

away ; to pass.

Scrip'ture, *n.* (*L. scriptura*, see *scribo*), the written Word ; the Holy Bible.

In-spi-ra'tion, *n.* (*L. in, spiro*), the supernatural influence of the Holy Spirit.

In-fal-li-bil'i-ty, *n.* (*L. in, fallo*), exemption from the possibility of error ; entire freedom from mistake.

Con-cur'rent, *adj.* (*L. con, curro*), acting in conjunction ; harmonious ; unanimous.

In-du'bi-ta-bly, *adv.* (*L. in, dubito*), undoubtedly ; without question.

Ven'er-a-ble-ness, *n.* (*L. venerari*), the being worthy of reverence or of very high respect.

Con-sum-ma'tion, *n.* (*L. con, summa*), the conclusion ; termination ; the end.

THE translation of the Bible at present in use in this country was undertaken by the authority of King James I. of England. He came to the throne in 1603. Several objections having been made to the "Bishop's Bible," then in general use, he ordered a new translation to be made. This work he committed to fifty-four men ; but before the translation was commenced, seven of them had either died, or had declined the task, so that it was actually accomplished by forty-seven. All of them were eminently distinguished for their piety, and for their profound acquaintance with the original languages. This company of eminent men was divided into six classes, and to each class was allotted a distinct part of the Bible to be translated. "Ten

were to meet at Westminster, and to translate from Genesis to the end of the second book of Kings. Eight assembled at Cambridge, and were to translate the remaining historical books, the Psalms, Job, Canticles, and Ecclesiastes. At Oxford, seven were to translate the four greater Prophets, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and the twelve minor Prophets. The four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Revelation, were assigned to another company of eight at Oxford; and the Epistles were allotted to a company of seven at Westminster. Lastly, another company at Cambridge were to translate the Apocrypha."

To these companies the king gave instructions to guide them in their work, of which the following is the substance:—

The Bishop's Bible, then used, to be followed, and to be altered as little as the *original* would permit.

The names of the sacred writers to be retained as they were commonly used.

When a word had different significations, that to be kept which hath been most commonly used by the fathers, and most eminent writers.

No alteration to be made in the chapters and verses. No *marginal* notes to be affixed, except to explain the Greek and Hebrew words that could not be briefly and fitly explained in the text. Reference to parallel places to be set down in the margin.

Each man of a company to take the same chapters, and translate them according to the best of his abilities; and when this was done, all were to meet together and compare their translations, and agree which should be regarded as correct.

Each book, when thus translated and approved, to be sent to every other company for their approbation.

Besides this, the translators were authorized, in cases of great difficulty, to send letters to any learned men in the kingdom to obtain their opinions.

In this manner the Bible was translated into English. In the first instance, each individual translated each book allotted to his company. Secondly, the readings to be adopted were agreed upon by that company assembled together. The book thus finished was sent to each of the other companies to be examined. At these meetings one read the English, and the rest held in their hands some Bible, of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, etc. If they found any fault, says Selden, they spoke; if not, he read on.

The translation was commenced in 1607, and completed in about three years. At the end of that time, three copies of it were sent to London. Here a *committee* of six reviewed the work, which was afterwards reviewed by Dr. Smith, who wrote the preface, and by Dr. Bilson. It was first printed, in 1611, at London, by Robert Barker.

From this account, it is clear that no ordinary care was taken to furnish to English readers a correct translation of the sacred Scriptures. No translation of the Bible was ever made under more happy *auspices*; and it would now be impossible to furnish another translation in our language under circumstances so *propitious*. Whether we contemplate the number, the learning, or the piety of the men employed in it; the cool *deliberation* with which it was executed; the care taken that it should secure the approbation of the most learned men, in a country that embosomed a vast amount of literature; the harmony with which they conducted their work; or the comparative perfection of the translation, we see equal cause of gratitude to the great Author of the Bible that we have so pure a translation of his word.

From this time the English language became fixed. More than two hundred years have *elapsed*, and yet the simple and majestic purity and power of the English tongue is expressed in the English translation of the Bible, as clearly as when it was given to the world. It has become the standard of our language; and nowhere can the purity and expressive dignity of this language be so fully found as in the sacred *Scriptures*.

The friends of this translation have never claimed for it *inspiration* or *infallibility*. Yet it is the *concurrent* testimony of all who are competent to express an opinion, that no translation of the Bible into any language has preserved so faithfully the sense of the original as the English. Phrases there may be, and it is confessed there are, which modern criticism has shown not to express all the meaning of the original; but as a whole, it *indubitably* stands unrivalled. Nor is it probable that any translation can now supply its place, or improve upon its substantial correctness. The fact that it has, for two hundred years, poured light into the minds of millions, and guided the steps of generation after generation in the way to heaven, has given to it somewhat of the *venerableness* which appropriately belongs to a book of God. Successive ages may correct some of its few unimportant errors; may throw light on some of its obscure passages; but to the *consummation* of all things, it

must stand, wherever the English language is spoken, as the purest specimen of its power to give utterance to the meaning of ancient tongues, and of the simple and pure majesty of the language which we speak.

1. By the command of what king was the translation of the authorized English Bible made?

2. When did he come to the English throne?

3. To how many learned men was the task committed?

4. But what was the actual number of translators?

5. State the qualifications of these men for the task.

6. Into how many classes were they divided?

7. Name the portions of the Bible allotted to each class.

8. State the King's instructions for their guidance.

9. When was the translation commenced, and when completed?

10. Who wrote the preface to it?

11. Name the first printer of it.

12. Why could not such a translation be so happily made now as it was then?

13. Of what all-glorious personage do the Scriptures mainly speak?

14. Quote to me the words of John v. 39.

EVIDENCES OF THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD.

(PART I.)

Bishop Porteus.

Res-ur-rec'tion, *n.* (*L. re, surrectum*), the act of rising from the dead; revival from death.

Sep'ul-chre, *n.* (*L. sepulcrum*), a place to bury in; a tomb.

Corpse', *n.* (*L. corpus*), a dead body.

E-van-gel-ist, *n.* (*Gr. eu, angelos*), a bearer of good news; one of the four writers of the history of our Lord.

In-gen'u-ous, *adj.* (*L. ingenium*), literally, freeborn; hence noble; candid; open.

Char'ac-ter-ize, *v.* (*Gr. character*), to mark as with a stamp; to distinguish.

Dis-ci-p'le, *n.* (*L. discipulus*), a learner; a follower.

Com-pre-hend', *v.* (*L. con, prehendo*), to contain; to include; to comprise.

Cir'cu-late, *v.* (*L. circus*), to move round; to spread abroad as a report.

De-pose', *v.* (*L. de, positum*), to put down; to give testimony on oath; to bear witness.

Mil'i-ta-ry, *adj.* (*L. miles*), pertaining to the army.

Dis-ci-pline, *n.* (*L. discipulus*), the training of an individual to obey; regulations in the army to maintain order.

Cred'i-ble, *adj.* (*L. credo*), possible to be believed.

Im-pu'ni-ty, *n.* (*L. impunitas*, see *poena*), freedom; security, or exemption from punishment.

Tam-per, *v.* to deal with in an underhand way.

Con-cert'ed, *p.p.* (*L. con, certo*), mutually contrived or planned.

Al-ter-na-tive, *n.* (*L. alternus*), a choice of two things, either of which we must accept.

A-pos'tle, *n.* (*Gr. apo, stello*), one who beheld Christ with the bodily eye, and was sent by Him to preach the gospel.

AFTER our Saviour's crucifixion, Joseph of Arimathea, we are told, laid the body in his own new tomb,¹ hewn out of a rock, and rolled a great stone to the door of the *sepulchre*. In order

to secure themselves against any fraud, the Jews desired the Roman governor, Pilate, to grant them a band of soldiers² to guard the sepulchre, lest, as they said, the disciples should come by night and steal the *corpse* away. Pilate's answer was in these words, "Ye have a watch, go your way, make it as sure as ye can; so they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."³ The *Evangelist* then proceeds to relate the great event of the *resurrection* with that *ingenuous* and natural simplicity which *characterizes* the sacred historians, and which carries upon the face of it every mark of sincerity and truth.

"In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene,⁴ and the other Mary⁵ to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the Angel of the Lord descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the Angel of the Lord answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, that was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay, and go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead: and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him; Lo, I have told you. And as they went to tell his *disciples*, behold Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go tell my brethren, that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me. Now, when they were going, behold, some of the watch came into the city, and showed unto the chief priests all that was done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, his disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. And if this come to the governor's ears, we will persuade him, and secure you. So they took the money and did as they were taught: And this saying is commonly reported among the Jews unto this day."⁶

Such is the relation of this wonderful fact given by St.

¹ Sepulchres, places for burying the dead, were usually hollow rooms dug into rocks with an upright door to enter them, to which a large stone was put.

² A Roman guard generally consisted of sixty men.

³ Matth. xxvii. 65, 66. ⁴ Luke, viii. 2. ⁵ Mark, xvi. 1. ⁶ Matth. xxviii, 1-15.

Matthew, which *comprehends* not only his own account of it, but that also which was *circulated* in opposition to it by the chief priests and rulers of the Jews. Here then we have fairly before us the two different representations of this event by the friends and by the enemies of Christ; of which the former asserts that it was a real resurrection, the other that it was a fraud; and between these two we must form our opinions; for no third story has been set up, that we know of, by any one.

One thing is agreed on by both sides, viz. that the body was not to be found in the sepulchre. It was gone; and the question is by what means? The soldiers gave out that the disciples "came by night, while they slept, and stole it away." But it is not very easy to understand how the soldiers could *depose* to anything that passed while they were fast asleep; they could not possibly tell in what manner the body was stolen away, or by whom. Nor, considering the extreme severity of the Roman *military discipline*, is it *credible*, that if they had been asleep they would have confessed it. For it was certain death to a Roman soldier to be found sleeping upon guard. Nothing could have prevailed upon them to make such a declaration as that, but a previous promise of *impunity* and reward from the Jewish rulers; a plain proof that they had been *tampered* with, and that it was a *concerted* story.

In the next place, supposing the story true, of what use could the dead body be to the disciples? It could not prove to them, or to others, that their Master was risen from the dead; on the contrary, it must have been a standing and a visible proof of the contrary. It must convince them that he, instead of being the deliverer they expected, was an impostor, and they most cruelly deceived. And why they should choose to keep in their possession, and to have continually before their eyes a lifeless corpse, which completely blasted all their hopes, and continually reminded them of their bitter disappointment, is somewhat difficult to be imagined.

The tale, then, told by the soldiers, is upon the very face of it, a gross and clumsy forgery. The consequence is, that the account given by St. Matthew is the true one. For if the body was actually gone (an acknowledged point on all sides) and if it was not, as we have proved, stolen away by the disciples, there are but two possible suppositions remaining; either that it was taken away by the Jews and Romans, or that it was raised to life again by the power of God. If the

former had been the case, it could only have been for the purpose of confronting and convicting the disciples of falsehood and fraud by the production of the dead body. But the dead body was *not* produced. It was therefore, as the Gospel affirms, raised from the grave, and restored to life. There is no other conceivable *alternative* left.

And that this was actually the case, is proved by our Lord's appearing after his resurrection, not only to the two women who came first to the sepulchre, but to the two disciples going to Emmaus, and to the disciples assembled together at two different times, and to all the *apostles*, and to above 500 brethren at once. And he not only appeared to them silently, but he talked and ate with them; he showed them his hands and his feet; he made them handle him; he held several long conversations with them; and, at last ascended up into heaven in their sight.

These were things of which the plainest and most ignorant men could judge. It was impossible for them to be deceived in an object with which they were well acquainted, and which presented itself to all their senses.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Describe the sepulchres generally used in the East. 2. What precautions did the Jews take to make the sepulchre, in which Christ was buried, sure? 3. What was the usual number of soldiers in a Roman guard? 4. When did the two women come to see the tomb? 5. Who was Mary Magdalene, and who the other Mary? 6. What had taken place just before the women came to the grave? 7. What did the angel say to them? 8. Who met them as they ran to tell the disciples? 9. What did Jesus say to them? 10. Who informed the chief priests of these things? 11. What were the soldiers told by the rulers to say? 12. Do you think it likely the <i>whole</i> guard would be asleep at once? 13. If your house were robbed while you were sleeping, could you tell when you awoke who were the robbers? 14. What was the punishment in the Roman army for falling asleep on guard? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 15. If the soldiers had fallen asleep, who would have been most anxious to have them punished? 16. What does the soldiers' declaration clearly show? 17. Suppose the disciples did steal the body, of what would it have convinced them? 18. If the Jewish Rulers or Romans had had it, what would they have done with it? 19. As the dead body was never produced, what conclusion are we forced to come to? 20. But what took place shortly after the resurrection, that put the reality of it beyond the possibility of a doubt? 21. To how many of the brethren did Christ appear at one time? 22. What most convincing proofs did he give them that it was he? 23. When did the disciples last see the Lord? 24. Show that it was perfectly impossible for them to have been deceived on the various occasions of his appearing among them. |
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EVIDENCES OF THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD.

PART II.

Bishop Porteous.

De-ci'sive, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. de, cæsum</i>), cutting off suspense; positive; conclusive.	the belief that God is making special revelations to us; heat of imagination.
Ve'he-mence, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. veho, mens</i>), violence of mind and action; energy; force.	Phan'tom, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. phaino</i>), a spectre; an apparition.
Men'ace, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. minor</i>), to threaten; to be ready to fall on us.	Man'i-fest, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. manifestus</i>), to display; to show; to exhibit.
Un-daunt'ed, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. domito, F. domter</i>), not depressed by fear; intrepid.	Re-lig'ion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. religio, see ligo</i>), our bounden duty to God, to our neighbour, and to ourselves; a system of faith and worship.
Coun'cil, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. concilium</i>), an assembly of men for consultation or advice.	Di-vin'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. divus</i>), Godhead; divine nature.
Doc'trine, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. doctrina</i>), what is taught; a truth of the gospel.	Ap-peal, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. appello</i>), to call upon as judge or witness; to refer to any person or thing as evidence.
Ex-tin'guish, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. ex, stinguo</i>), to put an end to; to quench.	Re-deem', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. re, emo</i>), to buy back from bondage; to rescue from eternal death.
Per-suade, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. per, suadeo</i>), to win over to a particular opinion; to convince.	Proph'e-cy, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. propheteia, see phêmi</i>), a declaration of something to come; prediction.
Ir-re-sist'i-ble, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, re, sisto</i>), not to be withstood; overpowering.	Com-ple'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. compleo</i>), accomplishment; fulfilment.
En-thu'si-asm, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. enthousiasmos, see theos</i>), zeal, arising from	

But there is another more *decisive* proof, arising from their own conduct, that they were perfectly convinced of the reality of our Lord's resurrection.

It appears that the apostles were far from being men of natural courage and firmness of mind. When our Lord was apprehended, all his disciples, we are told, forsook him and fled. Peter followed him afar off, and went into a hall in the palace of the high priest, where the servants warmed themselves, and being there charged with being a disciple of Jesus, he peremptorily denied it three times with *vehemence* and with oaths. It does not appear that any of his disciples attended in the judgment-hall to assist and support him; and when he was crucified, the only persons that ventured to stand near his cross, were his mother and two or three other women, and St. John. They all, in short, appeared dismayed and terrified with the fate of their Master, afraid to acknowledge the slightest connection with him, and utterly unable to face the dangers

that seemed to *menace* them. But immediately after the resurrection of our Lord, a most astonishing change took place in their conduct. From being the most timid of men, they suddenly became courageous, *undaunted*, and intrepid; they boldly preached that very Jesus whom but a short time before they had deserted in his greatest distress; and although his crucifixion was fresh before their eyes, and they had reason to expect the same or a similar fate, yet they persisted in avowing themselves his disciples, and told the Jews publicly, "that God had made that same Jesus, whom they had crucified, both Lord and Christ;"¹ and when they were brought before the rulers and elders to be examined respecting the lame man whom they had cured at the gate of the temple, "Be it known unto you all (said they), and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, and whom God raised from the dead, even by him does this man stand here before you whole. This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head stone of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."²

And when a second time they were brought before the *Council*, and forbidden to teach in the name of Jesus, their answer was, "We ought to obey God rather than men." And when they were again reprimanded, and threatened, and beaten, yet they ceased not in the temple, and in every house, to teach and to preach Jesus Christ; and with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus."³

In what manner now shall we account for this sudden and most singular change in the disposition, and as it were in the very constitution of the apostles? If Christ had not risen from the grave, and his dead body was in the possession of his disciples, was this calculated to inspire them with affection for their leader, and with courage to preach a *doctrine* which they knew to be false? Would it not, on the contrary, have increased their natural timidity, depressed their spirits, *extinguished* all their zeal, and filled them with indignation and horror against a man who had so grossly deceived them, and robbed them under false pretences, of everything that was dear and valuable to them in the world? Most unquestionably

¹ Acts ii. 36.² Acts iv. 10, 11, 12.³ Acts v. 29, 42, and iv. 33.

it would. Nor is it possible to account, in any rational way, for the strange revolution which took place in their minds, so soon after their master's death, but by admitting that they were fully *persuaded* and satisfied that he rose alive from the grave.

It may be said, perhaps, that this persuasion was the effect, not of *irresistible* evidence, but of enthusiasm, which made them fancy that some visionary phantom, created solely by their own heated imagination, was the real body of their Lord restored to life. But nothing could be more distant from *enthusiasm* than the character and conduct of these men, and the courage they *manifested*, which was perfectly calm, sober, collected, and cool. But what completely repels this suspicion is, that their bitterest adversaries never once accused them of enthusiasm, but charged them with a crime which was utterly inconsistent with it, fraud and theft; with stealing away the body from the grave. And if they did this—if that dead body was actually before their eyes, how was it possible for any degree of enthusiasm short of madness (which was never alleged against them) to mistake a dead body for a living man, whom they saw, and touched, and conversed with? No such instance of enthusiasm ever occurred in the world.

The resurrection of our Lord being thus established on the firmest grounds, it affords an unanswerable proof of the truth of our Saviour's pretensions, and consequently of the truth of his *religion*: for had he not been what he assumed to be, the Son of God, it is impossible that God should have raised him from the dead, and thereby given his sanction to an imposture. But as he did actually restore him to life, he thereby set his seal to the *divinity* which he claimed, and acknowledged him, in the most public and authoritative manner, to be "his beloved Son, in whom he was well pleased."¹

And this evidence of our Lord's divine mission is of the more importance, because our Saviour himself *appealed* to it as the grand proof of his being sent from heaven to instruct and to *redeem* mankind. For when he cast the buyers and sellers out of the temple, and the Jews required of him a sign, that is, a miraculous proof, that he had the authority of God for doing those things, his answer was,—“Destroy this temple (meaning his body), and in three days I will raise it up. When therefore he was risen from the dead, his disciples remembered

¹ Matth. iii. 17.

that he had said this unto them: and they believed the scripture, and the word which Jesus had said."¹ and they themselves constantly referred to the resurrection more than to any other evidence, as the great foundation on which their faith was built.

The reason for this perhaps, was, that this great event contained in itself, at once the evidence both of miracle and of *prophecy*. It was certainly one of the most stupendous manifestations of Divine power that could be presented to the observation of mankind; and it was, at the same time, the *completion* of two most remarkable prophecies; that of our Saviour's above mentioned, and that well-known one of King David's, which St. Peter expressly applies to the resurrection of Christ: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption."² We thus see that the resurrection of our Lord from the dead is a fact fully proved by the clearest evidence, and is the seal and confirmation of his divinity, and of the truth of his religion.

1. How did the disciples act when Jesus was apprehended?

2. Who is generally accounted the boldest among the disciples?

3. How did this same Peter act in the hall of the High Priest?

4. Who alone of the friends of Jesus ventured near the cross?

5. What remarkable change took place in the character of the disciples immediately after the resurrection?

6. When questioned about the lame man, what did Peter say?

7. When threatened, beaten, and forbidden to preach, what did the disciples reply?

8. In what way alone can you account for their boldness now?

9. Show that the charge of enthusiasm is quite inadmissible.

10. Of what does the resurrection of Christ afford an unanswerable proof?

11. When the Jews once required a sign of Christ that he came from God, what was his answer?

12. Why did the disciples so constantly refer to the resurrection in their preaching?

13. What two remarkable prophecies were fulfilled in the resurrection of our blessed Redeemer?

CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL CROSS THE RIVER.

(BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress*.)

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all it has borrowed."—*T. B. Macaulay*.

Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a

¹ John ii. 19.

² Psalm xvi. 10; Acts ii. 27.

river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned, but the men that were with them, said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire, if there was no other way to the gate? to which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men, if the waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help him in that case: for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink; and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all the waves go over me. Selah."

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah, my friend! the sorrow of death hath compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he, in a great measure, lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of these sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover, that he had horror of mind and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. 'Twas also observed, that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins, and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful therefore here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere a while he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, 'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for; you have been hopeful ever since I knew you. And

so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother! said he, surely if I was right, he would now rise to help me, but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm: they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters, are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream, That Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added these words, Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh, I see him again! and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and when through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon: and so it followed, that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note, that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed, was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious company to attend to them.

* * * * *

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do his

commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Then I saw in my dream, that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, these pilgrims are come from the city of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them, each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in unto the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, "that the righteous nation," said he, "that keepeth the truth, may enter in."

Now I saw in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them, with harps and crowns, and gave them to them: the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of our Lord." I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord." And after that, they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

1. What river is here meant and what gate?

2. What mortals have arrived at the gate without crossing the river?

3. What answer was returned to the question "Are the waters all of one depth?"

4. What did Christian say when he began to sink?

5. With what words did Hopeful cheer him?

6. What was Christian's reply to this, and what happened to him afterwards?

7. What fears and temptations assailed him?

8. With what words did Hopeful try to dispel his fears?

9. Quote the words about the death of the wicked.

10. Repeat the words which dispelled Christian's fears.

11. Who met them at the other side?

12. What made the ascent of the hill so easy now?

13. Describe in the language of the

Shining Ones the New Jerusalem,—as to its inhabitants,—their dress,—their employment, &c.

14. What words were written over the gate?

15. What did the Pilgrims hand in?

16. What gracious command did the King of the Celestial City give?

17. What happened when the men entered the gate?

18. From the glimpse of the glorious city that the dreamer got, what did he exclaim?

19. Tell me the only way to that most glorious place.

THE SAVING CHANGE.

John Muir, D.D.

Test, *v.* (*L. testis*), to try by experiment; to put to the proof.

As-cer-tain', *v.* (*L. ad, certus*), to make one's self sure; to find out.

Posed', *p.p.* (*L. positus*), lit. placed or fixed, hence put to a stand; perplexed; puzzled.

Hyp'o-crite, *n.* (*Gr. hypocrites*), a

dissembler or pretender in religion.

Ex-tor-tion-er, *n.* (*L. ex, tortum*), one who wrests anything from a person by force or illegal means.

At-trib'ute, *v.* (*L. ad, tribuo*), to give as due; to ascribe; to impute.

God does not alter the course of nature without, but He alters what is equal to it, the course of nature within. He alters men's desires, tastes, feelings, and such like; and that is the most satisfying evidence that can be given to any man, that God, who hath begun the good work within him, will perform that good work to the day of Jesus; and that as sure as God is in the heavens, that man shall be taken up to dwell in the house of the Lord. Now, not to enlarge upon this idea particularly, my friends, it would seem that there are three *testing* questions that people may put to themselves to *ascertain* whether or not the course of nature be changed for the better within.

First. What think we of Christ? You are aware, when Christ put that question to the twelve, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" the twelve replied that they took Him either for John the Baptist, or for Elias or for Jeremiah, or for some other of the Old Testament prophets; taking Him to be a mere law-monger, shall I call it? or a mere teacher of the law, thinking that Christ came to proclaim the moral law to men, with new sanctions and penalties, and that He was to be regarded in the light of a mere lawgiver. But He put the question again to the twelve, "But whom say ye that I am?" and when Peter replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," He approved of that answer. Now I say, what do we think of Christ? If conscience, *posed* with

the question, shall reply, "Well, we can form no other opinion of Christ than that He is a lawgiver, come to give us law, and to judge us by the law, and to condemn those who do not keep that law;" then I say, we are not in Christ—we have not been taught that Christ is the Saviour by the Holy Spirit. But if we can honestly reply that we view Christ in the light of a Saviour—one sent of God to assume our nature, that, by living and dying in our room and stead, He might open up heaven to believers; then I say, we are taught of God; for do you know what Christ answered to Peter? Christ said, "Blessed art thou, Simon-Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." And if any one of us can say honestly, "We have ceased from viewing Christ in the light of a mere lawgiver, and we view Him now in the light of a Saviour," then we may rest assured that the course of nature within us is changed, and that He who hath begun the good work of renewing the soul will perform the same unto the day of Jesus. Another of these questions is, "What think ye of the people of Christ?" Sirs, there are people called the people of Christ in this fallen world; and whenever God finds no more people of Christ in the world, He will bring it to a speedy close; for it is kept up for the people of God to stand upon, and to be a place to fit them for heaven and for glory. So there are people of God round about us, if we can find them out; and if we can find such people—people who are living upon Jesus Christ, looking to Him for everything they require, and lifting up prayer to Him continually; and people who are trying to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man—what think ye of these people? At the day of judgment, those who are on the right hand are taken up into heaven; and the ground of their being taken up is, that when Christ, in the person of His own believing people, was hungry, they gave Him to eat; and the kindness was accounted as kindness shown to Christ himself, and a sign of their love to Christ. But those on the left hand are found to have had no regard for the people of God, and they are assumed thereby to have shown no regard to Christ himself; and it would be impossible to make this people happy by taking them up into heaven; for how can they enjoy heaven where Christ is their all and in all, and all that are there cast their crowns before Him, and give Him the glory of all, and take no credit to themselves? Now what think we of the

people of Christ? If we can say, "We think of them as the best of mankind, who, though not always the wisest in science and literature, yet they are always the wisest for God and for eternity; and we will go far to serve them whenever they require our aid;" if we can say that, then we have good evidence that the course of nature within us is altered. But if, on the other hand, we say, as many people say, "We hate them because they are *hypocrites*, and we have no desire to serve them," then we do not yet love God, and the course of nature is not changed within us; as we prefer those who are not His people to those who believe in Christ, and love Him, and obey Him. Or take another question, to ascertain whether the course of nature within be changed, or whereby we may know whether we are to go up into heaven when we die; and the question is, "What think we of our own selves?" You know that Christ uttered a parable of this kind. He says, "Two men went up to the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee said, God, I thank thee that I am not like other men, *extortioners*, unjust, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess." The other man, called a publican, stood afar off in the temple, and was seen beating on his breast, and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "I tell you," says our Lord, "that this man went up to his house justified rather than the other." Now what think we of ourselves? If we think of ourselves as the Pharisee thought of himself, that we are very good indeed, perhaps too good to live long, we have never been taught by God. But if we are disposed to think very meanly of ourselves, and *attribute* all to the free grace of God, be sure we are taught of God. And this change of nature within, producing the opinion we entertain of our own selves, is a proof that God has begun the good work within us, and we may be confident of this, that He will perfect it in the day of Jesus.

1. What change must the sinner undergo before he can hope to go to heaven?

2. How may the reality of this change be ascertained?

3. In what light did the disciples view Christ at first?

4. Give Peter's answer to Christ's question—"Whom say ye that I am?"

5. What did Jesus say regarding this answer?

6. How does Christ regard any kindness shown to his followers on earth?

7. If we hate the people of God what does this clearly prove?

8. What opinion did the Pharisee, spoken of here, hold of himself?

9. What did the poor Publican think of himself?

10. Of whose views did our Saviour approve?

FURY NOT IN GOD.

From a Sermon, by DR. CHALMERS, on Isaiah, vii. 3—5.

“Fury is not in me; who would set the briars and thorns against me in battle? I would go through them, I would burn them together. Or let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me.”

YOU misunderstand the text then my brethren, if you infer from it that fury has no place in the history or methods of God's administration. It has its time and its occasion—and the very greatest display of it is yet to come, when the earth shall be burned up, and the heavens shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and “the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those who know not God, and obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; and they shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power.” It makes one shudder seriously to think that there may be some here present whom this devouring torrent of wrath shall sweep away; some here present who will be drawn into the whirl of destruction, and forced to take their descending way through the mouth of that pit where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; some here present who so far from experiencing in their own persons that there is no fury in God, will find that throughout the dreary extent of one hopeless and endless and unmitigated eternity, it is the only attribute of His they have to do with. But hear me, hear me ere you have taken your bed in hell; hear me, ere that prison-door be shut upon you which is never, never again to be opened! hear me, hear me ere the great day of the revelation of God's wrath come round, and there shall be a total breaking up of that system of things which looks at present so stable and so unalterable! On that awful day I might not be able to take up the text and say—that there is no fury in God. But oh! hear me, for your lives hear me—on this day I can say it. From the place where I now stand I can throw abroad amongst you the wide announcement—that there is no fury in God; and there is not one of you into whose heart this announcement may not enter, and welcome will you be to strike with your beseeching God a league of peace and of friendship that shall never be broken asunder. Surely when I am busy at my delegated employment of holding out the language of entreaty, and of sounding in your ears the tidings of gladness, and of inviting you to enter into the vineyard of

God—surely at the time when the messenger of the gospel is thus executing the commission wherewith he is charged and warranted, he may well say—that there is no fury in God. Surely at the time when the Son of God is inviting you to kiss Him and to enter into reconciliation, there is neither the feeling nor the exercise of fury. It is only if you refuse, and if you persist in refusing, and if you suffer all these calls and entreaties to be lost upon you—it is only then that God will execute His fury, and put forth the power of His anger. And therefore He says to us, “Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little.” Such then is the interesting point of time at which you stand. There is no fury in God at the very time that He is inviting you to flee from it. He is sending forth no blasting influence upon the fig-tree, even though hitherto it had borne no fruit, and been a mere cumberer of the ground, when He says, we shall let it alone for another year, and dig it, and dress it, and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then let it be afterwards cut down. Now, my brethren, you are all in the situation of this fig-tree; you are for the present let alone; God has purposes of kindness towards every one of you; and as one of His ministers I can now say to you all—that there is no fury in Him. Now when the spiritual husbandman is trying to soften your hearts, he is warranted to make a full use of the argument of my text—that there is no fury in God. Now that the ambassador of Christ is plying you with the offers of grace and of strength to renew and to make you fruitful, he is surely charged with matter of far different import from wrath and threatening and vengeance. Oh! let not all this spiritual husbandry turn out to be unavailing; let not the offer be made now, and no fruit appear afterwards; let not yours be the fate of the barren and unfruitful fig-tree. The day of the fury of the Lord is approaching. The burning up of this earth and the passing away of these heavens is an event in the history of God’s administration to which we are continually drawing nearer; and on that day when the whole of universal nature shall be turned into a heap of ruins, and we shall see the gleam of a mighty conflagration, and shall hear the noise of the frame-work of creation rending into fragments, and a cry shall be raised from a despairing multitude out of the men of all generations, who have just awoke from their resting-places—and amid all the bustle and consternation that is going on below, such a sight shall be

witnessed from the canopy of heaven as will spread silence over the face of the world, and fix and solemnize every individual of its incumbent population. Oh, my brethren, let us not think that on that day when the Judge is to appear charged with the mighty object of vindicating before men and angels the truth and the majesty of God—that the fury of God will not then appear in bright and burning manifestation. But what I have to tell you on this day is, that fury is not in God—that now is the time of those things which belong to the peace of our eternity; and that if you will only hear on this the day of your merciful visitation, you will be borne off in safety from all those horrors of dissolving nature, and amid the wild war and frenzy of its reeling elements, will be carried by the arms of love to a place of security and everlasting triumph.

THE CAPTIVE AND HER FAVOURITE HYMN.

Cyclopædia of Religious Anecdote.

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| Ex-cursion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ex, cursus</i>), a rambling or roving about; an expedition or journey into a distant part. | Prov'i-dence, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. pro, video</i>), foresight; timely care; the care of God over his creatures. |
| Sav'age, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. silva</i>), an inhabitant of the woods; a barbarian. | Col'o-nel, <i>n.</i> (<i>cornel</i>), the commanding officer of a regiment. The spelling is French—the pronunciation is from the Spanish, <i>Coronel</i> . |
| Cap-tiv'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (see p. 11). | Pub'lish, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. publicus</i>), to make known among the people. |
| Hab-i-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. habitare</i>), dwelling place; place of abode. | Be-reav'ed, <i>p.p.</i> (<i>S.</i>), deprived of; robbed of. |
| Mel'an-cho-ly, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. melan, cholē</i>), a gloomy state of mind, formerly said to proceed from a redundancy of <i>black bile</i> .— <i>Adj.</i> dismal; pitiful. | Ac-quire', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. ad, quaero</i>), to get; to attain; to learn. |
| Bible, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. biblos</i>), book. The name Bible is given, by way of eminence, to the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. | Lang'uage, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. lingua</i>), human speech; manner of expression, or style of speaking. |
| Sol'i-tude, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. solus</i>), loneliness; a desert place. | Rec-ol-lect', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. re, con, lectum</i>), to gather again by the mind, or remember; to recall to memory. |
| Drear or dreary, <i>adj.</i> , gloomy; dismal; hopeless. | |

In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada,¹ between the French and the English. The Indians took part

¹ Canada, the northern part of N. America, was colonized by the French in 1608, and continued in their possession till 1759, when it was conquered by the British.

with the French, and made *excursions* as far as Pennsylvania,² where they plundered and burned all the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of a poor family from Wirtemberg,³ while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, four miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the *savages*, but they carried the two little girls away into *captivity*, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the *habitations* of the Indians, who divided among themselves all the children whom they had taken captive.

Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was to them very cruel. In this *melancholy* state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina, reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. While captives their hearts seemed to have been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the *Bible*, and the hymns which she had learned when at home, and she taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn, from the hymn-book used at Halle, in Germany:

“Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this *solitude* so drear.”

They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, some time bring them back to their Christian friends.

In 1764, the hope of these children was realized. The merciful *providence* of God brought the English *Colonel* Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was, that they should restore all the prisoners they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 400 captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was an affecting sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The colonel and his soldiers gave them food and

² Pennsylvania, one of the United states, and, next to New York, the most important—granted to W. Penn, by James II, in 1681.

³ Wirtemberg, a kingdom in S. W. of Germany,—its capital city is called Stuttgart.

clothes, brought them to the town of Carlisle, and *published* in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents who had lost their children might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other *bereaved* parents, to Carlisle; but alas! her child had become a stranger to her; Regina had *acquired* the appearance and manner, as well as the *language* of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young persons assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughters. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Bouquet said, "do you *recollect* nothing by which your children might be discovered?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used to sing with them, and which was as follows:—

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
Even here alone I cannot be."

The colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, began to sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the colonel restored the daughter to her mother. But there were no parents or friends in search of the other little girl; it is supposed they were all murdered; and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly asked after "the book in which God speaks to us." But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost everything when the natives burnt her house.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What know you of Canada, of Pennsylvania, of Wirtemberg? 2. On whose side were the Indians in this war? 3. Which of the poor family were at home, when the Indians fell upon them? 4. Whom did the savages murder? 5. Where were the mother and the other son? 6. What did the savages do with Barbara and Regina? 7. State the ages of these poor captive girls. 8. How long did they remain in slavery? 9. What words and what hope cheered them in their captivity? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 10. Who in God's merciful providence brought them deliverance? 11. Why could not Regina's mother recognise her? 12. What did the Colonel say to the weeping mother? 13. Repeat the hymn which the mother sung. 14. Describe the affecting scene that followed. 15. After what book did Regina often ask? 16. Had her mother a Bible? 17. What is our duty in regard to God's word, seeing that many have it not? |
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THE PRACTICE OF PATIENCE.

Jeremy Taylor.

AT the first address and presence of sickness, stand still and arrest thy spirit, that it may without amazement or affright consider that this was that thou lookedst for, and wert always certain should happen, and that now thou art to enter into the actions of a new religion, the agony of a strange constitution; but at no hand suffer thy spirits to be dispersed with fear, or wildness of thought, but stay their looseness and dispersion by a serious consideration of the present and future employment. For so doth the Lybian lion, spying the fierce huntsman; he first beats himself with the strokes of his tail, and curls up his spirits, making them strong with union and recollection, till being struck with a Mauritanian spear, he rushes forth into his defence and noblest contention; and either 'scapes into the secrets of his own dwelling, or else dies the bravest of the forest. Every man, when shot with an arrow from God's quiver, must then draw in all the auxiliaries of reason, and know that then is the time to try his strength, and to reduce the words of his religion into action, and consider that if he behaves himself weakly and timorously, he suffers never the less of sickness; but if he returns to health, he carries along with him the mask of a coward and a fool; and if he descends into his grave, he enters into the state of the faithless and unbelievers. Let him set his heart firm upon this resolution—I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, do it nobly.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.*Goethe.*

THE time draws nigh, dear John, that I must go the way from which none returns. I cannot take thee with me; I must leave thee in a world where good counsel is not superabundant. No one is born wise. Time and experience teach us to separate the grain from the chaff. I have seen more of the world than thou. Therefore I give thee this advice, the result of my experience.

Attach not thy heart to any transitory thing. The truth comes not to us, dear son; we must seek for it. That which you see, scrutinise carefully; and with regard to things unseen and eternal, rely on the Word of God. Search no one so

closely as thyself. Within us dwells the judge who never deceives, and whose voice is more to us than the applause of the world, and more than all the wisdom of the Egyptians and Greeks.

Uphold truth when thou canst, and be willing for her sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded. Do good for thy own satisfaction, and care not what follows. Cause no grey hairs to any one: nevertheless, for the right, even gray hairs are to be disregarded.

A man who has the fear of God in his heart, is like the sun that shines and warms, though it does not speak. Do that which is worthy of recompense, and ask none. Reflect daily upon death, and seek the life which is beyond with a cheerful courage; and, further, go not out of the world without having testified by some good deed thy love and respect for the Author of Christianity.

"DO IT, AND IT WILL BE DONE."

(*Abridged from "Uncle Barnaby," by Mrs. Copley.*)

ON my first visit to my uncle, I was struck with the promptitude, order, and despatch of business which prevailed throughout the house, and formed a perfect contrast to the scene by which Mrs. Harris was surrounded. However, as was generally the case with fresh inmates in the family, I more than once came in for my uncle's admonition.

Cousin Frank was always condescending and good-humoured towards me; and accommodated himself to the wishes and capacities of a younger companion, in no ordinary degree. Still, however, he acted by a plan; and sometimes when I applied to him to join me in play, he would reply, "I cannot come now, Samuel: I shall be engaged for an hour or more with my exercise." "What!" I inquired, "have you to write exercises in holiday time?" "Yes," replied Frank, "I must keep up my work, or I shall get behind-hand when I return to school. Have you nothing to do in that way, Samuel?" "Only two of Æsop's fables to translate." "Had you not better set about doing them?" "Yes, I *can*, to be sure; but there is no hurry: they will not take me long to do, and we have more than three weeks to come of the holidays." My

uncle came in, and heard the close of the conversation. "My boy," said he, "let me advise you now, in the morning of your days, to cultivate a habit of never leaving till to-morrow, not merely what absolutely ought to be done to-day, but that which might as well be done to-day; do it, and it will be done." On that occasion I took my uncle's advice, and I had no reason to regret it. I got my slate, and set about translating one of the fables; while thus engaged I felt very happy, and really interested in my work; it seemed no burden to me. By an hour's application two or three mornings, the thing was accomplished; thus I had plenty of time to look it over, correct any little mistakes that had occurred in the translation, and neatly to copy it for showing up on my return. Then I had for nearly three weeks the positive pleasure of knowing that it was done. When an excursion was proposed, or a pleasant party of friends expected, there were no untranslated fables to haunt me, and prevent my enjoyment; and on my return to school, I was prepared at once to lay them before the master, and received his kind expressions of approbation. Besides, I had gained real improvement. The sentiments of the fables were impressed on my mind, and the verbal corrections suggested by my uncle or Frank, fixed themselves on my memory, and advanced my knowledge of the language. And then, too, the pleasing recollection of that affair often served as a stimulus on other occasions again to act upon my uncle's maxim, which had resulted in so much satisfaction. I frequently coupled with it the recollection of a former vacation, when I had only some trifling matter to commit to memory, but which had been deferred from day to day, and every pleasure embittered by the recollection, "But my poem is not learned." On the last evening before my return to school, I sat up to a late hour, yawning and weeping over my book, which, at last, overcome with weariness and disgust, I laid under my pillow, hoping to resume it with better success in the morning; then, a hurried glance was all that I could bestow upon it. At school it was blundered through in a disgraceful manner, and left no trace of improvement on my mind.

My uncle often advised us, if in the course of reading or conversation we met with a word which we did not exactly understand, immediately to look it out in the dictionary. I have often done this with satisfaction and improvement; but I have sometimes been tempted to delay it: the book was not in

the room, or I did not like to break in upon the conversation, and I thought I would recollect the word and look for it when convenient. In such a case, consciousness that there was a word which I intended to look for, would haunt me for days and weeks; but I do not recollect any instance in which, if once suffered to escape, it ever recurred to me again. I have sometimes with shame asked Frank if he could tell me what word it was I said I would look for. He, too, has tried in vain to assist me, and we have generally concluded with, "Well, it shows that we ought to follow uncle's saying, "Do it, and it will be done."

I remember calling with my uncle on several of his cottagers, to take them some seeds of a newly-introduced and very profitable vegetable, which my uncle had just received from London. All of them seemed much pleased with the kind thoughtfulness of their landlord, and quite disposed to try the experiment. On our way home, we called again at one of the cottages where we had left a parcel of seeds, to inquire for an umbrella, which Frank had left behind him. We knocked several times without being answered, and, concluding the family were all out, were taking our departure, when one of the children came in; father and mother, she said, were in the garden, clearing the ground, and putting in the seeds that his honour had given them; and she had been sent to the Hall with the umbrella that the young gentleman had left behind; for her mother said, "Take it at once, and then it will be out of harm's way, and ready if it should be wanted." The good man and his wife then appeared, bringing in their gardening tools. "You have been working late," said my uncle; "are you not very tired?" "Rather so, sir," replied the man; "but wife said we had better do it, and then it would be done; and I thought so too; so we both bestirred ourselves and set about it; it was not more than an hour's work: and now the seeds are in, ready for such weather as it pleases God to send us; the weather could not help forward the seeds before they were put in the ground." "Right, right," said my uncle; "let our part be done diligently, and then we may humbly expect a blessing to prosper it."

About two months afterwards, in one of our walks, we called again on some of the cottagers; my uncle was particularly concerned to know the success of the new experiment. In the several gardens there was a considerable disparity in the ad-

vancement of the crops; but in none was the difference so striking as that of the cottager where we called a second time, and that of his next door neighbour. As the gardens were only separated by a dwarf hedge, we had an opportunity of seeing both together. The former presented a fine bed of vegetables, vigorous in their growth, and advancing to just such a stage of maturity as would fit them to stand the approaching winter. The other had but a scanty sprinkling of stunted plants, some of them precociously running to seed; some languishing for want of moisture; and not any afforded a promise of surviving the winter, and requiting the owner for the ground they occupied. "How is it," inquired my uncle, "that your plantation is so much more flourishing than that of your neighbour?" "I cannot say, sir, I am sure, except it is the seed having been put in so much earlier." "Ah, I recollect you sowed your bed the same night I brought you the seed." "I did so, sir, though I had a great mind to leave it till next day; but wife said, 'Do it, and then it will be done.' If you remember, sir, the rain set in that very night, and lasted a fortnight. Wife and I were glad enough to think that the seed was in the ground, and we once or twice asked our neighbour whether his was in; but he said the ground was so wet it was impossible to dig it; for that reason he was more than a fortnight behind us. Then came the long drought, which does not at all suit this kind of plant, as it requires a deal of moisture, especially at first; so you see, sir, he is not likely to have much luck with it this year; but I shall be able to help him with a few of my plants; for they will bear another thinning." "See, boys," said my uncle, addressing himself to us, "the wisdom of promptitude in attending to business, and doing what ought to be done. By diligently employing your own energies, which you can command, you put your work in a position to receive every advantage of circumstances which you could not command, but which you may improve—advantages which the idle and procrastinating throw away."

We had a young companion occasionally visiting at my uncle's, who sometimes adopted the saying, and in a sense acted upon it, but not exactly as my uncle recommended. Arthur was a quick lad, and when any thing was proposed that took his fancy, he would set about it directly, and say, "I will do it, and then it will be done." He quickly surrounded himself with materials and implements, and worked away at a great

rate. But he soon suffered himself to be diverted ; some new object was taken up, and the old one deserted and forgotten. Arthur was famous for clever, but unfinished projects ; and prompt, but not persevering activity. "Ah," said my uncle, "to begin a thing is not to DO it. That one little Saxon word comprehends to commence, to carry on, to complete an enterprise ; and he who stops short of this, can never say that his work is done." I have more than once known Arthur's experiments or projects fail for want of due attention to my uncle's exposition of the saying, "Do it, and it will be done." To do a thing, means to do it properly, not half do it. Once well done, is twice done, or rather, done once for all."

"Do it, and it will be done." With what solemn emphasis does this apply to the infinite concern of a personal application to Christ for life and salvation ! Intentions, purposes, and resolutions, never saved a soul. The nearest step to the door of the ark, if short of an actual entrance, was short of preservation. The manslayer might perish within sight and reach of the gate of the city of refuge : and the youth who lacked one thing, unless he obtained it, perished for want of the one thing needful. How unspeakably important, then, is it, immediately and decidedly to choose and secure an interest in that good part which shall never be taken away.

In conclusion, I will sum up a few of my uncle's arguments for enforcing his favourite maxim.

"Do it, and it will be secured against the possibility of being left undone."

"Do it while you have leisure, that it may be better done than if done in a hurry."

"Do it, that you may have time to review your work, and correct or improve it if required."

"Do it thoroughly, that you may not have the injury and disgrace of its being left half done."

"Do it yourself, that you may not be disappointed by trusting to others."

"Do it, in humble hope that the blessing of God may crown your feeble endeavours, and cause them to result in usefulness and honour far beyond your present calculations."

SECTION II.

BIOGRAPHY AND ANECDOTE.

LIFE OF SOLON, THE GRECIAN SAGE.

(Abridged from Stowell's "Lives of Illustrious Greeks.")

Leg'is-la-tor, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. lex, latum</i>), one who brings in or frames the laws or polity of a country.	in the hands of a few persons; a species of aristocracy.
Re-trieve, <i>v.</i> (<i>Fr. retrouver</i>), to find again; to recover; to regain.	Scheme, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. schēma</i>), design; system; plan.
Re-scind', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. re, scindo</i>), lit. to cut off; to abrogate; to revoke; to repeal.	Vision-ar-y, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. visum</i>), fanciful; imaginary; having no real foundation.
Dis-tract', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. dis, tractum</i>), to draw separate ways; to confuse; to disturb.	Tyrant, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. tyrannos</i>), originally, an absolute ruler; usually, a cruel, severe master.
De-moc'ra-cy, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. dēmos, kratia</i>), that form of government in which the superior power is lodged in the hands of the people collectively.	Sage, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. sagus</i>), a wise man.
Ol'i-gar-chy, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. oligos, archē</i>), that form of government in which the supreme authority is placed	Os-ten-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ostendo, see, ob, tendo</i>), show; ambitious display.
	E-lat-ed, <i>p.p.</i> (<i>L. e, latum</i>), elevated; flushed with success; puffed up.
	Max'im, (<i>L. maximum</i>), a very great truth; a leading principle; an axiom.

SOLON, the great *legislator* of the Athenians, and perhaps the greatest of the ancient world, was the son of Exceestides, a descendant of the royal house of Codrus. He was born about 638 B.C., in the island of Salamis. In youth Solon engaged in foreign commerce to repair the decayed fortune of his family; and while travelling as a merchant into other countries, he sought for knowledge more eagerly than for wealth, and found both in abundance. At this time the Athenians were driven by the Megaræans from the island of Salamis, and suffered so much in their vain efforts to reconquer it, that they forbade by decree its name to be mentioned under pain of death. Solon,

indignant at the loss and disgrace to which the Athenians had been subjected, rushed into the Agora or market-place, disguised as a madman, and recited a poem which he had composed, urging his countrymen to make another effort to *retrieve* their fame. The effect of these spirited verses was such, that the shameful decree was *rescinded*, and an armament sent out under command of Solon, which proved completely successful. Returning victorious from Salamis, Solon was soon called on to undertake a far harder task. Attica was *distracted* by internal feuds—instead of government, sects reigned. The inhabitants of the hill-country demanded a *democracy*; those of the lowlands, an *oligarchy*; while those on the coast preferred a mixed form of government. The eyes of all were turned to Solon as the fittest person to assume the regulation of the state, and he was accordingly chosen Archon or chief magistrate, B.C. 594, with powers to make a new division of the land, and to settle the whole affairs of the commonwealth on an entirely new foundation. Solon, in accepting this office, with unusual wisdom professed, that it was his design to give the Athenians, not the best possible laws, but the best they were capable of receiving; thus accommodating his measures to existing circumstances, and not to some fanciful *scheme* of *visionary* perfection. The excellence of his laws was proved by their permanence under all the revolutions of government that took place at Athens, and by their being adopted by other states. The Roman laws of the twelve tables were founded on them, and these again became the basis of the civil law as it is now established in Europe. Having completed his task, Solon left Athens for ten years, hoping that the people would have become accustomed to the new order of things by that time. But alas! the instability of human affairs! On his return, he found that Pisistratus, his cousin, had usurped the government, without, however, making any decisive change in the constitution. Failing in his endeavours to prevail on the *tyrant* to resign his illegal power, the venerable *sage* went into voluntary exile, that he might not witness evils he could not prevent. He died soon after his second departure, but the date and place are uncertain.

ANECDOTE—SOLON AND CRÆSUS.

At the invitation of Cræsus, Solon is said to have visited Sardis. When he arrived, he was like a person from an inland

country going to see the ocean, who mistakes great rivers for the sea; for as he passed through the court, and saw the nobles richly dressed, and attended by crowds of guards, he mistook each of them for Cræsus. When, at last, he approached the royal presence, the king was arrayed in the most dazzling splendour, glittering with gold and jewels. Solon, so far from being surprised, showed that he looked on all this pride and ostentation with contempt. When Cræsus had shown him his treasures, and his gorgeous chambers and furniture, he asked him, "Have you ever seen a happier man?" "Yes," said Solon, "one Tellus, a plain but worthy citizen of Athens, who left excellent children behind him; and who, having lived above the want of necessary things all his days, died honourably fighting for his country." Then Cræsus asked him, "Have you known any other man happier than I am?" "Yes; Cleobis and Biton, famous for their brotherly love to each other, and for their dutiful conduct towards their mother; they drew their mother in a chariot to the temple of Juno, amid the blessings of the people. After the sacrifice, they died, in the night, without pain or sorrow." Cræsus, highly displeased, said, "Then do you not number me in the rank of happy men?" Solon's last words to him were these: "King of Lydia, as God has given the Greeks a moderate share of other things, he has favoured them with a wise and liberal spirit, which cares little for the grandeur of royalty. We are not *elated* by any good fortune which is liable to change. He whom Heaven blesses with success at last is esteemed by us as the happy man. But while a man lives, with the dangers of life before him, he appears to us like a champion, whose combat is not over, and to whom the crown is still uncertain." Æsop was then at the court of Cræsus, and much caressed. He said to Solon, "A man should either not converse with kings, or say that which is agreeable to them." "Nay;" rejoined Solon, "he should say what is useful to them."

Cræsus was afterwards defeated by Cyrus, who took him prisoner, and captured his city. He was laid on a pile, to be burned to death. In the presence of Cyrus and the Persian conquerors, he called out loudly, "Solon! Solon! Solon!" Cyrus asked him, "What god or man do you thus call upon in your calamity?" "He is one of the wise men of Greece," Cræsus answered, "for whom I sent, that he might see my glory and spread my fame, that fame and glory which were

only outward, and resting on opinion, but the loss of which now plunges me into real sufferings. That great man foresaw this. He advised me to look to the end of life, and not to rely for happiness upon uncertainties." Cyrus, who was a wiser man than Cræsus, seeing Solon's *maxim* confirmed by this example, set Cræsus at liberty, and befriended him as long as he lived. Thus it was Solon's glory to save one king, and to teach another.

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| 1. Who was Solon, and when and where was he born?
2. What decree had the Athenians made regarding Salamis?
3. How did Solon act when he knew of this dastardly law?
4. What success attended the expedition?
5. To what most difficult duty was Solon called soon after his return? | 6. What facts prove the excellence of Solon's laws?
7. Having completed his task, what did the great legislator do?
8. In what condition did Solon find matters when he returned?
9. Relate the anecdote of Solon and Cræsus. |
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TITUS, THE ROMAN EMPEROR.

"Readings in Biography."

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| Sub-ver'sion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. sub, versum</i>), overthrow; destruction; ruin.
De-spot'ic, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Gr. despōtēs</i>), absolute; arbitrary; tyrannical.
Profli-gate, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. profligatus</i> , see, <i>figo</i>), of ruinous or destructive morals; abandoned; shameless.
Li-cen'tious, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. licet</i>), unrestrained by law or decency; unruly.
Rhet'o-ric, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. rheo</i>), the art of speaking with propriety, elegance or force; oratory.
Lieu-ten'ant—lev-ten'ant, <i>n.</i> (<i>Fr. lieu, tenant</i>), the officer who holds or supplies the place of a superior in his absence. | Fra-ter'nal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. frater</i>), brotherly.
Clem'en-cy, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. clemens</i>), mercy; leniency.
Con-spire', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. con, spiro</i>), to breathe together; to agree in any wicked design; to plot.
E-rup'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>e, ruptum</i> , see, <i>rumpo</i>), a sudden bursting out from confinement.
Phe-nom'e-non, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. phainomai</i>), any appearance in nature; particularly any extraordinary appearance.
Am-phi-the'a-tre, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. amphi, theatron</i>), a building for public exhibitions, of a circular or oval form, with seats gradually rising all round. |
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THE *subversion* of the republic by Julius Cæsar was fatal to the freedom of Rome; the civil wars destroyed all the materials of a free constitution, and the state fell under the *despotic* power of the emperors. The mild rule of Augustus Cæsar reconciled the people to the change, but under the dreadful tyranny of his successors, the people bitterly lamented the loss of their liberty. They bore successively the iron rule of the gloomy

Tiberius and his infamous minister Sejanus; of the petulant Caligula, who made murders and tortures his favourite amusement; of the imbecile Claudius and his *profligate* spouse Messalina; of Nero, a monster of iniquity; and they suffered severely during the troubled reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, while a *licentious* soldiery bestowed the imperial crown at their pleasure. The accession of Vespasian gave a temporary respite to these calamities, and promised a new era of tranquillity and happiness, from the hopes inspired by the virtues of his son Titus.

The youth of Titus was spent at the imperial court in the company of young Britannicus, a prince poisoned by order of Nero. Titus is said to have shared in the banquet, when the fatal dose was administered to his friend, and to have narrowly escaped the same destruction. Vespasian bestowed all possible care on the education of his son, and procured for him the best preceptors that Rome could supply. The young student devoted himself assiduously to the cultivation of poetry and *rhetoric*; we are told that some of his poems possessed great merit, but they have all perished, and we can place little confidence in the literary productions of an emperor. The fame of his eloquence rests on a less dubious basis, for his orations were heard with applause while he yet occupied a private station.

Like most of the young Roman nobility, he early entered into military service, and made several campaigns both in Germany and Britain with great honour. On his return to Rome he devoted his attention to the law, and was employed in several important causes. But the high military fame of his father led his ambition away from the quiet of civil life, and he quitted the bar for the army. Having held the office of quæstor, or military treasurer, to the universal satisfaction both of the soldiers and the officers, he was advanced to the command of a legion, and allowed to accompany his father to the Jewish war in the capacity of *lieutenant*. Before the war was concluded, Vespasian was raised to the empire, and the task of subjugating the rebellious Jews devolved upon Titus. The capture of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, was effected after the devoted city had been the scene of horrors to which history furnishes no parallel. It was levelled to the ground, not one stone of its magnificent Temple was left standing upon another, and the awful punishment which Christ had predicted to the

guilty nation was fulfilled to the letter. During this war, Titus in a striking manner displayed the tenderness of his *fraternal* affection, by endeavouring to reconcile his brother Domitian to their common father; for Vespasian was justly displeased with the vices which even thus early appeared in the character of Domitian.

After the death of his father, Titus ascended the imperial throne, and thenceforward conducted himself with so much *clemency*, moderation, and justice, that he was deservedly called "The delight of the human race." It is recorded, that being told one evening that he had not done a kind action during the day, he exclaimed with every mark of sincere sorrow, "Alas! my friends, I have lost a day!" To gratify the people, he dismissed the beautiful Berenice, and in spite of her tears, banished her not only from the city, but from Italy. Though his brother Domitian disturbed the tranquillity of his reign, by claiming a share in the government, the emperor would not treat him harshly, but endeavoured to soothe him by the most affectionate remonstrances. The race of spies and informers, which had flourished so much under previous emperors, received no encouragement from the virtuous Titus; he even pardoned those who *conspired* against his life, and forbade the prosecution of libels against his dignity.

In the first year of this reign occurred the memorable *eruption* of Mount Vesuvius, which produced such dreadful calamities in southern Italy, having overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, with other places of minor importance. Pliny, the celebrated naturalist, anxious to investigate the dreadful *phenomenon*, incautiously approached too near, and fell a victim. Titus exerted himself with the utmost diligence to relieve the sufferers by this awful calamity; the property of those who had perished without heirs devolved by law to the emperor, but he ordered that the entire should be devoted to the relief of the poor, and the reparation of the cities. While Titus was in Campania, personally superintending the distribution of his bounty, he received intelligence of a new calamity; a formidable conflagration burst forth in Rome, and raged for three days before its progress could be checked. It reduced to ashes many public and private buildings, amongst others a great part of the capitol, Pompey's theatre, and the magnificent library of Augustus. Titus generously took the entire loss upon himself, and repaired all the damages out of the imperial

revenues. The fire was soon followed by a plague, in which great multitudes perished.

The emperor's exertions in these trying circumstances were gratefully acknowledged by the senate and people; ingenuity was exhausted in devising new honours to his name. But he lived not to enjoy them. While witnessing some games in the magnificent *amphitheatre* that bears his name, he was suddenly taken ill, and was ordered by the physicians to try the effects of a change of air. He had scarcely reached his paternal estate when he expired, justly regretted by the entire empire. A little before his death, he is said to have declared that there was but one action of his life which he wished undone; if, as is generally supposed, he alluded to the nomination of Domitian as his successor, the Roman people had good cause to join in the wish; for a more execrable tyrant never disgraced a throne than the brother and successor of the virtuous Titus. Titus was born A.D. 40—died A.D. 81. Domitian, his wicked brother, is believed to have poisoned him. He reigned only two short years.

1. Name the first Emperor of Rome.

2. Name the Emperors here mentioned, and tell me something characteristic of each.

3. What narrow escape from death did Titus make in his youth?

4. In what capacity did Titus accompany his father to Judea?

5. Who commanded the Roman army

at the capture of Jerusalem?

6. What calamities befell the empire in the first year of Titus' reign?

7. What great man lost his life in the eruption of Vesuvius?

8. Relate the particulars of this good emperor's death.

9. Give the date of the destruction of Jerusalem.

CHELŌNIS, WIFE OF CLEOMBRŌTUS, OF LACĒDEMON.

From "Biographies of Good Wives," by Mrs. Child.

CHELONIS was the daughter of Leonidas, king of Lacedemon. During the reign of this monarch, Agis proposed an equal distribution of lands; a proposition which was, of course, warmly seconded by the mass of the people, and generally opposed by the wealthy. Leonidas gave his influence to the aristocratic party. A formidable faction arose against him, of which his son-in-law, Cleombrotus, was persuaded to be the leader; although the step was warmly opposed by his wife.

Leonidas fled to the altar of Minerva for safety,¹ and there his daughter Chelonis joined him in prayers to the goddess.

¹ According to the laws of ancient Greece, a criminal could not be taken from the temples of the gods.

Cleombrotus ascended the throne; but his indignant wife refused to share his fortunes. As long as her father remained in sanctuary, she stayed with him; and when he escaped to Tegea, she followed him into exile.

It was not long before a counter-revolution took place, and Leonidas was recalled. The monarch, according to the fierce spirit of those ancient times, returned full of fury against the party which had dethroned him; and his rebellious son-in-law was particularly marked out as an object of revenge.

Cleombrotus took refuge in the temple of Neptune. Here he was sought by his angry father, who bitterly reproached him for his conduct. Cleombrotus, silent and confused, attempted no justification of himself. But with the change of fortune, Chelonis had changed: with dishevelled hair and a dress of deep mourning, she sat by her husband's side, endeavouring to console him in the most affectionate manner; her two little children were at her feet.

At this sight, Leonidas, and the soldiers who were with him, were moved even to tears.

Pointing to her mourning habit, Chelonis thus addressed the king: "This habit, my dear father, was not first assumed out of compassion to Cleombrotus. My sorrows began with *your* misfortunes, and have ever since remained my familiar companions. Now that you are again king of Sparta, can I assume royal ornaments, while the husband of my youth, whom you yourself bestowed upon me, falls a victim to your vengeance? If his own submission—if the tears of his wife and children cannot move you, he must suffer a severer punishment than even you wish to inflict upon him; he must see his beloved wife die before him. How can I live, and support the sight of women, when both my husband and my father have refused to listen to my supplications? If Cleombrotus wronged you, I atoned for it by forsaking him to follow you; but if you put him to death, you will make an apology for his ambition, by showing that a crown is so bright and desirable an object, that a son-in-law must be slain, and a daughter utterly disregarded, where that is in question."

As Chelonis ended, she rested her cheek sorrowfully on her husband's head, and looked at her father with tearful eyes. After a short struggle with himself, Leonidas commanded Cleombrotus to arise and go into exile. He entreated his daughter to remain with him and share his prosperity, as she had shared his misfortunes.

Chelonis would not forsake her husband. When he rose from the ground, she put one infant in his arms, and took the other herself; and having prayed at the altar, where they had taken sanctuary, she went with him into banishment.

What a contemptible loss was a kingdom, to one who possessed the affections of this noble-minded Spartan matron!

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Dyn'as-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. dunastēs</i>), sovereignty; race or succession of rulers.	Mal'a-dy, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. malus</i>), an illness or disorder of body; distemper.
In-fest', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. in, festus</i>), to annoy; to plague; to harass.	Em-bel'lish-ment, <i>n.</i> (<i>Sax. em, L. bellus</i>), that which adds beauty or elegance; ornament.
In-va'der, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. in, vado</i>), one who enters a country as an enemy.	Be-nev'o-lence, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. bene, volo</i>), a will or wish for the happiness of others; kindness.
Peas'ant, <i>n.</i> (<i>Fr. paysan</i>), a countryman; a rustic.	In-ces'sant, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, cessans</i>), unceasing; continual; still going on.
Dev-as-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. de, vasto</i>), waste; havoc; desolation.	Church, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. Kurios, oikos</i>), the house of the Lord; a place for the worship of God.
In-dis'pu-ta-ble, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, dis, puto</i>), not to be disputed; incontrovertible; undeniable.	

ALFRED, surnamed the Great, sixth king of England, of the Saxon *dynasty*, was born in the year 849, and ascended the throne in 871, in the 22nd year of his age. He succeeded his brother Ethelred, who died in consequence of a wound received in battle with the Danes, by which term we are to understand all the Scandinavian nations, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians indiscriminately. These pirates in great numbers *infested* the shores of England and Scotland, plundering and cruelly oppressing the Saxon people. Alfred had scarcely time to follow Ethelred to the grave, when he was called on to fight for the crown to which he had succeeded. He gained some partial advantages over the *invaders* at first, but they, receiving ever fresh supplies from the continent, pressed him by degrees until he ceased to command an army, or even a guard; and, wandering alone, the youthful king found safety in a cowherd's hut at Athelney, in Somersetshire. The *peasant's* wife, quite ignorant of his rank, set him one day to watch some cakes that were baking on the fire, but the dethroned monarch's mind was far away devising means of relieving his country, and thus occupied, he let the cakes burn unnoticed. The worthy dame,

seeing his carelessness, cried out, "Man! what are you thinking about—can you not turn the cakes?—you'll be glad enough to eat them." After spending some months in concealment, Alfred, under the disguise of a wandering minstrel, penetrated the Danish camp, and while charming the soldiers with his music, he noticed the negligence of his enemies, and obtained such knowledge as enabled him afterwards to summon his people to his standard, fall upon the invaders unawares, and put them completely to flight. The time, however, had not yet come when Alfred and his kingdom were to enjoy the blessings of peace. In 893 a fleet of 330 ships under command of Hastings, the most renowned of the Danish leaders, landed on the coast of Kent, and for three years almost every part of South Britain became in turn the scene of *devastation* and bloodshed. At last the genius of the British monarch prevailed, and the remainder of his reign was passed in comparative tranquillity.

This truly great prince is equally celebrated as a warrior, a legislator, and a scholar. At his court were entertained some of the most learned men of his time, from various countries. He divided the land into counties; and with him, it is generally allowed, originated trial by jury, that great sheet-anchor of England's justice and of England's liberty. Above all things was he anxious that his subjects should know how to govern themselves and how to preserve their liberties. And in his will he declared that he left his people as free as their own thoughts. He left behind him many remarkable compositions in prose and verse.

Down to the last days of his life he heard all law appeals in person with the greatest patience; and, in cases of importance, he revised all the proceedings with the utmost industry. His manifold labours in the court, the camp, the field, the hall of justice, the study, must have been prodigious; and our amazement at all this bodily and mental activity will be increased by the *indisputable* fact that these incessant exertions were made in spite of the depressing influences of a most tormenting *malady* that afflicted him from the age of twenty. The disease never quitted him, and was no doubt the cause of his death. "The shepherd of his people,"—"the darling of the English,"—"the wisest man in England,"—the truly illustrious Alfred expired in the month of November, in the year 900, when he was only in the fifty-first year of his age.

He was buried at Winchester, in a monastery he had founded.

ANECDOTES.

Alfred the Great had reached his twelfth year before he had even learned his alphabet. An interesting anecdote is told of the occasion on which he was first prompted to apply himself to books. His mother had shown him and his brothers a small volume, illuminated in different places with coloured letters, and such other *embellishments* as were then in fashion. Seeing that it excited the admiration of her children, she promised that she would give it to the boy who should first learn to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, was the only one who had spirit enough to attempt obtaining it on such a condition. He immediately went and procured a teacher, and in a very short time was able to claim the promised reward.

When he came to the throne, notwithstanding his manifold duties, and a tormenting disease, which seldom allowed him an hour's rest, he employed his leisure time either in reading or hearing the best books. His high regard for the best interests of the people he was called to govern, and the *benevolence* of his conduct, are well known. He encountered many difficulties in obtaining scriptural knowledge, which the people of the present day have never experienced, and manifested an attachment to the sacred volume not often seen now. In those dark ages learning was considered rather a reproach than an honour to a prince. In addition to which, his kingdom, for many years, was the seat of *incessant* war. Notwithstanding all this, Alfred found opportunity, not only to read the word of God, but actually to copy out all the Psalms of David: which book he constantly carried in his bosom. That he profited greatly from reading the Scriptures is no matter of surprise, when we learn, that, after the example of David, he earnestly sought divine teaching, and prayed that the Lord would open his eyes that he might understand his law. He frequently entered the *churches* secretly in the night for prayer; and there lamented, with sighs, the want of more acquaintance with divine wisdom. Having drunk into the spirit of the Bible, and experienced the rich consolation it affords, in setting before the burdened sinner a free and full salvation in Jesus, he wished it published to all around; he therefore commenced a translation of the Psalms into Anglo-Saxon, though he did not, however, live to finish the work.

During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they had but one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions!

1. To what dynasty did Alfred belong?
2. When did he ascend the throne?
3. What people were comprehended under the term Danes?
4. Tell the story of Alfred in the peasant's hut.
5. What stratagem did he use to ascertain the condition of his enemies?
6. With what success did he contend with the invaders?

7. Name some of the great blessings that Alfred was instrumental in bestowing upon England.

8. What heightens our astonishment in the contemplation of his wondrous labours?

9. Relate the anecdote of his learning to read,—of his love of the scriptures,—of his charity and trust in God.

SIR MATTHEW HALE, OR SECULAR DILIGENCE AND SPIRITUAL FERVOUR.

Abridged from Stoughton's "Lights of the World."

Sec'u-lar, *adj.* (*L. seculum*), relating to affairs of this present world; not spiritual.

Fer'vour, *n.*, (*L. ferveo*), ardour of mind; zeal; earnestness.

Ju-di'cial, *adj.* (*L. judex*), pertaining to a judge; belonging to courts of law.

Cos-tume', *n.* (*Fr. coutume*), style or mode of dress.

Eu-lo'gi-um, *n.* (*Gr. eu, logos*), encomium; panegyric; praise.

Ma-tured', *p.p.* (*L. maturus*), ripened; advanced to perfection; carefully prepared.

Re-flec'tion, *n.* (*L. re, flecto*), the act of throwing back; the operation of the mind by which it turns its view back on itself and

its operations; thought on the past; meditation.

De-vote', *v.* (*L. de, votum*), to appropriate by vow; to dedicate; to give up wholly to.

En'er-gy, *n.* (*Gr. en, ergon*), inherent power of working; force; might.

Man'u-script, *n.* (*L. manus, scriptum*), a book or paper written by the hand.

As-si-du'i-ty, *n.* (*L. ad, sedeo*), close sitting at any business; constant application; diligence.

Re-spon'si-ble, *adj.* (*L. re, sponsum*), answerable; accountable.

Tran-scend'ent, *adj.* (*L. trans, scando*), excelling all others; incomparably great; surpassing.

IN the seventeenth century, there might have been seen in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, one clothed in *judicial costume*, and occupying the high seat of justice, who, amidst

the quaint and picturesque scenes and fashions of that age, incorporated within himself those principles of Christian truth and duty which belong to all ages. Sir Matthew Hale has been characterized by Lord Ellenborough as one of the greatest judges that ever sat in Westminster Hall; and by Lord Kenyon, as one of the greatest and best of men; while Lord Erskine alluded to him as a personage whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, whose life was a glorious example of its fruits, and whose justice, drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, will in all ages be the subject of the highest reverence and admiration. These *eulogiums* by distinguished men, are only the echo of that general praise which, ever since the name of Hale became known, has repeated and applauded it.

Sir Matthew Hale was born on the first of November, 1609, at Adderly, in the county of Gloucester, where, after a judicial career surpassingly illustrious, he died on 25th December, 1676; He was buried in his native village. The life of this truly great man affords a bright illustration of the union of *secular* diligence and spiritual *fervour*.

As soon as he entered Lincoln's Inn, he began to employ sixteen hours a day in study. He determined to excel in his proper business. He brought all the powers of his mind to bear on the acquisition of that knowledge which would make him eminent as a lawyer. He made collections out of the books he read, carefully digested what he knew, and recorded his own *matured reflections*. In this way, before he was called to the bar, he composed a volume, pronounced by a brother judge to be so well done, that no lawyer in England could have done it better. At the bar, he was the model of a laborious barrister; on the bench, he was the model of a laborious judge.

Society is a great household, of which God is the Master. Distribution of labour, varieties of secular employment, are according to his will. Professions and trades are all spheres of Divine service, in which the Sovereign Proprietor employs mortals as his workmen. He who gives angels in heaven their work to do, gives the children of Adam their work to do. The profession, or trade, to which a man is called by his heavenly Lord, should be religiously regarded by him as having the first of all secular claims upon his diligence, earnestness, and ardour. To it he should *devote his energies*,—in it he should excel. The Jews compared a man with a fixed employment to

"a vineyard fenced." A good comparison. A man's activities, within his proper calling, are not like trees, scattered up and down the way-side, or over the wilderness, where much of the fruit is lost; but like well-planted and well-trained vines in a garden, where the most is made of them, and they are all husbanded and preserved. So the great Sir Matthew Hale felt; and in that sphere of earthly labour which God had assigned him, he resolved to improve the talents he was endowed with,—to do, not for his own sake merely, or for man's sake, but for the Lord's sake, his very best. And in like manner, the inspired injunction to be "diligent in business,"—this voice from heaven, which speaks to every one, day by day,—which calls every morning to the tradesman as he goes behind the counter,—to the merchant, as he sits down at the desk,—to the artisan, as he enters the workshop,—this voice, which reminds them all that God's eye is upon them from morning to night, plainly intimates that they should walk in the steps of Hale, and strive to excel in their worldly employment.

Beyond the boundaries of his profession, Sir Matthew Hale manifested his industry. He was a great general reader, an intense thinker, and a voluminous writer. His published works are considerable; but he left behind him a number of *manuscripts* on various literary, philosophical, and religious subjects, still preserved in Lincoln's Inn. Mathematics, natural philosophy, medicine, anatomy, surgery, ancient history, and chronology, besides divinity, to which he very largely devoted his attention, were severally subjected to his inquisitive research. He valued time. To him it was most precious. No portion of it would he waste. He had, as all right-minded men have, a religious feeling about time. While time is ours, it is so only in the sense in which other things are ours. It is not merely a gift from God, but a trust from God—a valuable investment committed to us, not absolutely, but in trusteeship—*responsible*, sacred trusteeship. Two things are essential to the full improvement of time, *assiduity* and method,—the occupation of every moment, and the wise arrangement of all occupations. Method without assiduity will be but formal idling. A man may be very systematic—a slave to system—and yet go on wasting hour after hour, by line and rule. Assiduity without method will be but an abortive bustle. Time will be spent in flurried confusion; and, with a sincere eagerness to grasp it all, much will slip away. Assiduity and method presiding over

time, will turn it to wonderful account. So the spare pieces of time, the shreds, the odds and ends of time put together, may form a great and beautiful work. Hale wrote his contemplations when on his circuits. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius in his carriage, while, as a physician, he rode from door to door. One of the chancellors of France penned a bulky volume in the successive intervals of daily waiting for dinner. Doddridge wrote his *Expositor* chiefly before breakfast. Kirke White studied Greek, went over the nouns and verbs, as he was going to and from a lawyer's office. Burney learned French and Italian while riding on horseback. Franklin laid the foundations of his wonderful stock of knowledge in his dinner hours and evenings, while working as a printer's boy. Oh, the preciousness of moments! No gold nor gems can be compared to them. Yet all have them; while some are thereby enriched, and others leave themselves in poverty. God of all time, who hast given us time to spend in this world in many a useful way, give us wisdom, that we may know how to husband well thy precious gift, and render in our account of it at last with humility, but with honour!

Sir Matthew Hale was a specimen of spiritual fervour. He believed, embraced, and loved the gospel. He esteemed the knowledge of Christ crucified, the best of all knowledge. "My time," he says, "is part of that talent which my Maker hath put into my hand; and if I have consumed my time in seeking preferment, honour, or wealth in the world, in studying how to please myself with vain and unnecessary recreations, in unlawful or excessive pleasures, in unlawful or immoderate curiosities, when I might have been better engaged in studying the mystery of Christ, or my conformity to his will, or improving my interest in him, I have committed two follies at once: I have lost my talent of time and opportunity, for which I am accountable, and I have lost the advantage which I had in hand, to improve my interest in God and favour from him, and love to him; and though my talent might have gained ten, yet at most it hath gained but two."

He felt the *transcendent* importance of eternal things, and how incomparably inferior to them are the interests of a secular profession, however dignified. "Though," referring to his legal duties, "though it be my duty faithfully to serve *in* them, while I am called *to* them, and till I am called *from* them, yet they are great consumers of the little time we have here, which it

seems to me might be better spent in a pious, contemplative life, and a due provision for eternity."

While a pattern of legal diligence, he was thus also a pattern of evangelical fervour. The study of law did not dry up his emotions—they sparkled and flowed like living water in the light of gospel sunshine. Thus he proved the practicability of blending a fervent spirit with secular diligence.

LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

(*Drawn chiefly from the shorter Life of Newton by Brewster.*)

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| <p>Phil-os'o-pher, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. philos, sophia</i>), a lover of wisdom; a man deeply versed in natural or moral science.</p> <p>U'ni-verse, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. unus, versum</i>), literally, God's works turned or reduced to unity, that is, viewed as forming one grand whole; the entire creation.</p> <p>U-ni-ver'sal, <i>adj.</i> (see above), extending to the whole system of created things; general.</p> <p>Grav-i-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. gravis</i>), the act of tending to the centre of attraction; the pressure that a body by the force of gravity exerts on another body under it.</p> <p>At-trac'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>ad, tractum—see traho</i>), the act or power of drawing to; a general term used to denote the power or principle by which bodies tend or are drawn towards each other.</p> | <p>Ho-mo-ge'ne-ous, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Gr. homos, genos</i>), of the same sort or kind; having the same nature.</p> <p>Dis-sect', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. dis, seco</i>), to cut in pieces; to divide and examine minutely.</p> <p>In-vest', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. in, vestis</i>), to clothe; to dress.</p> <p>Rep-u-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. re, puto</i>), character derived from our past conduct; good name; fame.</p> <p>Sage, <i>n.</i> (see page 42.)</p> <p>Rec'og-nise, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. re, com, nosco</i>), to know again; to call again to mind; to acknowledge.</p> <p>Sen'ti-ment, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. sentio</i>), feeling or thought expressed in words.</p> <p>Per-se-cu'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. per, secutus—see sequi</i>), the act of pursuing with malignity, generally on account of religious opinions.</p> <p>Im-pa'tient, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, patiens</i>), fretful; unable to endure or wait.</p> |
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SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the most distinguished philosopher and mathematician the world has ever produced, was born at Woolsthorpe, a hamlet near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, in 1642, o. s., exactly one year after the death of the great Galileo.

Newton, during boyhood, was remarkable chiefly for his ingenious mechanical contrivances, and for the decided bias of his mind to mathematical studies. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in the eighteenth year of his age, and in 1669, when only twenty-seven, was elected Professor of Mathematics, in room of the celebrated Dr. Barrow, who had

resigned. Three years previous, however, viz., in the year 1666, he was driven from Cambridge into the country by the plague—which did not confine its ravages to London alone—and while musing in his garden, the falling of an apple to the ground arrested his attention, and threw his mind into a train of thought, that resulted afterwards in the discovery of the great principle of *universal gravitation*. This law asserts, first, that *attraction* reigns throughout the material universe, affecting alike the smallest particle of matter and the greatest body; secondly, that attraction acts upon every mass of matter precisely in proportion to its quantity; and, thirdly, that its intensity or force is diminished as the square of the distance is increased. Newton published the doctrine of universal gravitation in 1687, in his “*Principia*” or “*Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*.” In 1704, he published his “*Optics*,” a piece of philosophy so entirely new that he may be called the creator of this science. Till this time, light was thought to be a simple *homogeneous* body; but Newton with his simple prism *dissected*, so to speak, the ray of apparently pure white light, and showed that it was composed of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet colours. Sir Isaac Newton died in the 85th year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a noble monument was erected to his memory.

The name of Newton has, by general consent, been placed at the head of those great men who have been the ornaments of their species. However imposing be the attributes with which time has *invested* the *sages* and heroes of antiquity, the brightness of their fame has been eclipsed by the splendour of his *reputation*; and neither the partiality of rival nations, nor the vanity of a presumptuous age has ventured to dispute the ascendancy of his genius. The Marquis La Place, the philosopher to whom posterity will probably assign the place next to Newton, has characterized the “*Principia*” as pre-eminent above all the productions of human intellect, and has thus divested of extravagance the contemporary encomium upon its author—

“So near the gods—man cannot nearer go.”

ANECDOTE.

The modesty of Sir Isaac Newton, in reference to his great discoveries was very great, but was not founded on any in-

difference to the fame which they conferred, or upon any erroneous judgment of their importance to science. The whole of his life proves that he knew his place as a philosopher, and was determined to assert and vindicate his rights. His modesty arose from the depth and extent of his knowledge, which showed him what a small portion of nature he had been able to examine, and how much remained to be explored in the same field in which he had himself laboured. In the magnitude of the comparison he *recognized* his own littleness; and a short time before his death he uttered this memorable *sentiment*: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." What a lesson to the vanity and presumption of philosophers,—to those especially who have never even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell! What a preparation for the latest inquiries, and the last views of the decaying spirit,—for those inspired doctrines which alone can throw a light over the dark ocean of undiscovered truth!

In the religious and moral character of Sir Isaac Newton, there is much to admire and to imitate. While he exhibited in his life and writings an ardent regard for the general interests of religion, he was at the same time a firm believer in Revelation. He was too deeply versed in the Scriptures, and too much imbued with their spirit, to judge harshly of other men who took different views of them from himself. He cherished the great principles of religious toleration, and never scrupled to express his abhorrence of *persecution*, even in its mildest form. Immorality and impiety he never permitted to pass unproved; and when Dr. Halley ventured to say anything disrespectful to religion, he invariably checked him, and said, "I have studied these things,—you have not."

The habits of deep meditation which Sir Isaac Newton had acquired, though they did not show themselves in his intercourse with society, exercised their full influence over his mind when in the midst of his own family. Absorbed in thought, he would often sit down on his bedside, after he rose, and remain there for hours without dressing himself, occupied with some interesting investigation which had fixed his attention. Owing to the same absence of mind, he neglected to take the requisite quantity of nourishment, and it was therefore often necessary to remind him of his meals.

The following anecdote of Sir Isaac's absence of mind has been published. His intimate friend Dr. Stukely, who had been deputy to Dr. Halley as secretary to the Royal Society, was one day shown into his dining-room, where his dinner had been for some time served up. Dr. Stukely waited for a considerable time, and getting *impatient*, he removed the cover from a chicken, which he ate, replacing the bones under the cover. In a short time Sir Isaac entered the room, and after the usual compliments sat down to his dinner, but on taking off the cover, and seeing nothing but bones, he remarked, "How absent we philosophers are. I really thought that I had not dined."

1. When and where was Newton born?
2. At what college did he study?
3. In place of whom was he chosen professor of mathematics?
4. What does the law of universal gravitation declare?

5. Name the colours that enter into the composition of light.
6. When did Newton die, and where is he buried?
7. Relate the anecdote of his modesty—of his piety—of his absence of mind.

JAMES FERGUSON, THE SELF-TAUGHT ASTRONOMER AND MECHANICIAN.

(*Abridged from "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties."*)

As-tron'o-mer, *n.* (*Gr. astēr, nomos*), one skilled in the knowledge of the stars and of the laws by which they are regulated.

Ac-qui-si'tion, *n.* (*L. ad, quæsitum*), the act of acquiring; the thing gained, as property or learning.

Il-lit'er-ate, *adj.* (*L. in, litera*), unlettered; untaught; unlearned.

Tol'er-a-bly, *adv.* (*L. tolero*), moderately well; passably.

Phe-nom'e-non, *n.* (see page 45.)

Au'di-ence, *n.* (*L. audio*), a hearing; an auditory or assembly of hearers.

Re-mit', *v.* (*L. re, mitto*), to send back; to relax; to forgive.

Au-to-bi-og'ra-phy, *n.* (*Gr. autos, bios, grapho*), the life of a man narrated by himself.

AMONG self-educated men there are few who claim more of our admiration than the celebrated James Ferguson. If ever any one was literally his own instructor in the very elements of knowledge, it was he. *Acquisitions* that have scarcely in any other case, and probably never by one so young, been made without the assistance either of books or a living teacher, were the discoveries of his solitary and almost *illiterate* boyhood. He was born in the year 1710, a few miles from the village of Keith in Banffshire, of parents in the humblest condition of life; his father being merely a day-labourer, but honest and religious. It was his father's practice to teach his children to

read and write himself, when they were old enough to learn, (as he was not able to pay for their education at school); but James, too impatient to wait till his regular turn came, listened attentively while his elder brothers were receiving their lessons, and by the help of an old woman in a cottage hard by, acquired the art of reading *tolerably* well, before his parents were aware. Being of weak body, he was sent when very young to keep the sheep of a neighbouring farmer, and while his sheep were feeding around him, he amused himself by making little mills and spinning-wheels during the day, and by studying the stars at night. When about twenty years of age, he entered the service of Thomas Grant Esquire of Achoynaney. Here he found both a good friend and a very extraordinary man in that gentleman's butler, Alexander Cantley, who was painting a sun-dial on a wall near the village school, when Ferguson first saw him.

"This Mr. Cantley," says Ferguson, "was the most extraordinary man I ever was acquainted with, for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music on every known instrument except the harp, understood Latin, French and Greek, let blood extremely well, and could even prescribe as a physician on any urgent occasion."

After working in the service of one or two families of distinction, Ferguson began to draw portraits, and came to Edinburgh, where he succeeded so well as to earn money enough not only to defray his own expenses, but to assist largely his parents in their old age.

He went to London in 1743, and in 1747, he published his first work "A dissertation on the *phenomena* of the harvest moon." From 1748 till the end of his life, he read public lectures on Astronomy, which were numerous and fashionably attended, George III. then a boy, being frequently among the *audience*. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, the usual fees being *remitted*, as had been done in the case of Sir Isaac Newton and Thomas Simpson. He died in the year 1776.

ANECDOTE—INGENUITY AND CIVILITY.

The following extract is taken from Ferguson's "*Autobiography*," one of the most interesting specimens of self-history in the language:—

"In order to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood; and it kept time

pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle. Having then no idea how any time-keeper could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions, and was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr. Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, which was close by a public road, I asked him what o'clock it then was; he looked at his watch, and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged of him to show me the inside of his watch; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box with part of the chain round it, and asked him what it was that made the box turn round; he told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it. He answered that the spring was long and thin, that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box, that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter:—'Well, my lad,' says he, 'take a long thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger, it will then endeavour to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop.'—I thanked the gentleman, and told him that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone; but found that I could not make the watch go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance; although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I enclosed the whole in a wooden case very little bigger than a breakfast tea-cup; but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I

was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use."

What a vivid picture is this of a mind thirsting for knowledge! And who is there, too, that does not envy the pleasure that must have been felt by the courteous and intelligent stranger by whom the young mechanic was carried over his first great difficulty, if he ever chanced to learn how greatly his unknown questioner had profited from the brief interview!

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| 1. When and where was Ferguson born? | 5. How did he earn a livelihood in Edinburgh? |
| 2. In what way did he learn to read? | 6. What special honour was paid him by the Royal Society? |
| 3. How did he amuse himself when a shepherd boy? | 7. When did he die? |
| 4. What does he say of Mr. Cantley? | |

HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Slightly abridged from "Bayne's Christian Life."

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| Phi-lan'tro-pist, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. philos, anthrōpos</i>), one who loves mankind. | Ma'ni-ac, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. mania</i>), a madman; a person of disordered intellect. |
| Laz-a-ret'to, <i>n.</i> (<i>Lazarus, the beggar</i>), a house for the reception of diseased persons; an hospital for quarantine. | In-de-fat'i-ga-ble, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, de, fatigo</i>), unwearied; not yielding to fatigue. |
| Ob-se-qui-es, <i>n. plu.</i> (<i>L. obsequiae—see sequor</i>), funeral rites and solemnities. | In-ex-tin'guish-a-ble, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, ex, stinguo</i>), that cannot be extinguished or put out; unquenchable. |

THE days in the Venice *lazaretto* rolled slowly on, wearisome, dismal, unvarying; Howard watched everything, knew everything, and felt the weariness he longed to relieve. His faith failed not; with calm and easy feelings, he looked forward to the term of his confinement. But suddenly there came a change; darker clouds than had ever yet cast their shadow over him took their course towards that dreary *lazaretto*. On the 11th of October, 1786, he received letters from England, with two pieces of information. The one was, that his son was following evil courses, and dashing wildly on in a path, whose end, dimly indicated to the father, must be one of the deepest darkness; the other, that a movement was proceeding in England, under high and promising auspices, for the erection of a monument to himself. Not hearing, at first, the worst concerning his son, he wrote home with deep sorrow, yet in hope. The proposal for a monument next required his attention. An English gentleman had formerly had an interview with Howard, at

Rome, of an hour's length, and the result was an admiration on the part of the former which knew no bounds. On his return to England he had proposed, through the columns of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that a public monument should be erected to one whom he styled, "the most truly glorious of human beings." The wide-spread and profound admiration for Howard which, ere this time, had sunk into the British mind, had thus found vent; at once the proposal had taken effect, and the movement was headed by certain noblemen. With astonishment it was heard that Howard had written, absolutely refusing the honour, and alleging that its idea gave him exquisite pain. At first this was thought a graceful mode of acceptance, or at least a struggle of excessive modesty, easily to be overborne; but the fact was soon put beyond dispute. Even after long arguing and urging by intimate and honoured friends, he decidedly and unalterably refused his consent. From the lazaretto of Venice he wrote to his friend Mr. Smith of Bedford, rehearsing the directions he had given ere quitting Cardington respecting his *obseques*; his words were as follows; we copy them with no alteration, and with no comment:—

"(a) As to my burial, not to exceed ten pounds.

"(b) My tomb to be a plain slip of marble, placed under that of my dear Henrietta's in Cardington church, with this inscription:—

" 'John Howard, died—, aged—.

My hope is in Christ.' "

Some time after, in grateful and courteous terms, he signified to his well-wishers in England that his resolution was fixed, and that he would accept no public mark of approbation whatever.

Let this fact be fully and calmly considered; and let it then be said whether what we have alleged regarding Howard's grand motive in his work, is other than the bare and faintly-expressed truth. For himself he would have no glory. *He* accept honour from men, who was the weakest of instruments, and whose highest honour it was that he was worthy to be made an instrument at all in the hand of God! *He* stoop to be crowned by men, whom the Almighty had honoured with his high command, and permitted to give strength and comfort for him! *He* listen to the applause of the nations, whom his inmost heart knew to be weak and unworthy, and whose most inspiring yet indestructible hope it was, that he might be numbered even among the least in the kingdom of heaven! The

people seemed in loud acclaim to say, "Thou hast brought us water out of the rock:" Howard, with eager face, and outstretched hand, and heart pained to the quick, cried out, "I have done nothing, I deserve nothing; God has done all."

Released from the lazaretto, and after spending a week in Venice, Howard proceeded by sea to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. During this time, the fever he had averted for a time continued to creep over him, the whole air of the lazaretto having been infected; it greatly impaired his strength, and the accounts, deepening in sadness, which reached him respecting his son, made his affliction almost too heavy to be borne. "I am reduced by fatigue of body and mind; I have great reason to bless God my resolution does not forsake me in so many solitary hours." It did not forsake him, it remained firm as a rock in vexed surge, it could ever raise its head into the pure light of God's smile; but human faith has not often been so sorely tried. In the letter written from Vienna, from which the above words are taken, he referred in approving terms to the conduct towards his son of several domestics whom he had left at Cardington, expressed his persuasion that it arose out of regard to his mother, and concluded the paragraph in these words:—"Who I rejoice is *dead*." He often thought of Harriet, and we may conceive that now, in his extreme sorrow, the old days would flit past him robed in the still and melancholy light of memory; that tender and to him beautiful wife seemed to return, to lean over him in his loneliness and sickness of heart; but he thought of his son, and the tear which started to his own eye was transferred by imagination to that of his Harriet, where perchance he had never seen one before; then love arose and triumphed over anguish, and he blessed God that his best beloved was lying still. Has art ever surpassed the pathos of these words?

Early in 1787, Howard was again in England, proceeding to make arrangements respecting his son. The latter was a hopeless *maniac*. He appears to have been of that common class of young men, whom strong passions, weak judgments, and good-natured, silly facility, render a prey to those who combine artfulness with vice. A servant in whom Howard placed absolute confidence betrayed his trust infamously, allured his charge into evil, and excited in his breast contempt for his father. That father, ever most anxious to provide him the best and safest superintendence and tuition, had sent him to prose-

cute his education at Edinburgh, where he resided with Dr. Black. There it was that prolonged habits of vice fatally impaired his constitution, and after a period he became deranged. In this condition, watched over with all the care and kindness which his father's efforts could secure, he lingered for a considerable number of years, and died.

England was now for Howard all hung as it were in weeds of mourning. The hope to which he had clung, that his son might cheer him in his old age, had vanished utterly, or at least the term when such might be possible could not be fixed. There were probably in this world few sadder hearts at that time than John Howard's. But he had not yet discovered the secret of the plague; there was still work for mercy to do: it was now perhaps the greatest happiness of which he was capable to go upon that work. And he went; the weary heart to soothe and heal the weary-hearted; one of the saddest men in England, to meet the plague.

On the 27th of September, 1789, he was at Moscow. He seemed now to feel that his end was not far, and we find him engaged in solemn transactions with his God. He brought out that old dedication of himself to his Maker, which we saw him subscribe in the days when his life had first been darkened, and when the terrors of the Almighty, which had rolled like low cloudy masses over his soul, were just being suffused with celestial radiance in the full beaming out of the Sun of Righteousness. Again he owned his entire unworthiness and his entire weakness, again he looked up to the Rock of Ages, again he gave up his soul, spirit, and body, for ever and ever, to God. As we gather, too, from the pages of Brown, he looked again on that covenant which his beloved had made with her Father in heaven: we think we can see the old and weary man gazing over its lines, while a tear steals from his eye, a tear of lonely sadness, yet touched with one gleam of light, from the thought that it will not now be long ere he again meet his Harriet. This was in the September of 1789: it was his last pause on his hard life-journey, his last draught of living waters from those fountains which divine love never permits to dry up in the desert of the world: again he arose and went on his way; but now the pearly gates and the golden walls stood before the eye of faith, calm, beautiful, eternal, on the near horizon.

In the beginning of January, 1790, he was residing at

Kherson, a village on the Dnieper, near the Crimea, still as of old with *indefatigable* resolution and kindness pursuing his work. In visiting a young lady dying of a fever, the infection seized him, and he soon felt that death was upon him. On his death-bed he was just what we have always known him. We hear the voice of prayer for his son, of *inextinguishable* pity for the afflicted, and, concerning himself, these words, addressed to his friend Admiral Priestman, "Let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid: but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Thus, with the same calm, saintly smile, so still but so immovable, which he had worn during life, he passed away.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF WASHINGTON.

Con'gress, *n.* (*L. con, gressum*), a meeting; an assembly; the legislature of the United States.
 Presi'dent, *n.* (*L. prae, sedeo*),

one placed with authority over others; a governor; the supreme executive officer of the United States is called President.

George Washington, the celebrated commander of the American army, was born in 1732, in Virginia. When the disaffection of the Americans to the British government had become general, he was made commander-in-chief, in 1775. He was inaugurated as the first *President* of the United States on the 30th April, 1789. On more than one occasion, if he could not with certainty have achieved life-long despotic power, he might have acquired the flattering title of king; but it was his great merit that he sought only as much power and greatness as enabled him to do his duty, and no more. He retired from public life in 1796, and died on the 14th December, 1799, leaving a reputation without a stain.

ANECDOTE—PUNCTUALITY.

When General Washington assigned to meet *Congress* at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve.—Whither his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently new members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over, and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here." When he visited Boston in 1788, he

appointed eight A.M. as the hour when he should set out for Salem, and while the Old South church clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry, which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont-Street, after his departure, and it was not until the President reached Charles River Bridge, that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the President, with perfect good-nature, said, "Major, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose of to the President, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the President was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely for delaying the first *quarter of an hour*.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MUNGO PARK.

In-nu'mer-a-ble, *adj.* (*L. in, numer-us*), that cannot be numbered for multitude.

Ex-pe-di'tion, *n.* (*L. ex, pes*), a march, journey or voyage requiring promptness or despatch.

Ter-mi-nate, *v.* (*L. terminus*), to bound; to limit; to end.

Im-men'si-ty, *n.* (*L. in, mensus, see metior*), unlimited extension; boundlessness.

MUNGO PARK, the African traveller, was born near Selkirk, in Scotland, 10th Sept., 1771. In 1790 he repaired to London, and was introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, who recommended him to the members of the African Association, as a fit person to undertake a journey to the interior of Africa. He undertook his first *expedition* in 1795. After *innumerable* hardships and privations, and an absence of more than two years and a half, he arrived in England in December, 1797. In January, 1806, he undertook a second expedition, marked with as many painful and disastrous circumstances as the former, and which *terminated* his life. By the following November, he had reached the banks of the Niger. His last letter was dated the 19th of that month, when having got a sort of schooner constructed and rigged out, he was about to set sail down the river, in

hopes of tracing the lower course of that famed stream. In this letter he speaks in a hopeful strain, declaring his confidence of reaching the ocean in safety, and the probability of his being in England before the letter itself. This however, the intrepid traveller was destined never to accomplish. For a considerable period the circumstances of his death were shrouded in mystery, but at last it was distinctly ascertained that when he had descended the river as far as Boussa, 650 miles below Timbucto, he was attacked by the Moors, and after a vain struggle against superior numbers, Park and his companions leaped into the river, attempting to escape by swimming, and were drowned.

ANECDOTE—AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

When the celebrated Mungo Park was in Africa, he was directed by one of the native kings to a village to pass the night. He went, but as the order was not accompanied with any provision for his reception, he found every door shut. Turning his horse loose to graze, he was preparing, as a security from wild beasts, to climb a tree, and sleep among the branches, when a beautiful and affecting incident occurred, which gives a most pleasing view of the negro female character. An old woman, returning from the labours of the field, cast on him a look of compassion, and desired him to follow her. She led him to an apartment in her hut, procured a fine fish, which she broiled for his supper, and spread a mat for him to sleep upon. She then desired her maidens, who had been gazing in fixed astonishment on the white man, to resume their tasks, which they continued to ply through a great part of the night. They cheered their labours with a song, which must have been composed extempore, as Mr. Park, with deep emotion, discovered that he himself was the subject of it. It said, in a strain of affecting simplicity:—"The winds roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." Chorus. "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," &c. Our traveller was much affected, and next morning could not depart without requesting his landlady's acceptance of the only gift he had left, two out of the four brass buttons that still remained on his waistcoat.

SECTION III.

GENERAL HISTORY.

THE TAKING OF BABYLON BY CYRUS, (B.C. 538.)

From "*Bollin's Ancient History.*"

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| <p>Ap-pa-ri'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ad, pareo</i>), appearance; the object seen; a spectre.</p> <p>As-trol'o-ger, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. astēr, logos</i>), one who professes to foretell events by the stars. Astrology, anciently in great repute, is now universally exploded by true science and philosophy.</p> <p>Sor'cer-y, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. sors</i>), fortune-telling by casting lots; witchcraft; enchantment.</p> <p>Prog-nos'ti-ca-tor, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. pro, gin-osko</i>), a foreknower; a foreteller of a future event by present signs.</p> | <p>In-ter-pre-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. interpres</i>), explanation; exposition.</p> <p>De-nounce, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. de, nuncio</i>), to accuse; to menace; to threaten by some outward sign or expression.</p> <p>Ford'a-ble, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Sax.</i>) that may be waded or passed through on foot.</p> <p>Sub-ser'vi-ent, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. sub, servio</i>), subordinate; useful as an instrument to promote a purpose.</p> <p>A-bol'ish, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. ab, oleo</i>), to annul, to put an end to; to destroy.</p> <p>Pre-dic'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. prae, dico</i>), a foretelling; a previous declaration of a future event.</p> |
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As soon as Cyrus saw that the ditch, which they had long worked upon, was finished, he began to think seriously upon the execution of his vast design, which as yet he had communicated to nobody. Providence soon furnished him with as fit an opportunity for this purpose as he could desire. He was informed, that in the city, on such a day, a great festival was to be celebrated; and that the Babylonians, on occasion of that solemnity, were accustomed to pass the whole night in drinking and debauchery.

¹ Belshazzar himself was more concerned in this public rejoicing than any other, and gave a magnificent entertainment to the chief officers of the kingdom, and the ladies of the court. In the heat of his wine he ordered the gold and silver vessels, which had been taken from the temple of Jerusalem, to be brought out; and, as an insult upon the God of Israel, he, his

whole court, and all his concubines, drank out of those sacred vessels. God, who was provoked at such insolence and impiety, in the very action, made him sensible who it was that he affronted, by a sudden *apparition* of a hand, writing certain characters upon a wall. The king, terribly surprised and affrighted at this vision, immediately sent for all the wise men, his diviners, and *astrologers*, that they might read the writing to him, and explain the meaning of it. But they all came in vain, not one of them being able to expound the matter, or even to read the characters.² It is probably in relation to this occurrence, that Isaiah, after having foretold to Babylon, that she should be overwhelmed with calamities which she did not expect, adds, "Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy *sorceries*. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly *prognosticators*, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee," Isa. xlvii. 12. 13. The queen-mother, Nitocris, a princess of great merit, coming upon the noise of this prodigy into the banqueting-room, endeavoured to compose the spirit of the king, her son, advising him to send for Daniel, with whose abilities in such matters she was well acquainted, and whom she had always employed in the government of the state.

Daniel was therefore immediately sent for, and spoke to the king with a freedom and liberty becoming a prophet. He put him in mind of the dreadful manner in which God had punished the pride of his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar, and the crying³ abuse he made of his power, when he acknowledged no law but his own will, and thought himself master to exalt and to abase, to inflict destruction and death wheresoever he would, only because such was his will and pleasure. "And thou his son," says he to the king, "Hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee; and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drank wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not

² The reason why they could not read this sentence was, that it was written in Hebrew letters, which are now called the Samaritan characters, and which the Babylonians did not understand.

³ "Whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down." Dan. v. 19.

glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from him, and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written,⁴ MENE, TEKEL,⁵ UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing; MENE, God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it; TEKEL, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting; PERES, thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." This *interpretation*, one would think, should have enhanced the king's trouble; but some way or other, they found means to dispel his fears, and make him easy; probably upon the persuasion that the calamity was not denounced as present or immediate, and that time might furnish them with expedients to avert it. This however is certain, that for fear of disturbing the general joy of the present festival, they put off the discussion of serious matters to another time, and sat down again to their mirth and liquor, and continued their revellings to a very late hour.

Cyrus, in the mean time, well informed of the confusion that was generally occasioned by this festival, both in the palace and the city, had posted a part of his troops on that side where the river entered into the city, and another part on that side where it went out, and had commanded them to enter the city that very night, by marching along the channel of the river, as soon as ever they found it *fordable*. Having given all necessary orders, and exhorted his officers to follow him, by representing to them that he marched under the conduct of the gods, in the evening he made them open the great receptacles, or ditches, on both sides of the town, above and below, that the water of the river might run into them. By this means the Euphrates was quickly emptied, and its channel became dry. Then the two fore-mentioned bodies of troops, according to their orders, went into the channel, the one commanded by Gobryas, and the other by Gadates, and advanced towards each other without meeting with any obstacle. The invisible Guide, who had promised to open all the gates to Cyrus, made the general negligence and disorder of that riotous night *subservient* to his design, by leaving open the gates of brass, which were made to shut up the descents from the quays to the river, and which alone, if they had not been left open, were sufficient to have defeated the whole enterprise. Thus did these two bodies of troops penetrate into the very heart of the city without any opposition, and meeting together at the royal palace, according

⁴ These three words signify number, weight, division.

⁵ Or Peres.

to their agreement, surprised the guards, and cut them to pieces. Some of the company that were within the palace opening the doors, to know what noise it was they heard without, the soldiers rushed in, and quickly made themselves masters of it. And meeting the king, who came up to them sword in hand, at the head of those that were in the way to succour him, they killed him, and put all those that attended him to the sword. The first thing the conquerors did afterwards, was to thank the gods for having at last punished that impious king. These words are Xenophon's, and are very remarkable, as they so perfectly agree with what the scriptures have recorded of the impious Belshazzar.

The taking of Babylon put an end to the Babylonian empire, after a duration of two hundred and ten years from the beginning of Nabonassar's reign, who was the founder thereof. Thus was the power of that proud city *abolished*, just fifty years after she had destroyed the city of Jerusalem and her temple. And herein were accomplished these *predictions* which the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Daniel, had denounced against her.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY THE ROMANS.

(Chiefly from Josephus' "Wars of the Jews.")

Siege, <i>n.</i> (<i>Fr.</i> <i>siege</i> , <i>L.</i> <i>sedeo</i>), the sitting down of an army before a fortified place, in order to compel the garrison to surrender.	or fortification thrown around a besieged place.
In-vest', <i>v.</i> (<i>L.</i> <i>in, vestis</i>), literally, to clothe— <i>hence</i> , to enclose; to surround; to block up.	Veri-fy, <i>v.</i> (<i>L.</i> <i>verus</i>), to prove to be true; to confirm the truth of a prediction.
Cir-cum-val-la'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L.</i> <i>circum, vallum</i>), a surrounding with a wall or rampart; the rampart	In-flict', <i>v.</i> (<i>L.</i> <i>in, flictum</i> , see <i>fi-go</i>), literally, to strike— <i>hence</i> , to lay on or send on as punishment.
	In-voke', <i>v.</i> (<i>L.</i> <i>in, voco</i>), to call upon in prayer; to implore.

At the feast of the Passover, A.D. 70, when the city was, as usual at that time, crowded with people from all quarters, Titus appeared before the walls, with an army of 60,000 men. It is a remarkable fact, that no foreign nation had ever attacked the Jews during any of their solemn festivals, and the event now happened, in direct accordance with the divine will, in order that God's judgment upon them might be the more terrible and striking. The triple walls of Jerusalem enclosed

the two mountains of Sion and Acra, within an oval figure of three miles,—and on a part of Acra, levelled by human industry, and which was distinguished by the name of Moriah, stood the temple, in itself an exceedingly strong fortress. Titus commenced the *siege* by *investing* the city with a wall of *circumvallation* strengthened with towers, which his army, animated with extraordinary zeal, accomplished in the incredibly short space of three days;—thus *verifying* our Lord's words—“For the day shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave within thee one stone upon another.” The multitude of inhabitants and strangers present at the Passover, hemmed in within the walls, soon began to suffer the most grievous pangs of hunger; the details given by Josephus are very horrible. No table was set, no regular meal eaten in Jerusalem. The rich sold all they had for one measure of corn, and secreted themselves to eat it, unground and unbaked. The poor crept forth at night, as far as the Roman guards, to gather the grass and weeds on the slopes below the walls. Loathsome things were devoured, things especially abhorred by the Jews. They ate their girdles and their shoes, and even gnawed the leather from their shields. All ties of natural affection were torn asunder, and in the extremity of hunger, the fearful prophecy of Moses was fulfilled;—“The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son, and toward her daughter; for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly, in the siege and strictness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee within thy gates.”

Nor was famine the only scourge; pestilence followed in its train; and dire faction raged within the city, agreeing only in resisting the enemy without, and then turning with unabated fury against each other; and, to complete their misery, those who tried to escape from the city the Roman soldiers put to cruel deaths, crucifying the fugitives, till there was no room for the crosses, and till crosses were wanting for the bodies. All the defences of the city were successively taken by the Romans, although every step was desperately contested by the besieged, who, for fifteen weeks prevented their enemies from

reaching the temple. Titus gave strict orders to save that beautiful building, and, when the cloisters were on fire, picked men were ordered to go in and quench the flames,—but a greater than the Roman general had decreed otherwise. Let us follow Josephus the Jewish historian in his graphic account of the last scene in this fearful tragedy.

“One of the soldiers, without any orders, and actuated by a divine impulse, snatched something out of the materials on fire, and being lifted up by another soldier, he set fire to a golden window, through which there was a passage to the north side of the holy house. As the flames went upwards the Jews made a great clamour, and ran together to prevent it, and spared their lives no longer, since the holy house was perishing for whose sake they had kept such a guard. And one came running to Titus and told him, as he was resting in his tent, after the last battle; immediately he rose in great haste, and ran to the holy house to put a stop to the fire. Then he called to the soldiers and signalled to them with his hand, bidding them quench the fire; but they could not hear what he said on account of the noise, neither did they attend to the signals he made. For neither persuasion nor threatening could restrain the violence of the soldiers; they pretended not to understand their general’s orders, and those behind encouraged those in front to set it on fire. And now when Titus was no longer able to restrain the fury of the soldiers, and the fire increased more and more, he went into the holy place of the temple with his officers, and saw it, with what was in it; he saw that its beauty had not been over-rated, and was the more desirous of saving it. And as the flames had not yet reached the inner sanctuary, he returned in haste, and endeavoured again to persuade the soldiers to extinguish the fire, and ordered a centurion and one of the spearmen with him to beat the soldiers that were refractory with their staves, and to restrain them; but all was of no avail, for the fury of the soldiers surpassed their regard for Titus, and dread of displeasing him. Besides, when he left the sanctuary, a soldier entered, who with a fire-brand lit the hinges of the gate in the dark, so that the flames immediately burst forth. Thus was the holy house burnt down without Titus’s approbation. While the house was on fire everything was plundered that came to hand, and ten thousand of those who were caught were slain. The flames were carried a long way, and because the hill was high,

and the temple buildings extended very far, one would have thought the whole city was on fire. Nor could there be a more terrible noise, for there was at once the shouting of the Roman legions, as they marched together, and the sad groans of the Jews surrounded by fire and sword. The multitude also in the city joined in the lamentation of those on the temple mound; many of those that were worn away by the famine, almost expiring, when they saw the holy house on fire, exerted their utmost strength, and broke forth in wails and moans, till the hills round the city echoed the cries of lamentation."

The upper part of the city, into which the besieged had retreated, soon after fell into the hands of the Romans, and this completed the conquest of Jerusalem. It is remarkable that the temple was destroyed on the 10th of August, the same day of the year on which the first temple, built by Solomon, was burnt by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, B.C. 587. The number that perished during the four months of the siege is computed by Josephus at 1,100,000; and 97,000 were made prisoners and sold for slaves, till the markets were so glutted with them "that no man would buy them." Titus made presents of a great number to the provinces, to be destroyed by wild beasts in the amphitheatres, and the rest were sent to work in the mines of Egypt. Thus did Israel cease to be a nation, and become outcast and desolate; and thus was *inflicted* the doom which was impiously *invoked*, when the inhabitants of Jerusalem cried out, "His blood be on us and on our children."

1. When did Titus appear before the walls of Jerusalem?

2. How did it happen that the city was so crowded with people?

3. Repeat the words of Christ, predicting this, and show how exactly they were fulfilled.

4. What awful prophecy of Moses was confirmed in the siege?

5. What efforts did Titus make to save the temple?

6. Why was it impossible for him to do so?

7. What number perished in the siege, and what was done with the prisoners?

8. Why did such terrible judgments fall upon this great city?

JULIAN'S ATTEMPT TO REBUILD THE TEMPLE.

From "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

JULIAN, surnamed the Apostate, from his having abandoned the Christian religion, in which he was educated, was the last and most highly-gifted of the house of Constantine. He was saluted emperor, 360;—abjured Christianity, 361;—attempted to rebuild the Temple, 362;—was slain in battle with the Persians, 363, at the age of thirty-one, after a reign of three years.

THE vain and ambitious mind of Julian might aspire to restore

the ancient glory of the temple of Jerusalem. As the Christians were firmly persuaded that a sentence of everlasting destruction had been pronounced against the whole fabric of the Mosaic law, the imperial sophist would have converted the success of his undertaking into a specious argument against the faith of prophecy, and the truth of revelation. He accordingly resolved to erect, without delay, on the commanding eminence of Moriah, a stately temple, which might eclipse the splendour of the church of the Resurrection on the adjacent hill of Calvary; to establish an order of priests, whose interested zeal would detect the arts, and resist the ambition, of their Christian rivals; and to invite a numerous colony of Jews, whose stern fanaticism would be always prepared to second, and even to anticipate, the hostile measures of the Pagan government. Among the friends of the emperor (if the names of emperor and of friend are not incompatible), the first place was assigned by Julian himself to the virtuous and learned Alypius. The humanity of Alypius was tempered by severe justice and manly fortitude; and while he exercised his abilities in the civil administration of Britain, he imitated, in his poetical compositions, the harmony and softness of the odes of Sappho.¹ This minister, to whom Julian communicated, without reserve, his most careless levities and his most serious counsels, received an extraordinary commission to restore, in its pristine beauty, the temple of Jerusalem; and the diligence of Alypius required and obtained the strenuous support of the governor of Palestine. At the call of their great deliverer, the Jews, from all the provinces of the empire, assembled on the holy mountain of their fathers; and their insolent triumph alarmed and exasperated the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. The desire of rebuilding the temple, has, in every age, been the ruling passion of the children of Israel. In this propitious moment the men forgot their avarice, and the women their delicacy; spades and pickaxes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich, and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, every hand claimed a share in the pious labour; and the commands of a great monarch were executed by the enthusiasm of a whole people.

Yet, on this occasion, the joint efforts of power and enthusiasm were unsuccessful; and the ground of the Jewish temple, which is now covered by a Mahometan mosque, still continued

Sappho, a celebrated lyric poetess of ancient Greece, B. C. 610.

to exhibit the same edifying spectacle of ruin and desolation. Perhaps the absence and death of the emperor, and the new maxims of a Christian reign, might explain the interruption of an arduous work, which was attempted only in the last six months of the life of Julian. But the Christians entertained a natural and pious expectation, that, in this memorable contest, the honour of religion would be vindicated by some signal miracle. An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery irruption, which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the temple, are attested, with some variations, by contemporary and respectable evidence. This public event is described by Ambrose,² bishop of Milan, in an epistle to the emperor Theodosius, which must provoke the severe animadversion of the Jews; by the eloquent Chrysostom,³ who might appeal to the memory of the elder part of his congregation at Antioch; and by Gregory Nazianzen,⁴ who published his account of the miracle before the expiration of the same year. The last of these writers has boldly declared, that this preternatural event was not disputed by the infidels; and his assertion, strange as it may seem, is confirmed by the unexceptionable testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus.⁵ The philosophic soldier, who loved the virtues, without adopting the prejudices, of his master, has recorded, in his judicious and candid history of his own times, the extraordinary obstacles which interrupted the restoration of the temple of Jerusalem. "Whilst Alypius, assisted by the governor of the province, urged, with vigour and diligence, the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place, from time to time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned." Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous, mind.

1. How came Julian to be called the Apostate?

2. When did he attempt to restore the temple?

3. How was this attempt frustrated?

4. Name the writers who attest this strange occurrence, and show that they are worthy of all credit.

² St. Ambrose, born at Treves in France, A. D. 340.

³ Chrysostom, an eminent father of the church, born at Antioch, A. D. 347.

⁴ Gregory Nazianzen, an eloquent father of the church, born near Nazianzus, a town in Cappadocia, in the early part of the 4th century.

⁵ Ammianus Marcellinus, a candid and impartial Roman historian, who flourished in the early part of the 4th century.

THE ARCH OF TITUS, AT ROME.

THIS arch, which is still standing, was erected by the senate and people in honour of the emperor Titus, to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem. As a record of Scripture history it is the most interesting ruin in Rome. To the Jews it is so deeply affecting, as a record of humiliating calamity, that, it is said, no Jew will ever willingly pass under it. It is a single arch of Greek marble, with fluted composite columns, and sculptures of the triumph of Titus, the most important of which is a procession bearing the spoils taken from the temple of Jerusalem; as the golden table, the silver trumpets, and the seven-branched massive gold candlestick, which fell into the Tiber from the Milvian bridge during the flight of Maxentius from the onslaught of Constantine; the size of this candlestick appears to be nearly a man's height, corresponding in size and form with the description given by Josephus, who was an eyewitness of the triumph. The sculptures were executed from the objects themselves, which, although they were not the same sacred vessels made under the direction of Moses, had been made by persons well acquainted with their form, the general outlines of which may be traced in Exodus xxv. 3-36,—these holy instruments and vessels having been formed 3346 years ago,—bearing undeniable evidence to the truth of the Mosaic history. On one of the keystones, also, is the figure of a Roman warrior, nearly entire.

BATTLE OF MARATHON.

(From Grote's "*History of Greece*.")

DARIUS, king of Persia, determined to be avenged of the Athenians for the aid given by them to their brethren of the Ionian colonies. At the instigation of Hippas, a fugitive noble from Athens, he sent a powerful army into Greece under command of Datis and Artaphernes. The invaders were met and totally defeated by the Athenians at Marathon 490, B.C. A *tumulus* was raised over the remains of the Athenian citizens who fell in the battle, and pillars erected on the spot inscribed with their names. To this day a conspicuous mound exists in the plain, and the peasant still fancies he hears the sound of spectral cavalry sweeping by night across the plain.

Tu'mu-lus, *n.* (*L. tumeo*), a barrow or artificial mound of earth; a hillock.

De'mos, *n. pl.* (*Gr. demos*), country districts with their villages; in *Attica*, townships.

Hop'lite, *n.* (*Gr. hopla*), in ancient Greece, a heavy-armed soldier.

Pol'e-march (mark), *n.* (*Gr. polemos, archē*), at Athens, the third archon or chief magistrate, who originally commanded in war.

MARATHON, situated near to a bay on the eastern coast of Attica, and in a direction E. N. E. from Athens, is divided by

the high ridge of Mount Pentelikus from the city, with which it communicated by two roads, one to the north, another to the south of that mountain. Of these two roads, the northern, at once the shortest and the most difficult, is twenty-two miles in length; the southern—longer but more easy, and the only one practicable for chariots—is twenty-six miles in length, or about six and a half hours of computed march. It passed between Mounts Pentelikus and Hymettus, through the ancient *demes* of Gargêttus and Pallênê, and was the road by which Peisistratus and Hippias, when they landed at Marathon forty-seven years before, had marched to Athens. The bay of Marathon, sheltered by a projecting cape from the northward, affords both deep water and a shore convenient for landing; while “its plain (says a careful modern observer) extends in a perfect level along this fine bay, and is in length about six miles, in breadth never less than about one mile and a half. Two marshes bound the extremities of the plain: the southern is not very large, and is almost dry at the conclusion of the great heats; but the northern, which generally covers considerably more than a square mile, offers several parts which are at all seasons impassable. Both however leave a broad, firm, sandy beach between them and the sea. The uninterrupted flatness of the plain is hardly relieved by a single tree; and an amphitheatre of rocky hills and rugged mountains separates it from the rest of Attica, over the lower ridges of which some steep and difficult paths communicate with the districts of the interior.”

The position occupied by Miltiadês before the battle, identified as it was to all subsequent Athenians by the sacred grove of Hêraklês near Marathon, was probably on some portion of the high ground above this plain, and Cornelius Nepos¹ tells us that he protected it from the attacks of the Persian cavalry by felled trees obstructing the approach. The Persians occupied a position on the plain; while their fleet was ranged along the beach, and Hippias himself marshalled them for the battle. The native Persians and Sakae, the best troops in the whole army, were placed in the centre, which they considered as the post of honour, and which was occupied by the Persian king himself, when present at a battle. The right wing was so regarded by the Greeks, and the *polemarch* Kallimachus had the command of it; the *hoplites* being arranged in the order of their respec-

¹ Cornelius Nepos, a celebrated Roman geographer and historian of the time of Julius Caesar and the first six years of Augustus.

tive tribes from right to left, and at the extreme left stood the Plataeans. It was necessary for Miltiadês to present a front equal or nearly equal to that of the more numerous Persian host, in order to guard himself from being taken in flank: and with this view he drew up the central tribes, including the Leontis and Antiochis in shallow files and occupying a large breadth of ground; while each of the wings was in stronger and deeper order, so as to make his attack efficient on both sides. His whole army consisted of hoplites, with some slaves as unarmed or light-armed attendants, but without either bowmen or cavalry. Nor could the Persians have been very strong in this latter force, seeing that their horses had to be transported across the Ægean. But the elevated position of Miltiadês enabled them to take some measure of the numbers under his command, and the entire absence of cavalry among their enemies could not but confirm the confidence with which a long career of uninterrupted victory had impressed their generals.

At length the sacrifices in the Greek camp were favourable for battle, and Miltiadês, who had everything to gain by coming immediately to close quarters, ordered his army to advance at a running step over the interval of one mile which separates the two armies. This rapid forward movement, accompanied by the war cry or pæan which always animated the charge of the Greek soldier, astounded the Persian army; who construed it as an act of desperate courage little short of insanity, in a body not only small but destitute of cavalry or archers—but who at the same time felt their conscious superiority sink within them. It seems to have been long remembered also among the Greeks as the peculiar characteristic of the battle of Marathon, and Herodotus² tells us that the Athenians were the first Greeks who ever charged at a run. It doubtless operated beneficially in rendering the Persian cavalry and archers comparatively innocuous, but we may reasonably suppose that it also disordered the Athenian ranks, and that when they reached the Persian front, they were both out of breath and unsteady in that line of presented spears and shields which constituted their force. On the two wings, where the files were deep, this disorder produced no mischievous effect: the Persians, after a certain resistance, were overcome and driven back. But in the centre, where the files were shallow, and where moreover the native

² Herodotus, 'The father of history'—the most ancient Greek writer whose works are preserved, born about 484 B.C.

Persians and other choice troops of the army were posted, the breathless and disordered Athenian Hoplites found themselves in far greater difficulties. The tribes Leontis and Antiochis, with Themistoklēs and Aristeidēs among them, were actually defeated, broken, driven back, and pursued by the Persians and Sakae. Miltiadēs seems to have foreseen the possibility of such a check when he found himself compelled to diminish so materially the depth of his centre; for his wings having routed the enemies opposed to them, were stayed from pursuit until the centre was extricated, and the Persians and Sakae put to flight along with the rest. The pursuit then became general, and the Persians were chased to their ships ranged in line along the shore: some of them became involved in the impassable marsh and there perished. The Athenians tried to set the ships on fire, but the defence here was both vigorous and successful—several of the forward warriors of Athens were slain, and only seven ships out of the numerous fleet destroyed. This part of the battle terminated to the advantage of the Persians. They repulsed the Athenians from the sea-shore, and secured a safe re-embarkation; leaving few or no prisoners, but a rich spoil of tents and equipments which had been disembarked and could not be carried away.

Herodotus estimates the number of those who fell on the Persian side in this memorable action at 6400 men: the number of Athenians dead is accurately known, since all were collected for the last solemn obsequies—they were 192. How many were wounded we do not hear.

BATTLE OF PHARSALIA—FLIGHT AND DEATH OF POMPEY.

(From "*Keightley's History of Rome.*")

PHARSALIA, a town of Thessaly in Greece, now called Satal'ge, on a slope facing the N., 20 miles S. of Larissa. This famous battle was fought near the town, 48 B. C.

THE two armies now lay in sight of each other; that of Pompey, which consisted of forty-five thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry, beside light troops, was superior in number but inferior in quality. Cæsar's army, of twenty-two thousand foot, and one thousand cavalry, was composed of hardy veterans, used to victory, and confident in themselves and their leader.

The superior number of their troops, and their late successes, had raised the confidence of the Pompeian leaders, and nothing,

we are told, could exceed their insolence; they contended with one another for the dignities and priesthoods in the state, and disposed of the consulate for several years to come. Scipio, Lentulus Spinther, and L. Domitius had an angry contest for the chief-priesthood with which Cæsar was invested, for of his defeat not a doubt was entertained; and when Pompey acted with caution, he was accused of protracting the war out of the vanity of seeing such a number of consulars and prætorians under his command. Proscriptions and confiscations were resolved on; "in short," says Cicero, "excepting Pompey himself and a few others (I speak of the principal leaders), they carried on the war with such a spirit of rapaciousness, and breathed such principles of cruelty in their conversation, that I could not think even of our success without horror. To this I must add, that some of our most dignified men were deeply involved in debt; and, in short, there was nothing good among them but their cause."

Pompey, who was superstitious by nature, had been greatly encouraged by accounts of favourable signs in the entrails of the victims and such like sent him by the haruspices from Rome, and he resolved to risk a general engagement. He drew up his army at the foot of the hill on which he was encamped; but Cæsar, unwilling to engage him at a disadvantage, prepared to decamp. Just, however, as the order was given, seeing that Pompey had advanced into the plain, he changed his mind, and made ready to engage. The right wing of the Pompeians, commanded by Lentulus, rested on the river Enipeus. Pompey himself, with Domitius, commanded the left; his father-in-law, Scipio, the centre; the horse and light troops were all on the left. Cæsar's right was commanded by himself and P. Sulla; his left by M. Antonius; the centre by Domitius Calvinus; to strengthen his cavalry, he had mingled through it some of his most active foot-soldiers; and he placed six cohorts separate from his line, to act on occasion against the enemy's horse. Pompey had directed his men to stand and receive the enemy's charge, hoping thus to engage them when out of breath with running; but the Cæsarians, when they found that the enemy did not advance, halted of themselves, and having recovered their breath, advanced in order and hurled their *pila*. They then fell on sword in hand; the Pompeians did the same; and while they were engaged, their horse and light troops, having attacked and defeated Cæsar's cavalry, were preparing to take

his infantry in flank, when he made the signal to the six cohorts, who fell on and drove them off the field. It is said that Cæsar had directed his men to aim their blows at the faces of the horsemen, and that the young Roman knights fled sooner than run the risk of having their beauty spoiled. The six cohorts then took the Pompeian left wing in the rear, while Cæsar brought into action his third line, which had not yet been engaged. The Pompeians broke, and fled. Pompey, whose whole reliance was on his left wing, now despairing of victory, retired to his tent to await the event of the battle. But Cæsar soon led his men to the attack of the camp, which was carried after an obstinate resistance from the cohorts which had been left to guard it. Pompey, laying aside his general's habit, mounted a horse, and left it by the Decuman gate.¹ Cæsar found the tents of Lentulus and others hung with ivy, fresh turves² cut for seats, tables covered with plate, and all the preparations for celebrating a victory. Leaving some troops to guard the two camps, he followed a body of the Pompeians who had fled to a hill, but they abandoned it and made for Larissa; he however got between them and that town, and finally forced them to surrender. His own loss in this battle, he tells us, was only 200 men and 30 centurions; that of the Pompeians was 15,000, of whom but 6000 were soldiers, the rest being servants and the like: upwards of 24,000 were made prisoners. He granted life and liberty to all; and finding, it is said, in Pompey's tent the letters of several men of rank, he imitated that general's own conduct in Spain, and burned without reading them.

We must now follow the unhappy Pompey Magnus. He rode with about thirty followers to the gates of Larissa, but would not enter the town lest the people should incur the anger of Cæsar. He then went on to the Vale of Tempé, and at the mouth of the Pénétis got on board a merchantman which he found lying there; thence he sailed to the mouth of the Strymôn, and having obtained some money from his friends at Amphipolis, proceeded to Mytilène in Lesbos, where he had left his wife Cornelia. Having taken her and his son Sextus on board, and collected a few vessels, he proceeded to Cilicia, and thence to Cyprus. He had intended going to Syria, but finding that the people of Antioch had declared for Cæsar, he

¹ Decuman gate, the principal gate of the Roman camp.

² Old plural of *turf*,—regular plural, *turfs*.

gave up that design ; and having gotten money from the publicans and some private persons, and collected about two thousand men, he made sail for Egypt.

It is said that he had consulted with his friends whether he should seek a refuge with the king of the Parthians, or retire to king Juba in Africa, or repair to the young king of Egypt, whose father had been restored to his throne through his influence some years before. The latter course was decided on, and he sailed for Pelusium, where the young king (who was at war with his sister Cleopatra, whom their father had made joint-heir of the throne) was lying with his army. Pompey sent to request his protection, on account of his friendship for his father. The king's ministers, either fearing that Pompey, by means of the troops which had been left there by Gabinus, might attempt to make himself master of the kingdom, or despising his fallen fortunes, resolved on his death. They sent Achillas, a captain of the guard, with Septimius, a former Roman centurion, and some others in a small boat to invite him to land. He was requested to come into the boat, as the shore was too oozy and shallow for a ship to approach it. He consented, and directing two centurions and his freedman Philip and a slave to follow him, and having embraced Cornelia, he entered the boat, and then turning round repeated the following lines of Sophocles :

He who unto a prince's house repairs,
Becomes his slave, though he go thither free.

They went on some time in silence; at length Pompey turning to Septimius, said, "If I mistake not, you and I have been fellow-soldiers." Septimius merely nodded assent; the silence was resumed; Pompey began to read over what he had prepared to say to the king in Greek. Meantime the boat approached the shore; Cornelia and his friends saw several of the royal officers coming down to receive Pompey, who, taking hold of Philip's arm, rose from his seat. As he rose Septimius stabbed him in the back; Achillas and a Roman named Salvius then struck him: Pompey drew his mantle before his face, groaned, and died in silence. Those on shipboard gave a loud piercing cry of grief, and set sail without delay, pursued by some Egyptian vessels. The head of Pompey was cut off; his trunk was thrown on the beach, where his faithful freedman stayed by it, and having washed it in the sea, collected the wreck of a fishing-boat and prepared a pyre to burn it. While he was

thus engaged, an old Roman who had served under Pompey came up, and saying that the honour of aiding at the obsequies of the greatest of Roman generals compensated him in some sort for the evils of an abode in a foreign land, assisted him in his pious office.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

(From Washington Irving's Life of Columbus.)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, whom God honoured to be the discoverer of the New World, was born in Genoa, about the year 1435. He first landed at San Salvador, Oct. 11, 1492. This great and good man, to the everlasting disgrace of Spain, died broken-hearted, and in the greatest poverty, at Valladolid, 1506.

WHEN on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a

time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance! Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Roderigo Sanchery, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. 'O transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triano, but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident, from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was

the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe? or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian Sea? or was this the famed Cipango¹ itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

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| 1. When and where was Columbus born? | Admiral, and not to the mariner? |
| 2. Give the date of the discovery of the New World. | 5. In what circumstances did this great man die? |
| 3. Who actually saw the <i>land</i> first. | 6. Where did his death take place, and when? |
| 4. Why was the reward adjudged to the | |

"COLONIZATION OF THE NEW WORLD."

(From the *Conquest of Peru*, by W. H. Prescott.)

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| Col'o-nize, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. colo</i>), to plant a new country with inhabitants, in order to cultivate it. | Le'gend, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. lego</i>), literally, anything to be read;—an incredible story; an unauthentic narrative. |
| Stim'u-late, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. stimulus</i>), to spur on; to incite; to instigate. | Chiv'al-ry, <i>n.</i> (<i>Fr. cheval</i>), knight-hood; the hazards and exploits of the ancient knights. |
| Em'i-grant, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. e, migro</i>), one who removes from one country to another. | Er'rant, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. erro</i>), wandering; rambling; applied to <i>knights</i> , who in the middle ages wandered about in search of adventures. |
| Chi-me'ra, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. chimaira</i>), in ancient mythology, a monster of inconsistent parts,—hence, any wild fancy. | Av'a-rice, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. avarus</i>), too eager desire of gain; covetousness. |
| El Dora'do, <i>n.</i> (<i>Sp. The Golden</i>), a fabled country of S. America, abounding in gems and all the precious metals. The term has become proverbial for any place pretendedly rich in all the gifts of nature. | Cru-sa'der, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. crux</i>), one employed in the expedition against the infidels to recover the Holy Land. |
| Il-lu'sion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. in, lusum</i> , see <i>ludo</i>), false show; mockery; error. | Spe'cious, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. specio</i>), pleasing to the view; apparently correct; plausible. |
| | Pre-text', <i>n.</i> (<i>L. prae, textum</i> , see <i>tego</i>), ostensible motive assigned as a <i>cloak</i> to conceal the real one; pretence. |

It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given

¹ Supposed to be Japan.

to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province, or a kingdom that had been gained; but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the different phases of civilisation, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought and *stimulated* it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active, that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated, as *emigrants* thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a colouring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen, and nourished the *chimerical* sentiments of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realise the classic legends of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El Dorado*, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

Yet that the adventurers were no impostors, but dupes, too easy dupes, of their own credulous fancies, is shown by the extravagant character of their enterprises: by expeditions in search of the magical Fountain of Health, of the golden Temple of Doboyba, of the golden sepulchres of Yenu—for gold was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Oro*, (Golden Castile,) the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently instead of gold found there only his grave.

In this realm of enchantment all the accessories served to maintain the *illusion*. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any *legend of chivalry*, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight errant. Hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass, with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of moun-

tain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics,—these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more, and not the least remarkable, in the chronicles of knight *errantry*.

The character of the warrior took somewhat of the exaggerated colouring shed over his exploits. Proud and vain-glorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny, and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appal and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally, strange as it may seem, from his *avarice* and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age—the religion of the *Crusader*. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace upon earth and good-will towards man!

What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races, who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the western hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more *specious pretext* of proselytism; but independence¹—independence, religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of fru-

¹ "The Pilgrim Fathers" fled from England to Holland, in order to escape the cruel persecution of James I., who refused liberty of conscience in religious matters to his subjects. They again left Holland for the New World, and finally settled in Virginia, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Rational freedom, and not gold, was the treasure they sought.

gality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labour. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path, and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and sent up its branches high towards the heavens, while the communities of the neighbouring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendours of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonise them. Thus the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Protestant America!

THE ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

(From Macaulay's *History of England*.)

JAMES SECOND was born in 1633, and began to reign 6th Feb., 1685, but after a short reign of 2½ years, he was obliged to abdicate, Jan. 11, 1688, for attempting to put down Protestantism in England. On the throne becoming vacant, William and Mary, the Prince and Princess of Orange, were proclaimed King and Queen of England. Such was the revolution of 1688, justly called *Glorious*.

Ac-quit'tal, *n.* (*Fr. quitter, L. quies*), a setting free from the charge of an offence; discharge; release.

Ver'dict, *n.* (*L. verum, dictum*, see, *dico*), a true declaration; decision of a jury.

Nun'ci-o, *n.* (*L. nuncio*), an ambassador or messenger from the Pope.

Cul'prit, *n.* (*L. culpa*), a person accused of a crime, and arraigned before a judge.

Al-ter-ca'tion, *n.* (*L. alter*), the

assertion of another or different thing; contention; debate.

Con-vict', *v.* (*L. con, victum*, see *vinco*), to subdue the opposition to truth, by proving a charge against a person; to prove one guilty.

Mi-nor'i-ty, *n.* (*L. minor*), the smaller number.

Im-peach', *v.* (*Fr. empêcher, L. impedire*, see *pes*), to hinder or resist,—hence, to put upon trial; to arraign; to accuse.

Tech'ni-cal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Gr. technē</i>), of or belonging to a particular art or profession.	Pre-rog'a-tive, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. prae, rogo</i>), <i>literally</i> , the right of being <i>first</i> asked,—hence, an exclusive priv- ilege or right.
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It was dark before the jury retired to consider of their *verdict*. The night was a night of intense anxiety. Some letters are still extant which were dispatched during that period of suspense, and which have therefore an interest of a peculiar kind. "It is very late," wrote the Papal *Nuncio*, "and the decision is not yet known. The judges and the *culprits* have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. Tomorrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle."

The solicitor for the bishops sat up all night with a body of servants on the stairs leading to the room where the jury was consulting. It was absolutely necessary to watch the officers who watched the doors; for those officers were supposed to be in the interest of the crown, and might, if not carefully observed, have furnished a courtly juryman with food, which would have enabled him to starve out the other eleven. Strict guard was therefore kept. Not even a candle to light a pipe was permitted to enter. Some basins of water for washing were suffered to pass at about four in the morning. The jury-men raging with thirst soon lapped up the whole. Great numbers of people walked the neighbouring streets till dawn. Every hour a messenger came from Whitehall to know what was passing. Voices high in *altercation* were repeatedly heard within the room; but nothing certain was known.

At first, nine were for acquitting and three for *convicting*. Two of the *minority* soon gave way, but Arnold was obstinate. Thomas Austin, a country gentleman of great estate, who had paid close attention to the evidence and speeches, and had taken full notes, wished to argue the question. Arnold declined. He was not used, he doggedly said, to reasoning and debating. His conscience was not satisfied, and he should not acquit the bishops. "If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me; I am the largest and strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." It was six in the morning before Arnold yielded. It was soon known that the jury were agreed, but what the verdict would be was still a secret.

At ten the court again met. The crowd was greater than

ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness.

Sir Samuel Astry spoke, "Do you find the defendants, or any of them guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are *impeached*, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not guilty." As the words passed his lips, Halifax sprung up and waved his hat. At that signal, benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so, in a few moments, the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below.

As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion gave way, and thousands sobbed for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along the great roads intelligence of the victory of our church and nation. Yet not even that astounding explosion could awe the bitter and intrepid spirit of the solicitor. Striving to make himself heard above the din, he called on the judges to commit those who had violated, by clamour, the dignity of a court of justice. One of the rejoicing populace was seized; but the tribunal felt it would be absurd to punish a single individual for an offence common to hundreds of thousands, and dismissed him with a gentle reprimand.

The acquitted prelates took refuge from the crowd which implored their blessing in the nearest chapel where divine service was performing. Many churches were open on that morning throughout the capital, and many pious persons repaired thither. The bells of all the parishes of the city and liberties were ringing. The jury, meanwhile, could scarcely make their way out of the hall. They were forced to shake hands with hundreds. "God bless you," cried the people; "God prosper your families; you have done like honest good-natured gentlemen. You have saved us to-day." As the gen-

tllemen who had supported the cause drove off, they flung from their windows handfuls of money, and bade the crowd drink to the health of the bishops and the jury.

The attorney went with the tidings to Sunderland, who happened to be conversing with the Nuncio. "Never," said Powis, "within man's memory, have there been such shouts and such tears of joy as to-day." The king had that morning visited the camp on Hounslow Heath. Sunderland instantly sent a courier thither with the news. James was in Lord Feversham's tent when the express arrived. He was greatly disturbed, and exclaimed in French, "So much the worse for them." He soon set out for London.

While he was present, respect prevented the soldiers from giving loose to their feelings; but he had scarcely quitted the camp when he heard a great shouting behind him. He was surprised, and asked what the uproar meant. "Nothing," was the answer. "The soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted." "Do you call that nothing?" said James, and then repeated, "So much the worse for them." He might well be out of temper. His defeat had been complete and most humiliating. Had the prelates escaped on account of some *technical* defect in the case for the crown, had they escaped because they had not written the petition in Middlesex, or because it was impossible to prove, according to the strict rules of law, that they had delivered to the king the paper for which they were called in question, the *prerogative* would have suffered no shock. Happily for the country, the fact of publication had been fully established. The counsel for the defence had therefore been forced to attack the dispensing power. They had attacked it with great learning, eloquence, and boldness. The advocates of the government had been, by universal acknowledgment, overmatched in the contest. Not a single judge had ventured to declare that the Declaration of Indulgence was legal. One judge had in the strongest terms pronounced it illegal. The language of the whole town was that the dispensing power had received a fatal blow.

TRIAL BY JURY.

(From Warren's *Extracts from Blackstone's Commentaries*.)

<p>Ju'ry, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. juro</i>), a certain number of men selected in the manner prescribed by law, and sworn to</p>	<p>inquire into a case, and deliver the truth according to evidence. Transcendent, <i>adj.</i> (see, p. 53).</p>
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U-nan'i-mous, *adj.* (*L. unus, animus*), being of one mind; agreeing in opinion.

Eu-lo-gi-um, *n.* (see, p. 53).

Ju'di-ca-ture, *n.* (*L. judex*), the power of distributing justice.

In-ves'ti-gate, *v.* (*L. in, vestigium*), literally, to trace the footsteps, —hence, to search out; to inquire into.

Tri-bu'nal, *n.* (*L. tribus*), the seat from which the *Tribune*, an ancient Roman magistrate, dispensed justice,—hence, a court of justice.

Ar-is-toc'ra-cy, *n.* (*Gr. aristos, kratos*), a government in which the power resides in the nobles.

Ol'i-gar-chy, *n.* (see p. 42).

THE trial by *jury* ever has been, and I trust ever will be, looked upon as the glory of the English law. It is the most *transcendent* privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for, that he cannot be affected either in his property, his liberty, or his person, but by the *unanimous*¹ consent of twelve of his neighbours and equals. A constitution that I may venture to affirm, has, under Providence, secured the just liberties of this nation for a long succession of ages. And, therefore, a celebrated French writer, who concludes, that because Rome, Sparta, and Carthage have lost their liberties, therefore those in England in time must perish, should have recollected that Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, at the time when their liberties were lost, were strangers to the trial by jury.

Great as this *eulogium* may seem, it is no more than this admirable constitution, when traced to its principles, will be found in sober reason to deserve. The impartial administration of justice, which secures both our persons and our properties, is the great end of civil society. But if that be entirely intrusted to the magistracy, a select body of men, and those generally selected by the prince or such as enjoy the highest offices in the state, their decisions, in spite of their own natural integrity, will have frequently an involuntary bias towards those of their own rank and dignity; it is not to be expected from human nature, that the few should be always attentive to the interests and good of the many. On the other hand, if the power of *judicature* were placed at random in the hands of the multitude, their decisions would be wild and capricious, and a new rule of action would be every day established in our courts. It is wisely therefore ordered, that the principles and axioms of law, which are general propositions,

¹ It is the principle of the English law that the twelve Jurymen must be *unanimous* before a verdict can be returned. In Scotland there are fifteen in the Jury, and a simple *majority* decides.

flowing from abstracted reason, and not accommodated to times or to men, should be deposited in the breasts of the judges, to be occasionally applied to such facts as come properly ascertained before them. For here partiality can have little scope: the law is well known, and is the same for all ranks and degrees: it follows as a regular conclusion from the premises of fact pre-established. But in settling and adjusting the question of fact, when intrusted to any single magistrate, partiality and injustice have an ample field to range in; either by boldly asserting that to be proved which is not so, or by more artfully suppressing some circumstances, stretching and warping others, and distinguishing away the remainder. Here, therefore, a competent number of sensible and upright jurymen, chosen by lot from among those of the middle rank, will be found the best *investigators* of truth, and the surest guardians of public justice. For the most powerful individual in the state will be cautious of committing any flagrant invasion of another's right, when he knows that the fact of his oppression must be examined and decided by twelve indifferent men, not appointed till the hour of trial; and that, when once the fact is ascertained, the law must of course redress it. This, therefore, preserves in the hands of the people that share which they ought to have in the administration of public justice, and prevents the encroachments of the more powerful and wealthy citizens. Every new *tribunal* erected for the decision of facts, without the intervention of a jury, whether composed of justices of the peace, commissioners of the revenue, judges of a court of conscience, or any other standing magistrates, is a step towards establishing *aristocracy*, the most oppressive of absolute governments. The feudal system, which for the sake of military subordination, pursued an aristocratical plan in all its arrangements of property, had been intolerable in times of peace, had it not been wisely counterpoised by that privilege, so universally diffused through every part of it, the trial by the feudal peers. And in every country on the continent, as the trial by the peers has been gradually disused, so the nobles have increased in power, till the state has been torn to pieces by rival factions, and *oligarchy* in effect has been established, though under the shadow of regal government, unless where the miserable commons had taken shelter under absolute monarchy, as the lighter evil of the two. And, particularly, it is a circumstance well worthy an Englishman's observation, that

in Sweden the trial by jury, that bulwark of nothern liberty, which continued in its full vigour so lately as the middle of the last century, is now fallen into disuse; and that there, though the regal power is in no country so closely limited, yet the liberties of the commons are extinguished, and the government is degenerated into a mere aristocracy. It is, therefore, upon the whole, a duty which every man owes to his country, his friends, his posterity, and himself, to maintain to the utmost of his power this valuable institution in all its rights, to restore it to its ancient dignity, if at all impaired by the different value of property, or otherwise deviated from its first institution; to amend it, wherever it is defective: and, above all, to guard with the most jealous circumspection against the introduction of new and arbitrary methods of trial, which, under a variety of plausible pretences, may in time imperceptibly undermine this best preservative of English liberty.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

(From Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*.)

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| <p>E-vac'u-ate, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. e, vacātum</i>, see <i>vaco</i>), to empty out; to leave; to quit.</p> <p>Boy'ard, <i>n.</i> in <i>Russia</i>, a nobleman; a person of quality. This word answers nearly to our <i>Baron</i>.</p> <p>Des'o-late, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. de, solus</i>), without inhabitants; deserted.</p> <p>Con-fla-gra'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. con, flagro</i>), a burning of many things together; a general fire.</p> <p>Sub'urbs, <i>n. plu.</i> (<i>L. sub, urbs</i>), the parts near the city; the confines; the outskirts.</p> <p>Ex-plo'sion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ex, plausum</i>, see</p> | <p><i>plaudo</i>), a sudden bursting of any elastic fluid, with noise and violence.</p> <p>Me-trop'o-lis, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. mētēr, polis</i>), the mother or chief city of a country.</p> <p>Com-bus'ti-ble, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. con, ustum</i>, see <i>uro</i>), any substance easily ignited or set on fire.</p> <p>In-cen'di-ar-y, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. in, candeo</i>), one guilty of arson or wilful and malicious fire-raising.</p> <p>Pan-de-mo'ni-um, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. pan, daimōn</i>), the fabled council-chamber of demons or fallen angels.</p> |
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ON THE 14th September, 1812, while the rear-guard of the Russians were in the act of *evacuating* Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there where the natives kneel and cross themselves at first sight of the Holy city.

Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of Eastern architecture mingled with trees,

and surrounded with gardens ; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke, not a man appeared on the battlements, or at the gates. Napoleon gazed every moment, expecting to see a train of bearded *boyards* arriving to fling themselves at his feet, and place their wealth at his disposal. His first exclamation was, "Behold at last that celebrated city!"—His next, "It was full time." His army, less regardful of the past or the future, fixed their eyes on the goal of their wishes, and a shout of "Moscow!—Moscow!"—passed from rank to rank.

When he entered the gates of Moscow, Buonaparte, as if unwilling to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopt immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the *desolate* city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumour, which could not be traced, but one of those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be endangered by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it, until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters by the report that the town was in flames. The memorable *conflagration* began amongst the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the Bazaar, or general market, which was the most rich district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Napoleon, who had been roused by the tumult, hurried to the spot, and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the *suburbs*, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now attained such an apparently immense superiority. Yet he did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the advantage he had obtained, but availed himself of the light of the blazing Bazaar, to write to the Emperor proposals of peace with his own hand. They were dispatched by a Russian officer of rank, who had been disabled by indisposition from following the army. But no answer was ever returned.

Next day the flames had disappeared, and the French officers

luxuriously employed themselves in selecting out of the deserted palaces of Moscow, that which best pleased the fancy of each for his residence. At night the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city. As the greater part of the houses were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful rapidity. This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparkles which were carried by the wind; but at length it was observed, that, as often as the wind changed, and it changed three times in that terrible night, new flames broke always forth in that direction, where the existing gale was calculated to direct them on the Kremlin. These horrors were increased by the chance of *explosion*. There was, though as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of powder in the Kremlin; besides that a park of artillery, with its ammunition, was drawn up under the Emperor's window. Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. During the whole night the *metropolis* had glared with an untimely and unnatural light. It was now covered with a thick and suffocating atmosphere, of almost palpable smoke. The flames defied the efforts of the French soldiery; and it is said that the fountains of the city had been rendered inaccessible, the water-pipes cut, and the fire-engines destroyed or carried off.

Then came the reports of fire-balls having been found burning in deserted houses; of men and women, that like demons, had been seen openly spreading the flames, and who were said to be furnished with *combustibles* for rendering their dreadful work more secure. Several wretches against whom such acts had been charged, were seized upon, and, probably without much inquiry, were shot on the spot. While it was almost impossible to keep the roof of the Kremlin clear of the burning brands which showered down with the wind, Napoleon watched from the windows the course of the fire which devoured his fair conquest, and the exclamation burst from him, "These are indeed Scythians!"

The equinoctial gales rose higher and higher upon the third night, and extended the flames, with which there was no longer any human power of contending. At the dead hour of midnight, the Kremlin itself was found to be on fire. A soldier of the Russian police, charged with being the *incendiary*, was turned over to the summary vengeance of the Imperial Guard. Buonaparte, was then, at length, persuaded, by the entreaties of all around him, to relinquish his quarters in the Kremlin, to

which, as the visible mark of his conquest, he had seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion holding a fragment of his prey. He encountered both difficulty and danger in retiring from the palace, and before he could gain the city-gate he had to traverse with his suite streets arched with fire, and in which the very air they breathed was suffocating. At length, he gained the open country, and took up his abode in a palace of the Czar's called Petrowsky, about a French league from the city. As he looked back on the fire, which, under the influence of the autumnal wind, swelled and surged round the Kremlin, like an infernal ocean around a sable *Pandemonium*, he could not suppress the ominous expression, "This bodes us great misfortune."¹

The fire continued to triumph unopposed, and consumed in a few days what it had cost centuries to raise. "Palaces and temples," says a Russian author, "monuments of art, and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages which had past away, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors, and the nursery-cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of the city, and the deep resolution to avenge its fall."

The fire raged till the 19th with unabated violence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. It is said four-fifths of this great city were laid in ruins.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. When did the French enter Moscow? 2. Describe the city as seen from the Mount of Salvation. 3. What was Napoleon's exclamation on entering it? 4. In what quarter of the city did the fire begin? 5. What did Buonaparte write by the light of the blazing Bazaar? 6. On the wind changing where were the flames seen to break forth? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. What was the probable intention of directing the fire on the Kremlin? 8. What did the Emperor say, when watching the fire at the palace window? 9. What became of the great army which was led into Russia? 10. What think you of war, and of the man who causes it? 11 Repeat the words of Matthew, 5th chap. and 9th verse. |
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BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(*From Alison's Abridgment of the History of Europe.*)

ON learning the defeat of the Prussians, Wellington fell back on the morning of the 17th through Gemappe to Waterloo,

¹ Napoleon entered Russia June 24th, 1812, with an immense host, numbering half-a-million of men. Of this great army it has been calculated that 125,000 perished in battle, 152,000 died of fatigue, hunger, and cold, during their retreat after the burning of Moscow, and 193,000 were taken prisoners, including 48 generals and 3000 inferior officers.

undisturbed except by a body of French cuirassiers, who overthrew a British light regiment (the 7th Hussars), but were in turn broken and defeated by a brilliant charge of the 1st Life Guards, led by Lord Uxbridge. Napoleon, meanwhile, having detached 31,000 men under Grouchy to observe the Prussians, followed the British with 80,000 men, and drew up his army on both sides of the road from Charleroi to Brussels, with his headquarters at La Belle Alliance.

The following night was one of unceasing rain; but no feeling of despondency entered the breasts of the soldiers on either side, as they lay drenched in their cheerless bivouacs. Every one knew that a general battle would be fought on the morrow; and the two great commanders, who had severally overthrown every antagonist, would at last measure swords with each other. The field on which the immortal strife was to be decided, extends about two miles from the old house and walled gardens of Chateau-Goumont (Hougoumont) on the right, to the hedge of La Haye on the left; while the great road from Brussels to Charleroi runs through the centre of the position, which is about three quarters of a mile south of the village of Waterloo, and three hundred yards in front of the farm-house of Mont St. Jean. The British army occupied the crest of a range of gentle eminences, crossing the high-road at right angles; while the French occupied a corresponding line of ridges on the opposite side of the valley—the intermediate space being open and unenclosed. Hill, with 7000 men, had been stationed six miles on the right, to cover the road from Mons to Brussels; and the partisans of Napoleon in the latter city were in joyful expectation of his entry on the following day. In the morning the British army was still seen on its ground, drawn up in squares in steady array along the ridge; and Napoleon, who had feared that they would retreat during the night, exclaimed with exultation, "At last I have them, those English!"

The total number of the Allied army was 72,000—of the French 80,000; and the superiority of the latter was still greater in artillery, of which they had 252 pieces to oppose to 186, and in the uniform high quality of their troops, when compared to the Belgian levies who formed part of the opposing ranks. The first gun was fired from the French centre as the clock of Nivelles struck eleven; and immediately a column of 6000 men moved against the wood of Hougoumont, and,

in spite of the utmost efforts of Byng's brigade of Guards, drove the British into the garden and courtyard, which they held with unconquerable resolution—though the house, set on fire by the howitzers, was wholly consumed. The principal attack, meanwhile, was led by Ney against the left centre of the British, and the farm-house of La Haye Sainte. Four massy columns, together numbering 20,000 men, pushed forward in defiance of the heavy fire from the British cannon and musketry, till within twenty yards of their line; and the British were beginning to waver, when Picton brought up Pack's brigade, before which the French in turn recoiled; and Ponsonby's brigade of horse (the Scots Greys, Queen's Bays, and Enniskillens) charging at the same moment, the French column was pierced through and ridden over, and 2000 prisoners, with two eagles, taken, while 40 guns were either captured or disabled. The gallant Picton, however, had fallen in heading the charge; and the cavalry, pursuing their advantage too far, were in turn overwhelmed by Milhaud's cuirassiers: Ponsonby was killed, and scarce a fifth of the brigade returned. La Haye Sainte, meanwhile, enveloped on all sides, had been stormed, and the 400 gallant Hanoverians who composed the garrison bayoneted; while Ney's columns, forming under cover of the farm-house, pushed on, supported by Milhaud and his cuirassiers, to pierce the Allied centre. They forced their way almost to the tree where Wellington had taken his station; but they were driven back by the advance of the 79th Highlanders; while the heavy brigade (Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards) under Lord Edward Somerset, bore down with such vigour on the cuirassiers that they were fairly ridden over by the weight of man and horse, and a considerable number pushed headlong over a precipice into a gravel-pit.

Napoleon, however, still persisted in his attack on the centre, and brought up his whole cavalry to the attack, while at the same time he attempted to turn the British right. The Belgians were driven back in dismay, and one of the hussar regiments fled straight to Brussels; but the British and Brunswickers, in spite of the storm of shot and shells sent through their squares, and the incessant headlong charges of the cuirassiers, whose enthusiastic valour was excited almost to madness, stood as if rooted in the earth, and defied every effort to break them. It was now half-past four, and the advanced guard of the Prussians under Bulow was beginning to debouch

from the woods on the French right flank; and though they were driven back by Lobau and Duhesme, Napoleon saw that no time was to be lost, and ordered a grand effort of the Old and Young Guard, with the whole remaining cuirassiers, against the diminished and weary ranks of the British centre. At a quarter past seven the first column of the Guard, under Reille, advanced up the hill beside Hougoumont with tremendous shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" but so terrible was the fire of the British artillery on their long flank, that the head of the column, constantly pushed on by the rear, never advanced, but melted away as it came into the scene of carnage. But the second column, under Ney, pushing up the hill to the left of La Haye Sainte, forced back the British guns, and came to within forty paces of the Foot Guards, 73d, and 30th, who were lying down under shelter of the ridge. Wellington now gave the order to charge; and a volley was poured in, so close and well directed, that nearly the whole of the two first French ranks fell. The immense column, though forced back, was still bravely combating, when the charge of the 10th, 18th, and 21st dragoons, under Vivian, on the one flank, and of Adam's foot on the other, while the Guards pressed them in front, threw them into inextricable confusion; and they were driven headlong down the hill, spreading dismay and disorder through the whole French centre.

The moment of victory had now arrived, and the last hour of Napoleon's empire had struck. At the instant when Ney's column was recoiling in disorder, the standards of Blücher appeared in the wood beyond Ohain; and perceiving that the Prussians had come up in strength, Wellington ordered an advance of the whole line. 50,000 men streamed over the summit of the hill, driving before them the last columns of the Guard; while Bulow and Ziethen, with 36,000 Prussians, emerged from the wood, and opened a terrible fire from 100 pieces of cannon. The French saw that all was lost, and, breaking their ranks in despair, fled tumultuously towards the rear, pursued by the whole British cavalry. Up to this moment, Napoleon had preserved his calm demeanour; but on seeing the British horse mingled with the fugitives, he became pale as death, and exclaiming to Bertrand, "All is lost at present—let us save ourselves!" fled at the gallop from the field. The Old Guard for a moment attempted to rally, but in vain. The whole French army became a mass of inextricable confusion. One

hundred and fifty guns, 350 caissons, and 6000 prisoners, were taken by the British before fatigue compelled them to halt at La Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington met and saluted each other as victors. The pursuit was continued, however, by Ziethen's Prussians, who pressed the flying French during the whole night. Napoleon's carriage and private papers were taken near Gemappe; and he himself, flying all night on horseback, reached Charleroi at six the next morning. The torrent of fugitives continued to pour over the bridge during the whole day; but scarcely 40,000 men, with only 27 guns, crossed the Sambre. The loss of the French in the battle and pursuit had been at least 40,000; and the efficiency of the army was totally destroyed—the infantry dispersing, and the cavalry selling their horses, and making the best of their way home. The loss of Wellington's army at Waterloo was 15,000 men; that of the Prussians 7000 more.

ANECDOTES OF WELLINGTON.

Lord Brougham relates of the Duke of Wellington, that, "while Napoleon passed within range of an English battery at Waterloo, and the officers were about to fire at the group, he at once and peremptorily forbade it. This passage in his illustrious and unstained life is worth a thousand superfluous panegyrics, and puts to flight all imputations upon him as wanting in those feelings which, in the company of more rare and stern qualities, are ever found to adorn the character of the greatest men."

One of the three letters written by the duke from the field was a brief note, which, having enumerated some who had fallen, ends thus emphatically: "*I have escaped unhurt. The finger of Providence was on me.*" What the impulse was which dictated these extraordinary words we leave to the opinion of those who read them. . . . When the dreadful fight was over, the duke's feelings, so long kept at the highest tension, gave way; and, as he rode amidst the groans of the wounded and the reeking carnage, and heard the rout of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors fainter and fainter through the gloom of night, he wept, and soon after wrote the words above quoted from his letter.

SECTION IV.

ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

GENERAL VIEW OF ANIMATED NATURE.

(From the Bridgewater Treatise, by P. M. ROGET.)

TURNING from the examination of the passive objects of the material world, we direct our attention to the busy theatre of animated existence, where scenes of wonder and enchantment are displayed in endless variety around us ; where life in its ever-changing forms meets the eye in every region to which our researches can extend ; and where every element and every clime is peopled by multitudinous races of sensitive beings, who have received from the bounteous hand of their Creator the gift of existence and the means of enjoyment. Our curiosity is powerfully excited by phenomena in which our own welfare is so intimately concerned, as are all those that relate to animal life ; and we cannot but take a lively and sympathetic interest in the history of beings in many respects so analogous to ourselves ; like us, possessing powers of spontaneous action, impelled by passions and desires, and endowed with capacities of enjoyment and of suffering. Can there be a more gratifying spectacle than to see an animal in the full vigour of health, and the free exercise of its powers, disporting in its native element, revelling in the bliss of existence, and testifying by its incessant gambols the exuberance of its joy ?

We cannot take even a cursory survey of the host of living beings profusely spread over every portion of the globe, without a feeling of profound astonishment at the inconceivable variety of forms and constructions to which animation has been imparted by creative power. What can be more calculated to excite our wonder than the diversity exhibited among insects, all of which, amidst endless modifications of shape, still preserve their conformity to one general plan of construction ? The number of distinct species of insects already known and described cannot be estimated at less than 100,000 ; and every

day is adding to the catalogue. Of the comparatively large animals which live on land, how splendid is the field of observation that lies open to the naturalist! What variety is conspicuous in the tribes of quadrupeds and of reptiles; and what endless diversity exists in their habits, pursuits, and characters! How extensive is the study of birds alone; and how ingeniously, if we may so express it, has nature interwoven in their construction every possible variation compatible with an adherence to the same general model of design, and the same ultimate reference to the capacity for motion through the light element of air. What profusion of being is displayed in the wide expanse of the ocean, through which are scattered such various and such unknown multitudes of animals! Of fishes alone, the varieties, as to conformation and endowments, are endless. Still more curious and anomalous, both in their external form, and their internal economy, are the numerous orders of living beings that occupy the lower divisions of the animal scale; some swimming in countless myriads near the surface; some dwelling in the inaccessible depths of the ocean: some attached to shells, or other solid structures, the productions of their own bodies, and which, in process of time, form, by their accumulation, enormous submarine mountains, rising often from unfathomable depths to the surface. What sublime views of the magnificence of creation have been disclosed by the microscope, in the world of infinite minuteness, peopled by countless multitudes of atomic beings which animate almost every fluid in nature. Of these, a vast variety of species has been discovered, each animalcule being provided with appropriate organs, endowed with spontaneous powers of motion, and giving unequivocal signs of individual vitality. The recent observations of Professor Ehrenberg have brought to light the existence of monads, which are not larger than the 24,000th part of an inch, and which are so thickly crowded in the fluid as to leave intervals not greater than their own diameter. Hence he has made the computation that each cubic line, which is nearly the bulk of a single drop, contains 500,000,000 of these monads, a number which almost equals that of all the human beings existing on the surface of the earth.

Thus, if we review every region of the globe, from the scorching sands of the equator to the icy realms of the poles, or from the lofty mountain summits to the dark abysses of the deep, if we penetrate into the shades of the forest, or into the

caverns and secret recesses of the earth; nay, if we take up the minutest portion of stagnant water, we still meet with life in some new and unexpected form, yet ever adapted to the circumstances of its situation. Wherever life can be sustained, we find life produced. It would almost seem as if nature had been thus lavish and sportive in her productions, with the intent to demonstrate to man the fertility of her resources, and the inexhaustible fund from which she has so prodigally drawn forth the means requisite for the maintenance of all these diversified combinations, for their repetition in endless perpetuity, and for their subordination to one harmonious scheme of general good.

STRUCTURE AND CLASSIFICATION OF ANIMALS.

(Compiled.)

THE arrangement of the Animal Kingdom proposed by the celebrated French naturalist, Cuvier, is that which, with slight modifications, is now generally adopted. He distributes the entire race of living creatures on the face of the earth into four primary groups—one comprehending the vertebrated animals, and the remaining three comprising those creatures that are without a vertebral column, or back-bone:—

I. Vertebrata (*L. verto*, I turn), Back-boned animals.

[INVERTEBRATA.]

II. Mollusca (*L. molhis*, soft), Pulpy animals.

III. Articulata (*L. articulus*, a little joint), Jointed animals.

IV. Radiata (*L. radius*, a ray), Rayed or branched animals.

VERTEBRATED ANIMALS.

The Vertebrata have a back-bone or vertebral column, which consists of segments of the skeleton, turning one upon the other, and forming the centre on which the body of the animal bends or rotates. This sub-kingdom is divided into four well-marked classes:—

1. Mammalia (*L. mamma*, a teat), Suck-giving animals.

2. Aves (*L. avis*, a bird), Birds.

3. Reptilia (*L. repo*, I creep), Creeping animals.

4. Pisces (*L. piscis*, a fish), Fishes.

FIRST CLASS.—MAMMALIA OR SUCK-GIVING ANIMALS.

That branch of Zoology which treats of mammiferous animals is termed Mazology, (*G. mazos*, the breast, *logos*, a dis-

course). The class *Mammalia* ranks as the highest in the animal kingdom, since to it man himself belongs. It embraces eleven orders, as follows:—

- a. *Bi'mana* (*L. bis*, twice, *manus*, the hand), two-handed. The sole representative of this class is Man, the most highly gifted of all earthly beings.
 - b. *Quadru'mana* (*L. quatuor*, four, *manus*, the hand), four-handed—including Apes and Monkeys. The Orang-Outang is nearly as big as a man, and has no tail. The Chimpansee, a native of Guinea in Africa, builds a hut of sticks and leaves, and when attacked, defends itself with clubs and stones.
 - c. *Cheirop'tera* (*Gr. cheir*, the hand, *pteron*, a wing), hand-winged animals, comprehending the various kinds of Bats. These animals have their hands so modified as to serve the office of wings.
 - d. *Insectiv'ora* (*L. insectum*, to cut into, *voro*, I devour,) insect-devourers—animals that lead, for the most part, a subterraneous life, and feed chiefly on insects. The Mole, Shrew, Hedgehog, are examples.
 - e. *Carniv'ora* (*L. caro*, flesh, *voro*, I devour), flesh-devourers—quadrupeds whose teeth are particularly adapted for tearing and devouring living prey. The Bear, Raccoon, Badger, Weasel, Otter, Hyæna, &c., belong to this order, as also the Dog, an animal so highly useful to man. The Lion, Tiger, Jaguar, Panther, Leopard, Puma, Lynx, and Cat, constitute the feline race of carnivora, so called from the resemblance they all bear to the cat, the Latin word for which is *felis*.
 - f. *Marsupia'lia*, (*L. marsupium*, a pouch), pouched animals—the female has a bag in front, in which she produces, and for a considerable time nurses her young, and into which they leap when any danger threatens. The Opossum, found in North America, and the Kangaroo, in Australia, are the chief varieties.
- Roden'tia* (*L. rodo*, I gnaw), gnawing animals—comprehending the Squirrel, Marmot, Rat, Mouse, Beaver, Porcupine, Hare, and Guinea Pig. Beavers are distinguished for the great ingenuity they display in the construction of their dwellings. They cut wood near a stream and let it float down to the place where they design to use it. They protect their huts by dams raised in the current water, and live together very much like people in a village. This animal

is found principally in North America, and is much sought after on account of its fur, which is the material of the best hats.

- h. *Edentata* (*L. e*, out, *dens*, a tooth), animals without front teeth. To this order belong the Sloth, Armadillo, Ant-eater, and some large extinct creatures. The *Megatherium*, a fossil animal, belonged to this order; it was eight feet high, and twelve feet long, with feet a yard in length, armed with tremendous claws, for tearing up roots, its chief food.
- i. *Pachydermata* (*Gr. pachys*, thick, *derma*, the skin), thick-skinned animals, which have hoofs, but do not ruminate or chew the cud—including the Elephant, Hippopotamus, Rhinoceros, Tapir, Hog, Horse, Zebra, &c. The Elephant is reckoned the most sagacious of the brute creation.
- j. *Ruminantia* (*L. rumen*, the cud), ruminating animals—as the Camel, Deer, Ox, Goat, and Sheep. The Ruminants live on grass, and receive their name from their habit of chewing their food twice. The food slightly chewed, goes down into the first stomach, then to a second, whence it returns after a time into the mouth, to be more completely masticated, after which it descends into a third stomach, and finally to a fourth, where it is digested. These animals are the most serviceable to man—some affording him food, in the form of beef, mutton, venison—some serving him as beasts of burden—and others furnishing him with milk, leather, wool, and many other useful articles.
- k. *Cetacea* (*Gr. ketos*, a whale), animals allied to the whale. The common whale is the largest of all the creatures at present alive on the face of the earth, being from seventy to eighty feet in length. It is an inhabitant of the arctic seas, and is sought for chiefly on account of its blubber, a fatty substance, which, in a single whale, has been known to yield a hundred and twenty tons of oil.

SECOND CLASS.—AVES OR BIRDS.

Birds are oviparous animals, in other words, they are produced from eggs. They breathe by lungs, have warm blood, and a heart with four cavities, are furnished with wings, and in their whole structure are beautifully fitted for skimming through the liquid element of air. Perhaps no portion of natural history is more calculated to arrest attention than that which relates to birds. Not only are many of them extremely

brilliant in their plumage, but their wondrous power of song has in all ages excited the admiration of mankind. Their nests, too, are extremely curious in their structure.

"Who shall cope
With birds in architecture? Not nice skill
Of man's most practised hand; not all the lore
Of sages."

The science of birds, which comprises a knowledge of their form, structure, habits and uses, is termed Ornithology (*Gr. ornis*, a bird, *logos*, a discourse.) This class is divided into six orders, as follows:—

- a. Accipitres (*L. ad, capio*), rapacious or seizing birds. They are the most powerful of all birds, having crooked bills and strong talons. The Vulture, Eagle, Falcon, Hawk, and Owl are the most remarkable. Owls fly abroad in the twilight with an almost noiseless flight; the other rapacious birds seek their prey by day.
- b. Passerinae (*L. passer*, a sparrow), birds of the sparrow kind—a very numerous section, including the Sparrow, Thrush, Swallow, Nightingale, Lark, Bullfinch, Pie, Crow, &c. They feed on fruit, grain, or insects. Many of these not only charm the eye by the beauty of their plumage, but also the ear, by the harmony of their notes. The Bird of Paradise, a native of New Guinea, belongs to this order, and the Humming-bird, the smallest of all the feathered race, which feeds on the wing, with a humming noise like the bee.
- c. Scansores, (*L. scando*, I climb), climbing birds, including the Wood-pecker, Toucan, Macaw, Parrot and Cuckoo. The Parrot is remarkable for its power of imitating the human voice.
- d. Gallinae or Rasores, (*L. gallina*, a hen; *rasum*, to scratch), birds of the poultry-kind, provided with strong feet and obtuse claws for scratching up grains, as the Peacock, Pheasant, Cock, Hen, Turkey, Partridge, Quail, and the numerous varieties of the Pigeon.
- e. Grallatores, (*grallae*, stilts), wading birds, remarkable for the length of their legs, which enables them to walk into shallow water in search of their food. The Ostrich, Cassowary, Lapwing, Stork, Heron, Crane, Pelican, Snipe are examples. The Ostrich, the largest of all birds, is found principally in the sandy deserts of Africa. It produces an egg, three pounds weight, which it buries in the sand, and leaves there to be hatched by the sun.

- f. *Palmip'edes*, (*palma*, the palm of the hand, *pes*, the foot), web-footed or swimming birds, comprehending the Duck, Goose, Swan, Teal, Sea-gull, Penguin, Albatross, Petrel, &c. These birds are enabled to float upon the water and dive for their food, without injury, their feathers being rendered impenetrable to the wet, by an oily substance that over-spreads them.

THIRD CLASS—REPTILES.

Reptiles are distinguished by a slow mode of respiration, and in cold, and even in temperate climates, many of them pass the winter in a state of torpor. All reptiles are, in comparison with the mammalia and with birds, cold-blooded animals. Many of them have no limbs—hence their name. They are ranged under four orders, as follows:—

- a. *Chelo'nia*, (*Gr. chelonē*, a tortoise), the order of reptiles comprehending the various species of Tortoise and Turtle.
- b. *Sau'ria*, (*Gr. saura*, a lizard), Lizards, an order of animals that have their mouths well armed with teeth and their toes with claws, as the Crocodile, Alligator, Chameleon &c. The most gigantic animals of this species have been long extinct. The Chameleon possesses the extraordinary power of changing its colour at pleasure.
- c. *Ophid'ia*, (*Gr. ophis*, a serpent), serpents—the only vertebrated animals which do not possess legs. Many creatures of this order are furnished with poisonous teeth, which with their stealthy mode of attack causes them to be very much dreaded by man. The Boa Constrictor found in tropical regions is a most formidable creature, from thirty to forty feet in length, capable of killing and swallowing deer and oxen.
- d. *Batrach'ia*, (*Gr. batrāchos*, a frog), animals of the frog-kind, embracing the common Frog, Toad, Salamander, &c. They have gills, and live in water when they are young, and are then called Tadpoles; but, what is very remarkable, when they grow older they are furnished with lungs, to enable them to live on land.

FOURTH CLASS—PISCES, OR FISHES.

Fishes are of great utility to man, furnishing him with abundant supplies of wholesome food. They breathe by means of *branchiæ* or gills, swim by means of fins, and are generally

provided with an air bladder, by the dilatation or compression of which they can sink or rise in the water at will. That branch of Zoology which treats of fishes, their structure, form, habits, uses, &c., is termed Ichthyology, (*Gr. ichtys*, a fish, *logos*, a discourse). This class is divided into five orders, as follows:—

- a. Acanthopterygii, (*Gr. acantha*, a thorn, *pteryx*, a little wing, or fin), thorny-finned fishes, including the Perch, Flying-fish, King-fisher, Mackerel, Sword-fish, Mullet and others.
- b. Malacopterygii, (*Gr. malakos*, soft, *pteryx*, a fin), soft-finned fishes, one of the great sections into which the osseous fishes are divided, comprising the Carp, Pike, Salmon, Trout, Cod, Haddock, Ling, &c.
- c. Lophobran'chii, (*Gr. lophos*, a crest, *branchiae*, gills), osseous fishes, that have their gills divided into small tufts. The Pipe-fish and Pegasus are examples.
- d. Plectognathi, (*Gr. pleko*, I connect, *gnathos*, a jaw), osseous fishes that have the jaw united by a bony juncture so that it is almost incapable of motion,—including the Sun-fish and Trunk-fish.
- e. Chondropterygii, (*Gr. chondros*, a cartilage, *pteryx*, a fin), fish with cartilaginous and not bony skeletons, embracing the Sturgeon, Shark, Ray, and Lamprey. Sharks are the most formidable and ferocious of all fishes, and often attain an enormous size. There are numerous species, but the *white shark* is that most dreaded by sailors;—its length is from twenty-five to thirty feet.

STRUCTURE AND CLASSIFICATION OF ANIMALS, CONTINUED.

INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS.

DIVISION II. MOLLUSCA.

THE Mollusca, or soft-bodied animals, popularly known as shell-fish, form the second division of the animal kingdom according to the system of Cuvier. Mollusks for the most part have shells forming a defence and covering for their boneless bodies, as the Snail, Oyster, Limpet, Whelk, &c., but some are destitute of this shield, as the Cuttle-fish, the common Garden Slug, &c. The doctrine or science of Shells,

and of the animals that inhabit them, is termed *Conchology* (*Gr. conchē*, a shell, *logos*, a discourse.)

The Mollusca are divided into six classes, as follows :—

- 1st. Cephalop'oda, (*Gr. kephālē*, the head, *pous*, a foot), foot-headed animals, so named from having their organs of motion ranged round their heads, as the Sepia or Cuttle-fish, and the Nautilus. The Cuttle-fish is remarkable for an ink-like secretion from its body, with which when in danger it can darken the water, and so make its escape as it were under a cloud. The Nautilus rides on the waters like a boat, and many suppose that the idea of navigation was borrowed from this singular animal.
- 2nd. Pterop'oda, (*Gr. pteron*, a wing), wing-footed animals, very small in size, but abounding in great numbers in the northern seas. The Clio, about an inch long, is the chief among them, and forms the principal food of the Greenland whale.
- 3rd. Gasterop'oda, (*Gr. gaster*, the belly), belly-footed animals, so called because they move upon their bellies, which are constructed so as to adhere to surfaces. The common Snail, Limpet and Whelk are specimens.
- 4th. Aceph'ala, (*Gr. a*, without, *kephālē*, the head), headless animals, embracing most of the shell-fish used for food, as the Oyster, Muscle, Cockle, &c.
- 5th. Brachiop'oda, (*Gr. brachiōn*, the arm), arm-footed animals, moving by means of processes resembling arms, and inhabiting bivalve shells. They are not a numerous race at present, but appear to have been so at a former period of the world's history, vast numbers of them being found in the secondary strata of rocks.
- 6th. Cirrip'eda, (*L. cirrus*, a lock of hair, *pes*, the foot), clasper-footed animals, as the Barnacle. These singular creatures attach themselves in enormous numbers to the bottoms of ships, the under side of floating timber, and even to the skins of marine animals.

DIVISION III.—ARTICULATA.

The third sub-kingdom consists of the articulated animals; so named on account of their peculiar structure, which consists of a head and successive members *jointed* together. It is divided into four classes, as follows :—

- 1st. Annula'ta, (*L. annulus*, a ring), ring-bodied animals, including all the creatures of the Worm kind, excepting those which inhabit the bodies of other animals.
- 2nd. Crusta'cea, (*L. crusta*, a shell), the class of articulated animals which comprehends the Crab, Lobster, and others possessed of a similar covering.
- 3rd. Arach'nides, (*Gr. arachnēs*, a spider), spider-kind,—including the House-Spider, the Scorpion, and the Mite. The spider is provided with long feet, but is destitute of wings, and does not undergo transformations like most of the other insects. It feeds on insects, which it catches in its wonderful web, and in patient perseverance it may well be held up as an example to man.
- 4th. Insecta, (*L. insectum*, to cut into), small creatures, so denominated from the apparent division of their bodies into two or more portions. They have three principal parts, the *head*, the *thorax*, and the *abdomen*. They have in general six or more legs, besides *wings* and *antennae* or instruments of touch; and they nearly all go through certain great changes at different periods of their existence. For example, a caterpillar, after feeding upon leaves till it is fully grown, casts off its caterpillar skin, and presents itself in an entirely different form, in which it has neither the power of moving about nor of taking food; this is the second or chrysalis state. After resting a while, an inward struggle begins,—the chrysalis skin bursts, and from the rent there issues a butterfly, provided with wings to bear it away in search of the honeyed juice of flowers and other liquids that suffice for its nourishment. The science that treats of Insects, as to their structure, varieties, transformations, habits, and uses, is termed Entomology, (*Gr. entomon*, an insect, *logos*, a discourse.)

The class Insecta is divided into twelve orders, as follows:—

- a. Myriop'oda, (*Gr. myrias*, ten thousand, *pous*, a foot), many-footed, known from their long slender bodies and great number of feet along their sides.
- b. Thysanou'ra, (*Gr. thysanoi*, fringes, *oura*, a tail), an order of insects that have the tail fringed with minute hairs, and inhabit old wood.
- c. Parasi'ta. (*L. parasitus*, a hanger on), insects which draw their support from the bodies of other animals to which they attach themselves, including the Louse.

- d. *Sucto'ria*, sucking insects, of which the Flea is an example. These four orders bear the general name of *Aptera*, or wingless insects, (*Gr. a*, without, *pteron*, a wing).
- e. *Coleop'tera*, (*Gr. koleos*, a sheath, *pteron*, a wing), sheath-winged, to which order belong the Beetle, Death-watch, Cock-chaffer and many others.
- f. *Orthop'tera*, (*Gr. orthos*, straight), straight-winged insects, of which the Grass-hopper and Locust are examples. Swarms of Locusts, particularly in Africa, so great as to darken the very sun, frequently fall upon the land and eat up every blade of vegetation. To use the expressive language of holy writ, "The land *before* them is as the garden of Eden, but *behind* them like a wilderness."—Joel ii. 3.
- g. *Hemip'tera*, (*Gr. hemi*, half), half-winged insects, including the Bug, Aphis and Fire-fly.
- h. *Neurop'tera*, (*Gr. neuron*, a nerve), nerve-winged insects, comprehending the Dragon-fly, May-fly, Ephemeron, and the Termite or White-ant.
- i. *Hymenop'tera*, (*Gr. hymen*, a skin), membrane-winged insects, including the Ant, Bee, and some others. The Bee and the Ant are insects of peculiar interest, on account of their social and industrious habits, having become proverbial for ingenuity and diligence. A hive of Bees usually consists of about a thousand males or *drones*, seventeen or eighteen thousand imperfectly developed females or *workers*, and one female, much larger than the rest, called the *queen*, being the only real mother in the hive.
- j. *Lepidop'tera*, (*Gr. lepis*, a scale), scaly-winged insects;—the Moth and Butterfly are well-known examples. Many thousand kinds of Butterflies have been reckoned. They exceed all other insects in the beauty of their colours. In Brazil are some of great size—one kind measuring nearly a foot between the extreme points of the wings.
- k. *Strepsip'tera*, (*Gr. streptos*, twisted), twisted-winged insects, an order including the family of the Stylops.
- l. *Dip'tera*, (*Gr. dis*, twice), two-winged insects, of which the Gnat and House-fly are familiar specimens.

DIVISION IV.—RADIATA.

The fourth division of the animal kingdom is the radiata, so called on account of their figures being generally branched or radiated, though, as this department of nature has not yet been

well investigated, it is probable that some more comprehensive designation will in time be given to it. This division comprehends five classes, as follows:—

- 1st. Echinodermata, (*Gr. echinos*, a hedge-hog, *derma*, the skin), prickly-skinned animals, of which the Sea-urchin and Star-fish are familiar examples, being often found on the shore after the sea has receded.
- 2nd. Entozoa, (*Gr. entos*, within, *zoon*, an animal), a general name for those parasitical creatures that infest the intestines of larger animals and even the brain, the liver and other parts of the body. One, called from its shape the Tape-worm, sometimes reaches the length of a hundred feet.
- 3rd. Alacæphæ, (*Gr. akatephe*, a nettle), an order of rayed animals well-known by the name of Sea-nettles. They are of gelatinous structure, and remarkable for their stinging powers. The Medusa or Sea-jelly is an example.
- 4th. Polypi, (*Gr. polus*, many, *pous*, a foot), sea-animals with many feet or roots. These animals are commonly known as corals; and an idea was formerly generally entertained that they were stony animals, whence the name Zoophytes, (*Gr. zoon*, an animal, *phyton*, a plant). Such is the enormous accumulation of stony envelopes formed by them in certain seas, that islands are produced, coasts extended and harbours blocked up by them.
- 5th. Infusoria, (*L. In, fusum*, to pour), animalcules, found abundantly in certain animal and vegetable infusions. When we place a drop of any decayed infusion of animal or vegetable matter under a powerful microscope, we discover in that drop various forms of living beings; some of a rounded and some of lengthened form, and some exhibiting ramifications shooting in all directions; but all apparently of a soft transparent gelatinous texture. They have an internal structure resembling that of the higher animals, exhibiting muscles, intestines, teeth, different kinds of glands, eyes, and nerves. Ehrenberg has described more than five hundred species of animalcules; he has found them in fog, in rain, and in snow.

ANIMALS AND THEIR COUNTRIES.

(Compiled).

Pre-pou'nder-ance, *n.* (*L. pondus*), | Rhi-noc'er-os, *n.* (*Gr. rhin, keras*),
 superiority of rank or influence. | a huge wild beast of the East

Indies, having a horn on its nose.

Hip-po-pot'a-mus, n. (*Gr. hippos, potamos*), the river horse, a large animal found in the Nile, and other African rivers.

Species, n. (*L. specio*), in Nat. Hist. a collection of *individuals*, whether animals, plants, or minerals, that present the same general appearance to the eye.

Genus, n. plu. gen'er-a, (*L.*) in Nat. Hist. a race or family of beings, comprehending under it not *individuals* but *species* or *varieties*.

Re-cede', v. (*L. re, cedo*), to move back; to withdraw from; to leave.

Re-strict', v. (*L. re, strictum*, see *stringo*), to confine; to limit.

Fau'na, n. (*L.*) a name given to the entire collection of animals peculiar to a country, just as the name *Flora* comprises all its plants.

Mi'gra-tor-y, adj. (*L. migro*), passing from one country to another; roving.

Meer or mere, n. (*Sax.*) a pool; a lake.

IN the Old World the animal kingdom holds the *preponderance* over the vegetable, as the vegetable kingdom does over the animal in the New World. The animals of the Old World generally differ in species from those of the New World. The ape and baboon, the hyæna, panther, *rhinoceros*, *hippopotamus*, horse, ass, camel, buffalo, crocodile, python, &c., are inhabitants of the Old World; while the puma, (erroneously called the American lion), the jaguar, the sloth, the armadillo, bison, llama, alligator or caiman, boa constrictor, and rattlesnake, are peculiar to the New World. In the animal as well as in the vegetable kingdom, the largest number of species are met with in the warm regions of the globe, the heat, light, and abundance of vegetable food tending to their increase; and a gradual diminution in the number, both of *species* and *genera*, takes place as we *recede* from the equator. The zoophytes, as coral and madrepore, are there abundant, and the shell-fish are large and brilliantly coloured, particularly in the Indian seas. Insects, reptiles, birds, swarm in great numbers, together with herbivorous animals of gigantic size, as the elephant, camelopard, buffalo, tapir, &c.; as also the formidable carnivorous, or flesh-eating beasts, the lion, hyæna, vulture, and condor. The effects of light and heat appear to be extended even to the inhabitants of the ocean; the sharks, and some other fish, are larger, and more ferocious, in the seas of tropical regions, and some species of fish are here adorned with gayer colours, than those in higher latitudes. The flying-fish, and the porcupine-fish, are found only in the warm seas. The most enormous of all animals in existence, are the cetacea or whale tribe; they are found more particularly, however, in the cold seas of high

latitudes, except the sperm whale, which abounds chiefly in the warm seas. The researches of naturalists have shown that certain fishes are not merely limited in their range according to the laws of geographical distribution, but also have certain depths, to which they are in a great degree *restricted*. Hence some are most usually found at or near the surface; some are ground feeders, and are taken at considerable depths, and some occupy various intermediate stations. The temperate zones are favourable to all herbivorous quadrupeds, so useful, yea, so indispensable to man, as the horse, ass, ox, deer, sheep; the wolf, lynx, fox, bear, otter, being the chief beasts of prey. Animal life decreases rapidly as we advance to the polar regions. There the larger quadrupeds, and birds, are only summer visitants—as deer, elks. The beaver builds for itself a warm house, and a few foxes and wolves, only, roam over the dreary snow. It is worthy of remark here, that in the most *northerly* parts alone, of the Old and New World, are the same species of animals found, thus the polar bear, and the arctic fox, inhabit the whole of the icy regions extending from Spitzbergen and Siberia to arctic America. The *Fauna* of Australia includes some animals of very singular forms. Among these are the various species of opossum, and kangaroo, which belong to the order of mammalia called Marsupialia, or pouched animals, (*marsupium* being the Latin word for a pouch), as having a tegumentary pouch, in which the young animal is protected during the completion of its development. Birds, like other animals, have their natural geographical limits, and though some have a very wide range, others are confined to a particular region; thus the birds of Paradise are found only in New Guinea, and some adjacent islands, the ostrich in Africa and Arabia, the cassowary in Java and New Holland, the humming-bird in America, the condor in the chain of the Cordilleras of Mexico and Peru, and the great eagle among the ridges of the Alps. The powers of flight possessed by most birds, and the *migratory* instinct, which leads some species of birds to remove their quarters at the change of season, cause them to have a very wide range, and to enjoy at all times a climate especially adapted to their wants.

O'er Afric's sand the tawny Lion stalks,
On Phasis' banks the graceful Pheasant walks;

¹ Phasis (modern name Rion) a river of Asiatic Russia, flowing W. into the Black Sea. The European pheasant (*Gallus phasianus*) derives its name from having been originally imported from the banks of this stream.

The lonely Eagle builds on Kilda's shore,
 Germania's forests feed the tusky Boar;
 From Alp to Alp the sprightly Ibex bounds,
 With peaceful lowings Britain's isle resounds;
 The Lapland peasant o'er the frozen *meer*,
 Is drawn in sledges by the swift Rein-Deer;
 The River-horse and scaly Crocodile,
 Infest the reedy banks of fruitful Nile;
 Dire Serpents hiss o'er Mauritania's² plain,
 And Seals and spouting Whales sport in the Northern Main.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Compare the Old and New Worlds as to the animal and vegetable kingdom. 2. Name animals peculiar to the Old World. 3. What animals are peculiar to the New World? 4. Where are the greatest numbers of species, both of animals and vegetables, found? 5. What takes place as we proceed towards the poles? 6. Give some information about the animals in the tropics, and name some of them. 7. Where do the more useful quadrupeds thrive best? | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. Name the chief beasts of prey in the temperate zone. 9. Mention the peculiarity of the animals of Australia. 10. Where do we find the bird of paradise, ostrich, cassowary, humming-bird, condor, great eagle? 11. How have birds a wider range than most other animals? 12. Who will repeat to me the 15th and 16th verses of the 145th Psalm, the second version? 13. What does Christ say about the sparrows in Matthew, chap. x.? |
|---|---|

AMUSING ANECDOTES OF THE PARROT.

(*Goldsmith.*)

WE are told by Comte de Buffon, that his sister had a parrot which would frequently speak to himself, and seemed to fancy that some one addressed him. He often asked for his paw, and answered by holding it up. Though he liked to hear the voice of children, he seemed to have an antipathy to them, and bit them till he drew blood. He had also his objects of attachment, and though his choice was not very nice, it was constant. He was excessively fond of the cook-maid; followed her every where, sought for her when absent, and seldom missed finding her. If she had been some time out of his sight, the bird climbed with his bill and claws to her shoulders, and lavished on her his caresses. His fondness had all the marks of close and warm friendship. The girl happened to have a sore finger, which was tedious in healing, and so painful as to make her scream. While she uttered her moans, the parrot never left her chamber. The first thing he did every day was to pay her a visit; and this tender condolence lasted the whole time of her confinement, when he returned to his former calm and settled attachment.

Yet all this strong predilection for the girl, would seem to

² Ancient Mauritania, comprehended the N. W. portion of Africa.

have been more directed to her office in the kitchen, than to her person; for when another cook-maid succeeded her, the parrot showed the same degree of fondness to the new comer, the very first day.

Willoughby mentions a parrot, which, when a person said to it,—“Laugh, Poll, laugh,” it laughed accordingly, and immediately after screamed out,—“What a fool; to make me laugh.”

A parrot which had grown old with his master, shared with him the infirmities of age. Being accustomed to hear scarcely anything but the words, “I am sick,” When a person asked it “How do you do?” “I am sick,” it replied with a doleful tone, stretching itself along; “I am sick.”

A gentleman who resided at Gosport in Hampshire, and had frequent business across the water to Portsmouth, was astonished one day on going to the beach to look for a boat, and finding none, to hear the words distinctly repeated,—“Over master? Going over?” (which is the manner that watermen are in the habit of accosting people when they are waiting for passengers). The cry still assailing his ears, he looked earnestly around him, to discover from whence the voice came; when, to his great surprise, he beheld the parrot in a cage, suspended from a public house window on the beach, vociferating the boatman’s expressions.

The following curious instance of limited loquacity occurred with a brace of parrots in London. A tradesman who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, for the inconvenience of his neighbours, a green disturber and a gray. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door—the gray put in his word whenever the bell was rung; but they only knew two short phrases of English a-piece, though they pronounced these very distinctly. The house in which these “Thebans” lived, had a projecting old-fashioned front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and one day when they were left at home by themselves, hanging out of a window, some one knocked at the street door. “Who’s there?” said the green parrot—in the exercise of his office. “The man with the leather!” was the reply; to which the bird answered with his further store of language, which was “Oh, ho!” The door not being opened immediately as he expected, the stranger knocked a second time. “Who’s there?” said the green parrot

again.—“Away with your who’s there,” said the man with the leather, “Why don’t you come down?” to which the parrot again made the same answer, “Oh, ho!” This response so enraged the visitor, that he dropt the knocker, and rang furiously at the house bell; but this proceeding brought the gray parrot, who called out in a new voice, “Go to the gate.”—“To the gate?” muttered the appellant, who saw no such convenience, and moreover imagined that the servants were bantering him. “What gate?” cried he, getting out into the kennel, that he might have the advantage of seeing his interlocutor. “New-gate,” responded the gray parrot—just at the moment when his species was discovered.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS ABOUT THE HORSE.

Ar’dour, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ardeo</i>), great will- ingness; zeal; eagerness.	In’di-gent, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, egeo</i>), desti- tute of means; poor; needy.
Ve’hi-cle, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. veho</i>), that in which anything is conveyed; a carriage.	Cours’er, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. curro</i>), a swift horse; a hunter.
x-cur’sion, <i>n.</i> (see p. 33).	Re-sent’, <i>v.</i> (<i>L. re, sentio</i>), to feel a thing again; to have a deep sense of an injury, and to show it.
Ab’sti-nence, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. abeo, teneo</i>), a holding or refraining from; fast- ing; want of food.	Im-pu’ni-ty, <i>n.</i> (see p. 17).

THE noblest conquest that man ever made over the brute creation was in taming the horse, and engaging him in his service. He lessens the labour of man, adds to his pleasures, advances or flees, with *ardour* and swiftness, for attack or defence; shares, with equal docility and cheerfulness, the fatigues of hunting and the dangers of war; and draws with appropriate strength, rapidity, or grace, the heavy ploughs and carts of the husbandman, the light *vehicles* of the rich, and the stately carriages of the great.

The horse is bred now in most parts of the world; those of Arabia, Turkey, and Persia are accounted better proportioned than many others; but the English race-horse may justly claim the precedence over all the European breed, and he is not inferior to the others in point of strength and beauty.

The beautiful horses produced in Arabia are in general of a brown colour; their mane and tail very short, and the hair black and tufted. The Arabs, for the most part, use the mares in their ordinary *excursions*, experience having taught

them that they are less vicious than the male, and are more capable of sustaining *abstinence* and fatigue.

As they have no other residence than a tent, this also serves for a stable, and the husband, the wife, the child, the mare, and the foal, lie down together indiscriminately; and the youngest branches of the family may be often seen embracing the neck, or reposing on the body of the mare, without any idea of fear or danger.

Of the remarkable attachment which the Arabs have for these animals, St. Pierre has given an affecting instance in his *Studies of Nature*. "The whole stock of a poor Arabian of the Desert consisted of a beautiful mare; this the French consul at Saïde offered to purchase, with an intention to send her to Louis XIV. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum of money, which he named. The consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain; and having obtained it, sent the information to the Arab. The man, so *indigent* as to possess only a miserable covering for his body, arrived with his magnificent *courser*: he dismounted, and first looking at the gold, then steadfastly at his mare, heaved a sigh. 'To whom is it,' exclaimed he, 'that I am going to yield thee up? To Europeans! who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children.' As he pronounced the last words, he sprang upon her back and was out of sight almost in a moment."

The intelligence of the horse is next to that of the elephant, and he obeys his rider with so much punctuality and understanding, that the native Americans, who had never seen a man on horseback, thought, at first, that the Spaniards were a kind of monstrous race, half men and half horses. The horse seems, indeed, to feel a delight in obeying man. Were he not of a kind disposition, he might become a dangerous enemy. There are but few instances recorded of his *resenting* an injury. One of the most remarkable is the following. A baronet, who was in possession of a hunter which seemed untirable, resolved to try if he could not fatigue him completely. After a long chase, he dined, remounted, and rode him furiously among the hills, till the animal was so exhausted that he reached the stable with infinite difficulty. More humane than his worthless master, the groom shed tears to see the state of the animal. Shortly

afterwards, on the baronet's entering the stable, the horse furiously sprang at him, and he would have perished had he not been rescued by the groom.

Horses are sociable animals. Many, though quiet in company, will not stay a minute in a field by themselves, but will break through the strongest fences to seek for company. "My neighbour's horse," says Mr. White, "will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable, without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out of a stable window, after company; and yet, in other respects, is remarkably quiet."

An interesting story is told of affection in a horse. There were two Hanoverian horses, which had assisted in drawing the same gun, in the German brigade of artillery, during the whole peninsular war. One of them was killed, the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat, and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanour indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell.

The horse, in a domestic state, seldoms lives longer than twenty years; but we may suppose, in a wild state, that he might attain double this age; and it is melancholy to think that our bad treatment has shortened the days of so noble a creature.

I cannot leave this subject without expressing my abhorrence of the cruelty with which this admirable creature is often treated. Young men frequently overdrive a horse, and thus impair his strength during the remainder of his life: and all this, perhaps, only for display. I have often seen a horse brutally whipped and beaten by those who had better deserved the lash themselves. I cannot believe that such wanton wickedness will go unpunished. That God who made the brute for the service of man, will not permit him to make it the sport of his wanton or wicked passions with *impunity*.

TENANTS OF THE PRAIRIE.

(From the "FACE OF THE EARTH," by the Religious Tract Society.)

As-sail'ant, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ad, salio</i>), one who leaps at, or attacks.	the properties of a dog.
For'mi-da-ble, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. formido</i>), exciting fear; terrible; dreadful.	Bur'row, <i>n.</i> (<i>Sax.</i>) a hole in the earth where small animals lodge.
En'er-gy, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. en, ergon</i>), power; force; exertion.	Or'i-fice, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. os, facio</i>), the mouth or aperture of any cavity; an opening.
Prom'i-nent, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. pro, mineo</i>), hanging forward; full; large.	Pro-trude', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. pro, trudo</i>), to thrust forward; to shoot out.
Doc'ile, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. doceo</i>), teachable; ready to learn; tractable.	Ob-li-que', <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. obliquus</i>), deviating from a right line; standing.
A-gil'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ago</i>), activity; quickness; nimbleness.	Dor'mi-tor-y, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. dormio</i>), a place to sleep in.
Ca-nine', <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. canis</i>), having	

THE buffalo¹ herds, which appear in tens of thousands on the prairie² lands, are invaluable to the Indians. Their flesh forms their chief food, the skins are made into clothing, and the ingenuity of these wanderers converts the horns, hoofs, and bones into utensils of hunting and instruments of war. The buffalo itself is a most frightful-looking animal, and, when excited to resistance, is an exceedingly formidable enemy.

When it is determined to attack a herd, the hunters prepare by getting rid of all cumbrous articles of dress, and sometimes a hundred or more horsemen appear ready for the chase and the slaughter. The plan of attack is generally by a "surround," as it is denominated, by which it is agreed that the hunters shall divide into two parties, and taking opposite directions, draw themselves gradually round the herd at a mile or two distant from it, forming a circle of horsemen at equal spaces apart, who, at a given signal, are all to close and attack the buffaloes.

When at length the animals "get the wind" of their pursuers, they rush in an immense black mass in one direction, and, being foiled in their intention to escape that way, they dash in another direction, and if stopped, they are in inextricable confusion, the outside ones forcing their way towards the centre of the herd, while the inner ones are unable to move in any direction from

¹ The term *Buffalo*, is applied in N. America to the *Bison*, or cow with the hump, which has a great mane, and is a very formidable-looking animal.

² The term *Prairie*, first applied by the French settlers to the plains of N. America, signifies a meadow. The interior of N. America, between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, is a vast plain, estimated by Humboldt at 24 millions square miles. S. America is naturally divided into three sections, the plains of the Orinoco, termed *Llanos*; those of the Amazon, called, *Selvas*, or forest plains, and those of the La Plata, called *Pampas*.

the pressure received around. Meanwhile the hunters are dealing out their swift and deadly blows. The long lances and the deadly arrows are whizzing in all directions, and the infuriated animals sometimes dash at the *assailants*, and at one lunge gore a horse to death.

The most desperate resistance is sometimes made, and the maddened animals become most *formidable* opponents. The hunters have many narrow escapes, and it is only by a great combination of skill and muscular *energy* that they escape destruction. Many are dismounted, and only manage to get off by their superiority in running; or, being closely followed by the infuriated bull, the rider snatches a piece of a buffalo robe from his body, and throwing it over the eyes of his pursuer, leaps on one side, and sends an arrow into his heart. Having slain one, he chases another, and as he approaches him the deadly shaft is prepared, and in another instant it has passed with unerring aim into the body of the animal. Thus, in a short time hundreds become the prey of their less powerful, though more skilful opponents, and their carcasses lie in every direction on the enamelled ground.

Among the inhabitants of the North American prairie is the buffalo horse. It is a small but very powerful animal, with an exceedingly *prominent* eye, sharp nose, high nostril, small feet, and delicate leg, and having run wild they stock the plains for thousands of miles. In the same herd may be seen white, black, sorrel, grey, and cream colours, and their long and full manes hanging over their heads and faces. When an Indian wishes to obtain a wild horse, he mounts one of the fleetest he possesses, and coiling his lasso on his arm, starts off in pursuit of a herd. When he has approached the band, and got sufficiently near the one he has chosen, he throws the lasso over the animal's neck. He instantly dismounts, and leaving his horse, runs as fast as he can, letting the line pass out carefully and gradually through his hands, until the prize falls for want of breath. As it lies helpless on the ground, his captor advances, keeping the lasso drawn tight, until he fastens the hobbles on his fore feet, and then putting a noose round his upper jaw, he allows him to breathe. The affrighted horse springs up, but is held in; his kicking and plunging are restrained by the noose; and the Indian, having got hold of his head, places his hands over his eyes and breathes into his nostrils. He is now conquered and *docile*, the hobbles are removed, and he is led or ridden quietly into the encampment.

The antelopes of this country are remarkable for the *agility* and grace of their movements. They go together in flocks, examining every thing new, and, though very shy, their curiosity has often led them to destruction. Of this peculiarity the hunter takes advantage, for, fastening his ramrod in the ground with some attractive object on it, it is seen at some distance, and the herd soon approaches. Then lying down in the grass, the leaders advance to examine the intruder, upon which he takes aim so as to get two or three in a line, and pierces them all with one bullet.

Wolves roam in flocks about the prairie lands, following the buffalo herds, and devouring any that may lag behind from age or wounds. Though they are unable to contend with the bison, they so torment and weary him with continual attacks, that from weariness and loss of blood he falls a victim.

Among the animals found in the prairie is the prairie dog, commonly regarded and treated as a member of the *canine* race, instead of which it is a species of marmot.³ These creatures are remarkable for associating in great numbers, and forming subterranean villages, in which numbers of curious owls also take up their residence, neither party appearing to molest the other. The dog, or Louisiana marmot, is found generally throughout the trans-Mississippian territories, as far as the Rocky Mountains. They frequently construct their mounds in such numbers as to occupy an area of a square mile, or even more, consisting of *burrows*, the entrances to which are at the side, their height being about a foot from the ground. On the top of these little cones they frequently sit, on the approach of strangers escaping down the *orifices*, but soon their little heads will be seen *protruding*, to see if the intruder still appears. The passage descends vertically to the depth of a foot or two, and then branches off in an *oblique* direction for a considerable distance, leading to a chamber which forms the *dormitory* of the inmates. They are exceedingly playful, sporting about, and frequently uttering their short hurried bark, which may be imitated by pronouncing the syllable cheh, cheh, cheh, in rapid succession, by propelling the breath between the tip of the tongue and the roof of the mouth; it is from this bark they derive their name.

³ The Marmot, belongs to the class of animals called Rodentia. It bears a resemblance both to the rat and bear, and is about sixteen inches long. It becomes torpid during winter, and when it retires to its little cell, it stops the entrance to it, to protect itself from the rigour of the season.

1. What animal is called *Buffalo* in America?
2. In what ways are the herds of *Bisons* valuable to the Indians?
3. What is generally the plan of attack in hunting these animals?
4. What follows when they "get the wind" of their pursuers?
5. How does the dismounted hunter escape the maddened bull?
6. How many may thus be slain in a few hours?
7. How does the Indian catch the wild horse?
8. What peculiar habits have the antelopes?
9. How does the hunter take advantage of this?
10. What beasts of prey follow the buffalo herds?
11. To what species of animal does the prairie dog belong?
12. What other creature resides unmolested in the Marmots' holes?
13. What space of country is sometimes covered with their mounds?
14. Where do they go when a stranger comes near?
15. Give a description of their little dwelling.
16. From what do they derive their name?

ON THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

(Goldsmith.)

- Sa-ga'cious*, *adj.* (*L. sagax*), wise; quick of thought; acute.
- E-lude'*, *v.* (*L. e, ludo*), to escape by stratagem; to evade; to get out of the reach of.
- As-sail'ant*, *n.* (see p. 124).
- Glu'tin-ous*, *adj.* (*L. gluten*), viscous; tenacious; sticky.
- Sphinc'ter*, *n.* (*Gr. sphingo*), in anatomy, a muscle that contracts or shuts the mouth of an organ.
- Par'al-lel*, *adj.* (*Gr. para, allēlon*), extending in the same direction and preserving the same distance; alongside of.
- Trans-verse'ly*, *adv.* (*L. trans, verso*), in a cross direction.
- Ex-ult'*, *v.* (*L. ex, saltum*, see *salio*), to leap for joy; to rejoice exceedingly.
- De-mol'ish*, *v.* (*L. de, moles*), to throw down; to destroy.
- An-tag'o-nist*, *n.* (*Gr. anti, agōn*), an adversary; an opponent.
- Im-po-tent*, *adj.* (*L. in, potens*), powerless; weak; feeble.

OF ALL the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most *sagacious*, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which *eludes* the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of the lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every *assailant* at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the

mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a *glutinous* liquid, which, proceeding from the lower extremity of the body, it spins into a thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract its *sphincter*. In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads *parallel* to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, *transversely* fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other, wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the thread sometimes six-fold.

Thus far, naturalists have gone in the description of this animal: what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called the house-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to *exult* in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all

its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to *demolish* the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his *antagonist*.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification, with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and *impotent* struggles, the captive has wasted all his strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

1. For what sort of life has nature formed the spider?

2. Describe its head and breast, its belly, its legs, its eyes, its mouth.

3. But what does it chiefly trust in, to capture its prey?

4. With what is it provided to make its net?

5. How can it make the thread thicker or thinner?

6. How does it fasten the thread to the wall?

7. What does the little weaver do with parts that are more exposed to accidents?

8. How long did the spider, observed by Goldsmith, take to weave its web?

9. Who was its first enemy, and what probably brought him there?

10. How did it spend the first three days after the battle?

11. How did the spider act when it saw the fly would be likely to get away?

12. How long did it subsist sometimes on a fly?

13. How did the spider act when the wasp was put into its net?

14. When unable to spin another web for itself, how did it find food?

15. What is its manner of procedure when small flies fall into its net?

16. How long did this spider live, and what about its skin?

ON THE HAPPINESS OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

(Paley.)

IT IS A happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without

use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers, in spring, is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy, and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about, with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps, in the act of bounding into the air, from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view.

PROGRESS OF GROWTH IN THE VEGETABLE CREATION.

(From Hunt's Poetry of Science.)

Con-fer'vae, *n.* algae or sea-weed.

In systematic Botany, however, it is limited to a section of algae inhabiting fresh water.

Em'bry-o, *n.* (*Gr. en, bruo*), the first rudiments of a future perfect plant or animal.Sub-ter-ra'ne-an, *adj.* (*L. subter, terra*), being under the surface of the earth.Ac-cum-u-la'tion, *n.* (*L. ad, cumulus*), a heaping up; an amassing.Ag-gre-gate, *v.* (*L. ad, grex*), lit.

to flock together; to gather into one.

Cor'pus-cle, *n.* (*L. corpus*), a small body; a particle.Dis-in'te-gra'tion, *n.* (*L. dis, integer*), the separating of a whole into minute parts; the wearing down of rocks by atmospheric action.Ger-mi-na'tion, *n.* (*L. germen*), the act of sprouting; the first beginning of vegetation in a seed or plant.Frond, *n.* (*L. frons*), the leaf of palms and ferns.

THE rapid growth of *confervae* upon water has often been brought forward as evidence of a spontaneous generation, or the conversion of inorganic elements into organic forms; but it has been most satisfactorily proved that the germ must be present, otherwise no evidence of anything like organization will be developed. All the conditions required for the production of vegetable life appear to show that it is quite impossible for any kind of plant, even the very lowest in the scale, to be formed in any other way than from an *embryo* in which are contained the elements necessary for it, and the arrangements required for the various processes which are connected with its vitality.

The earth is now covered with vegetable life, but there must have existed a time when "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and organization had not yet commenced tracing its lovely net-work of cells upon the bare surface of the ocean-buried rock. At length the mystery of organic creation began: into this, science dares not penetrate, but it is privileged to begin its search a little beyond this point, and we are enabled to trace the progress of organic development, through a chain of interesting results which are constantly recurring.

If we take some water, rising from a *subterranean* spring, and expose it to sunshine, we shall see, after a few days, a curious formation of bubbles, and the gradual *accumulation* of green matter. At first we cannot detect any marks of organization—it appears a slimy cloud of an irregular and undetermined

form. It slowly *aggregates*, and forms a sort of mat over the surface, which at the same time assumes a darker green colour. Careful examination will now show the original *corpuscles* involved in a net-work formed by slender threads, which are tubes of circulation, and may be traced from small points which we must regard as the compound atom, the vegetable unit. We must not forget, here, that we have to deal with four chemical elements,—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, which compose the world of organized forms, and that the water affords us the two first as its constituents, gives us carbon in the form of carbonic acid dissolved in it, and that nitrogen is in the air surrounding it, and frequently mixed with it also.

Under the influence of sunshine, we have now seen these elements uniting into a mysterious bond, and the result is the formation of a cellular tissue, which possesses many of the functions of the noblest specimens of vegetable growth. But let us examine the progress. The bare surface of a rock rises above the waters covered over with this green slime, a mere veil of delicate net-work, which, drying off, leaves no perceptible trace behind it; but the basis of a mighty growth is there, and under solar influence, in the process of time, other changes occur.

After a period, if we examine the rock, we shall find upon its face little coloured cups or lines with small hard discs. These, at first sight, would not be taken for plants, but on close examination they will be found to be lichens. These minute vegetables shed their seed and die, and from their own remains a more numerous crop springs into life. After a few of these changes, a sufficient depth of soil is formed, upon which mosses begin to develop themselves, and give to the stone a second time a faint tint of green, a mere film still, but indicating the presence of a beautiful class of plants, which, under the microscope, exhibit in their leaves and flowers many points of singular elegance. These mosses, like the lichens, decaying, increase the film of soil, and others of a larger growth supply their places, and run themselves the same round of growth and decay. By and by, funguses of various kinds mingle their little globes and umbrella-like forms. Season after season plants perish and add to the soil, which is at the same time increased in depth by the *disintegration* of the rock over which it is laid, the cohesion of particles being broken up by the operations of vegetable life. The minute seeds of the ferns

floating on the breeze, now find a sufficient depth of earth for *germination*, and their beautiful *fronds*, eventually, wave in loveliness to the passing winds.

Vegetable forms of a higher and a higher order gradually succeed each other, each series perishing in due season, and giving to the soil additional elements for the growth of plants of their own species or those of others. Flowering herbs find a genial home on the once bare rock; and the primrose pale, the purple foxglove, or the gaudy poppy, open their flowers to the joy of light. The shrub, with its hardy roots interlaced through the soil, and binding the very stones, grows rich in its bright greenery. Eventually the tree springs from the soil, and where once the tempest beat on the bare cold rock, is now the lordly and branching monarch of the forest, with its thousand leaves, affording shelter from the storm for bird and beast.

Such are the conditions which prevail throughout nature in the progress of vegetable growth; the green matter gathering on a pond, the mildew accumulating on a shaded wall, being the commencement of a process which is to end in the development of the giant trees of the forest, and the beautifully tinted flowers of nature's most chosen spot.

PLANTS AND THEIR COUNTRIES.

(From the Tract Society's "Geography of Plants.")

Species, <i>n.</i> (see p. 117).	that are edible, or fit to be eaten, as, wheat, rye &c.
Al'ti-tude, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. altus</i>), elevation; height of an object above the earth or sea.	Cul'ti-va'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. cultum</i> , see <i>colo</i>), tilling the ground; husbandry.
Veg'e-ta'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. vegeo</i>), the growth of plants; vegetables in general.	De-cliv'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. de, clivus</i>), downward slope; gradual descent.
Lux-u'ri-ant, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. luxuria</i>), excessively abundant; exuberant; rank.	In-dig'e-nous, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. in, gigno</i>), native to a country; not exotic.
Pro-fuse', <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. pro, fusus</i> , see <i>fundo</i>), scattered plentifully around; lavish.	Ver'dure, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ver</i>), green, the general colour of vegetation in spring.
Ex-o'tic, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Gr. exō</i>), foreign; not native;— <i>n.</i> a plant belonging to a foreign country.	Ex-hale', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. ex, halo</i>), to breathe out in fume and vapour.
Ce're-als, or cerealia, <i>n. pl.</i> (<i>Ceres</i> , the goddess of corn), the grains	Spon-ta'ne-ous, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. sponte</i>), acting voluntarily; growing without having been planted.

It is estimated that the number of distinct *species* of plants,

already known and described, is 92,930. This includes all the flowering plants, trees, and shrubs, ferns, mosses, lichens, sea and river weeds, (*Algæ*) mushrooms and their allies, (*Fungi*) in fact, every vegetable production. These are very variously distributed over our globe; light, heat, *altitude*, soil, situation, all contributing their influence in modifying the diffusion of species, and of these the first two are by far the most important. Near the equator, where light and heat are most intense, *vegetation* is most *luxuriant* and *profuse*; while at the poles, or at those high elevations which reach above the line of perpetual snow, or in the profounder recesses of the ocean, vegetable life seems to become entirely extinct, and not a plant even of the simplest form appears. Between these extreme limits, however, every gradation is seen, according to the increase of latitude or height. The species which inhabit each particular district of our globe are just those best suited to the physical condition of each, and to the requirements of its inhabitants, whether of the human species or of the brute creation. Thus, the water-melon, the banana, the bread-fruit, and the rice-plant, are peculiar to tropical regions; while the vine, wheat, barley, and the common corn-plants, will not succeed in so high a temperature, but require a cooler climate. Many facts, which we shall have to notice, will exhibit to us the goodness of God in so arranging the vegetable productions of our globe, that not only, (to a great extent), are the food-plants of the various countries exactly such as are best adapted to the wants of the inhabitants, but also that a vast variety of the more useful plants are so distributed as to induce commercial intercourse; and thus, while they render nations mutually dependent on one another for many of the comforts and conveniences of life, they are an indirect means of promoting the advancement of civilization, and, above all, of the spread of the gospel. Why, however, a certain species should only be able to flourish in a certain soil, and under a certain amount of heat and moisture, is a problem we cannot as yet solve; it doubtless depends on special peculiarities in the internal structure, but in what those peculiarities consist, we are ignorant.

Some plants, too, are very widely distributed. The daisy, for example, is spread throughout Europe almost universally, in Australia, in Northern Asia, in some parts of Africa, and in South America. In India and North America, however, it is entirely absent, and can only be preserved as a choice *exotic*,

tended with the most zealous care in botanic gardens. The *cereals*, that is, wheat, barley, oats, rye, etc., are endowed with a very great power of adaptation. Though their native country is scarcely known, and they are rarely found wild, yet they possess a power of enduring such a variety of temperature, that they have been introduced by *cultivation* over a large portion of our globe. They can withstand the cold of 62° N. lat., and though they will not in general bear the heat of the tropics, yet even in such places they are sometimes cultivated during the winter season. The potato, again, though only known wild as a native of the western coast of South America, is now cultivated almost universally, particularly in Europe and North America, and has become one of the most important articles of food, especially among the poor.

On the other hand, many species (and probably the great majority of plants) are very limited in their abodes. The *Cactus* tribe, so generally cultivated in our green-houses, and so remarkable for the singularity of their growth, the absence of leaves, and the splendour of their flowers, contains 800 species, all of which are peculiar to America, and not a single species is a native of Europe, Asia, or Africa. 533 species of the beautiful genus *Erica*, or heath, are found at or near the Cape of Good Hope, and nowhere else in the world. The species of *Cinchona*, too, which yield the Peruvian bark, grow only on the eastern *declivity* of the Andes, as far as 18° S. lat.; and the cedar of Lebanon is *indigenous* to that mountain alone. It would be easy to multiply instances, but this is needless.

These facts will enable us readily to understand, that there are numerous botanical districts on the surface of our globe, each of which has its own vegetation; a considerable number, perhaps the majority of the species, being peculiar to the particular district, while the remaining species are found in various localities. Thus, the Flora of the United States of North America is totally different from that of Europe, even in places where the annual temperature is the same. Of 2,891 species of flowering plants found in the United States, only 385 are common to them and the corresponding latitudes of Europe. In St. Helena, of thirty flowering plants, only one or two are native elsewhere. In the Galapagos¹ islands, out of 180 plants which have been collected, 100 are found nowhere else; and

¹ Galapagos; a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, off the Coast of Columbia and immediately under the Equator.

of 21 species of composite plants, all but one are peculiar to that group. Some few species make the most remarkable leaps, being common to countries at a great distance from each other, while absent, or nearly so, from the intervening ones. Thus in the Falkland² islands, more than thirty plants, natives of Britain, are found wild. The common quaking-grass has been found in the interior of the country at the Cape of Good Hope; and almost all the lichens brought from the southern hemisphere by Sir James Ross, amounting to 200 species, are found in the northern hemisphere, and chiefly in Europe. Several of our commonest plants, as the bullrush, the reed, the marsh-mallow, the bird's-foot trefoil, the knot-grass, with several others, are found again in Australia. For this various distribution of plants it is difficult to account, but we are inclined to say with Milton:—

“Jehovah spake—

And Earth, an infant, naked as she came
Out of the womb of Chaos, straight put on
Her beautiful attire, and decked her robe
Of verdure with ten thousand glorious flower,
Exhaling incense; crown'd her mountain-heads
With cedars, train'd her vines around their girdles,
And pour'd *spontaneous* harvests at their feet.”

1. State the number of distinct species of plants known.

2. What modifies greatly the diffusion of plants?

3. Explain how it is that man cannot work very laboriously in tropical countries.

4. Name some vegetable productions found there.

5. Where do the corn-plants succeed best?

6. Mention various wise ends served by this arrangement of the vegetable productions of our globe.

7. Say where the daisy is found, and where not.

8. What mean you by cereals?

9. Up to what degree of latitude will they grow?

10. Name the native country of the potato.

11. What tribe of plants belongs exclusively to America?—to Cape of Good Hope?—to St. Helena &c.?

12. Repeat the lines of Milton about the first production of plants.

ORANGE HARVEST IN THE AZORES.*

(From Bullar's "Winter in the Azores.")

* Azores, or Western Islands (Portug. Açores, Hawks) a group of 9 islands in N. Atlantic Ocean, 800 miles from Portugal, so called from the great number of falcons found on them. The principal are, St. Michael, Terceira, Pico, and Fayal. There are exported from St. Michael, chiefly to Britain, annually, 90,000 boxes of oranges value £40,000.

Rind, *n.* husk; bark; skin of fruit.
Pip, *n.* a disease of fowls; the

kernel or seed of fruit.

Produce, *n.* (*L. pro, duco*), that

² Falkland Islands; a group in the S. Atlantic Ocean, to the E. of the straits of Magellan, consisting of two large and a number of small islands. They are rocky, but abound with seals, and contain large and safe harbours. A British settlement has been formed there.

which is brought forth or yielded; fruit.	Ex-port', v. (<i>L. ex, porto</i>), to carry out of a country.
Lay'er, n. a stratum or bed of clay or sand &c.; a shoot or twig of a plant, not detached from the stock, inserted in the earth for growth or propagation.	Bi'as, n. inclination or bent to one side.
	Sat'u-rate, v. (<i>L. satio</i>), to fill till no more can be received; to fill to excess.

MANY of the trees are a hundred years old. The thinness of the rind of a St. Michael's orange, and its freedom from *pips*, depend on the age of the tree. As the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish till they disappear altogether. Thus the oranges most in esteem are the produce of barren trees, and those deemed least palatable come from trees in full vigour. The number of the trees is increased by *layers*, which, at the end of two years, are cut away from the parent stem; the process of raising from seed being seldom if ever adopted, on account of the very slow growth of the plants so raised.

In Fayal, the branches, by means of strings, are strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of an open umbrella turned upside down, a plan which conduces much to early ripening, as the sun is thus allowed to penetrate, and the branches to receive a free circulation of air. To shield them from the winds, the gardens are protected by high walls, whilst the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. Without these precautions, the windfalls would do away with the profits, none of the "ground-fruit," as it is called, being *exported* to England. Filled with these magnificent shrubs, mixed with the lofty arbutus, many of the gardens presented an imposing scene—

"Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, and of delicious taste."

One was especially charming, which covered the sides of a glen or ravine. On a near approach, scores of boys were seen scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing and laughing, and finally emptying their gatherings into larger baskets underneath. Many large trees on the steep slopes of the glen, lay uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys. Besides, the fall of a tree might not be unamusing; and in so light a soil, where the roots are superficial, a slight strain would give it *bias* enough. The trees lie where they fall; and some that had evidently come

down many years before, were still alive and bearing good crops. The fruit is not ripe till March or April, nor do the natives generally eat it before that time. The boys, however, that gather it, are marked exceptions. They are of a yellow tint, as if *saturated* with orange juice.

The process of packing the oranges is expeditious and simple. In some open plot of ground, you find a group of men and children, seated on a heap of the calyx leaves, or husks, of Indian corn, in which each orange is to be wrapt up. The operation begins. A child hands to a workman, who squats beside him, a prepared husk; it is snatched from the child, wrapt round the orange, and passed to the next, who, with the chest between his legs, places it in the orange box, the parties continuing the work with amazing rapidity, until at length the chest is filled to overflowing. Two men now hand it to the carpenter, who bends over it several thin boards, secured with a willow band, presses it with his naked foot as he saws off the ragged ends of the boards, and dispatches it to the ass that stands ready for lading. Two chests are slung on its back by cords, in the figure of 8; and the driver, taking his goad, and uttering his well-known cry, trudges off to town.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. What are the Azofes? | ripen the fruit early? |
| 2. What sort of oranges are produced by old trees, and what by trees in full vigour? | 5. Of what colour are the boys who gather the fruit? |
| 3. How is the number of trees increased? | 6. Describe the process of packing. |
| 4. What means are used in Fayal to | 7. What is the value of the oranges annually exported from St. Michael? |
| | 8. Where are they chiefly sent? |

FOREST FLOWERS.

(From "*English Forests and Forest-Trees.*")

"While others do the garden choose,
Where flowers are regular and profuse,
Come, thou, to dell and lonely lea,
And cull the wild-flowers all with me."

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

A TREE is a grand object in the scale of creation; but a little forest-flower, though not grand, is beautiful. In almost every attribute it is the reverse of the tree; but nevertheless it is as perfect in all its parts, as delicate in its organization, and displays with equal force and clearness the transcendent skill of that Mighty One whose minutest work is as perfect as his greatest. The little forest-flowers give an additional charm

and variety to our forests; they nestle snugly at the roots of some giant tree, or sprinkle the woodland path with various hues, or cover the sides of some little dell, or spring up in rich profusion by the side of a mossy bank, or grow in luxuriance beside some forest streamlet, which prattles along "singing a quiet tune" to the woods and flowers. There are people whose minds can never be brought to recognise beauty in wild-flowers; they look on them as raw material, which can never be lovely; and to indulge their desire to see beautiful flowers, they go to nursery-grounds and hot-houses and flower-shows, where, doubtless, they see magnificent flowers, rivalled, if even rivalled, only in the tropics. These, however, are not nature's handiwork. The art of man has brought these to such a high state of perfection; but the original, the basis, *the* flower, without which these could never have been, is to be found only in the forest or the field. Man hath found out many inventions; but though he may make out of the wild violet the most lovely flowers, he cannot make a wild violet itself.

The young recollections of most of us are interwoven, not with garden, but with wild flowers. It was beautifully said by Campbell:

"Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse ye, 'tis true,
But wildings of nature, I dote upon you,

For ye waft me to summers of old!

When the fields gleamed around me with fairy delight,
And daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,

Like garlands of silver and gold!"

There are few of us who cannot echo the same sentiment, and few to whom the sight of "the flowers of the forest" will not bring up similar recollections.

Among the first of the flowers that appear in the forest, are the daisy, the violet, and the primrose. What can make a more beautiful trio? All three are fragile and delicate, modest and retiring; but they star the banks and the woodland with a glorious tricolour of white, violet, and yellow. How simple-looking they are! and yet take the little daisy, and examine it carefully, and you will see in the flower an organization so complicated, and yet so harmonious, that man, with all his skill, "never can come near." And the little sweet-smelling violets, what universal favourites they are! and how pleasant it is of a morning, when one cannot wander away to a forest, to buy a bunch in Covent Garden, and make them a sweet

desk-companion for the rest of the day! It is delightful to sit on a primrose bank, and, overshadowed by some tree, to pull one of the flowers to pieces, and examine "how curiously and wonderfully it is made." And yet there are many who pass a primrose by, to whom Wordsworth's lines are well applicable :

" A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

At the roots of trees and in shady nooks is found that beautiful little white flower, the wood-anemone. Its leaves are very like those of the geranium, with a similar flower, though different in colour. Few, however, are found except in the beginning of "the season." Charlotte Smith correctly describes the localities it chooses :

" Thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemones their stars unfold."

There is another pretty little flower that appears early, called the wood-sorrel, or by botanists *oxalis acetosella*. It grows on banks and about the roots of trees, and is about the size of a buttercup. Its colour is white; but the interior of the flower is streaked in the most delicate and lovely manner with parallel pink veins. This is a medicinal plant. The taste of its flowers and leaf is very acid. A salt is prepared from the whole plant, which takes ink-stains out of linen; and the leaves are often used as poultices. Waving its blue bells, whether there is a breeze or not, we catch here and there a glimpse of the hyacinth, very different-looking indeed from those we see at flower-shows; but still this is *the* hyacinth, and the bells nod, as much as to say, "Ah! I know what you're thinking about,—those hyacinths last shewn at Chelsea; but what of their beauty and size, am not I the type of the father and mother of them all?" Again, we find the little modest hare-bell waving on its hair-like stalk. Goethe has two beautiful stanzas about this pretty little flower :

" A little blue-bell
Peeped up from the ground,
And cast his blossoms
Of beauty around.

A little bee came
And he nestled therein;
The two for each other
Were fashioned I ween."

We must not overlook the wild strawberry, though it is very apt to be passed by unnoticed. It grows in almost all our woods, trailing along the ground just as it does in gardens.

The flower is white and of the rosaceous type; and at particular periods it bears both fruit and flowers. The fruit is considered fine, though, of course, not so large as that grown by man. The nettle is a very common forest-flower. "What! the nettle a flower," some one exclaims; "that nasty, ugly, poisonous thing; it surely cannot be a flower." We are not, however, speaking of the poisonous rascal, though he, too, was made for a purpose, and serves a certain end in creation, but we speak of the dead nettles,—nettles that do bear flowers, some white and some pink, and that do *not* sting. Though outwardly looking like their vicious neighbour, yet their leaves will be found to have quite a different feel, and the flowers are a most interesting study. Each resembles the mouth of an animal gaping, and somewhat reminds one of the awful mouth of a shark. Inside the flower there are four stamens; but instead of being, as usual, of equal length, the two at the outside are long, and the inner two are short. The showy orchis is not likely to miss the traveller's eye. It is a curious flower, growing to a considerable height, with a long spike-shaped head of very curious flowers. In "the language of flowers," an unspoken tongue with which some young ladies amuse themselves, the orchis represents "a belle," a title to which its showiness perhaps gives it some claim.

The wild, or brier rose, is a universal favourite, be it white or red, despite its prickles and its fragile flowers. It is generally found in woods, hedge-rows, shady lanes, &c. Very different from the wild rose is the foxglove, with its curious-shaped pendent red flowers, its great heavy leaves, and its repulsive smell. Poisonous though it is, medicine derives great benefit from its use. There is a white variety as well as a red, though the red is the more common. We remember, when enjoying a boyish holiday, clambering up the steep side of a crag in the heart of a wood, to pluck two fine specimens of this plant, one red and one white, at the imminent risk of falling into a brawling, rocky stream below. But we plucked them, and upon due measurement the red one was pronounced six feet long, and the white about two-thirds that length. The only other forest-flower (though there are still many others) which our space permits us to mention, is the geranium, of which the varieties are exceedingly numerous, and which are found in all localities in the forest.

ON THE VARIOUS PARTS OF THE FLOWER.

(Compiled.)

LINNÆUS distinguishes four principal parts of the flower, some of which are essential to its very nature, others not so indispensably necessary, and therefore not universal. These four parts are—1st. The Calyx, empalement, or flower-cup; 2d. The Corolla, often called in popular language, although improperly, the blossom; 3d. The Stamen, or stamens, formerly denominated the chives; and 4th. The Pistil, or pistils, which are situated in the centre of the flower. Some flowers possess all these parts, others are deficient in some of them; but the stamens and pistils are both essential, and to be found in all, either in flowers on the same plant, or in different individual flowers of the same species on separate plants.

CALYX.—The calyx is that outer part of the flower, formed of two, at least, but usually more leaves, called sepals, generally of a green or yellowish-green colour, as in the Pink, Rose, Wall-flower &c.; sometimes, however, of a finer texture, and more highly coloured, as in the Fuchsia and Ranunculus.

When the sepals are distinct or separate from each other, the calyx is termed polysepalous. The outer green covering of the bud of the Flax or Rose, is the calyx, consisting of five different pieces, connected by their base with the peduncle or stalk; and on this account it is termed polysepalous, or many-leaved. In the Pink, Pea, Convolvulus, &c., the sepals are joined together, more or less, by their edges, so as to form one piece in appearance; in this case the calyx is said to be monosepalous, or one-leaved. A difficulty may be felt to decide whether a floral envelope be a calyx or a corolla, especially if it be coloured, as in the common Globe-flower, and Marsh-marigold; but this need not be, as, invariably when there is only one verticil or whorl of leaves, it is to be considered the calyx. A calyx, therefore, may exist without a corolla, but not a corolla without a calyx. The feathery crown of the Thistle and Dandelion is analogous to the calyx, and is called Pappus. This most curious and beautiful modification of this organ is evidently designed by the Great Creator to transport seeds to a distance from their native spot, by consigning them to the wind, or by attaching them to the shaggy coats of animals.

COROLLA.—The next whorl of leaves within the calyx is called the corolla, that part of the flower which is so attractive

from its fragrance and beauty, being found of every shade and variety of colour, except black. The leaves of the corolla are called petals, and these, like the sepals of the calyx, are either distinct or separate, when it is called polypetalous, as in the Ranunculus and Pink; or are united by their edges, in a greater or less degree, in which case, the corolla is termed monopetalous, as in Honey-suckle, Mullein, Bugloss, and the little flowers or florets which form the heads of composite flowers. The corolla characteristic of the Leguminous family of plants, of which the Sweet-pea, Broom, Bean, Lupin, Vetch, and Clover, are examples, is called papilionaceous, or butterfly-like, from its striking resemblance to a butterfly—*papilio* being the Latin word for a butterfly. It consists of five petals, the first broad and upright, called the vexillum or standard; on each side two narrower ones, called alae or wings, and two under ones united and so shaped as to form a figure, in appearance like the keel of a boat, and hence called the carina or keel. Another very large order of plants is termed cruciferae, cross-bearing, from the four petals that compose the corolla being so arranged as to look like a cross. The Radish, Charlock, Mustard and Cabbage, are cruciferous plants.

STAMENS.—The stamens, formerly called the chives, vary in number in different flowers, from one to some hundreds. There are three in the Crocus, five in Honey-suckle and Primrose, ten in the Pink, twenty in the Strawberry, and a great number in the Buttercup. Their situation is internal with respect to the calyx and corolla, external to the pistils, at least in simple flowers. These organs are essential, there being no plant hitherto discovered, after the most careful research, that is destitute of them, either in the same flower with the pistils, or a separate one of the same species. A stamen commonly consists of two parts, the *filament* and *anther*, the former being exactly what supports the latter, and is often absent or abortive, in which case the anther is said to be sessile or seated. The filaments in the Tulip are six in number, thick and short; in the Pink they are ten in number, much more slender; and in the Anemone they are numerous. The anther is the only essential part of the stamen. It is generally of a membraneous texture, consisting of two cells, bursting longitudinally, as in the Tulip. The pollen or fertilizing dust, is contained in the anther, from which it is thrown out chiefly in warm dry weather, when the coat of the latter contracts and bursts. The stamens

and pistils constitute the reproductive organs of plants, and, generally, they both exist in the same flower, which is thus said to be hermaphrodite or perfect. Sometimes, however, a flower has only stamens, when it is called male or sterile; or it has only pistils, when it is termed female or fertile. It was on the number, situation, and the proportionate length of the stamens, that Linnæus founded the classes of his sexual or artificial system of arrangement of plants. The most important particular to be remarked in the stamens of any plant is the point of the flower or receptacle from which they grow, since this is found to be usually the same in all plants which are similar in their structure and properties. When they arise from beneath the seed-vessel, or are not attached to the calyx, they are said to be hypogynous, that is under the pistil, *gynē* being the Greek word for a female or pistil,—as in Ranunculuses, Poppy, Grasses, and Cruciferous plants. When they are not in any way joined to the seed-vessel, but appear to grow out of the calyx, corolla, or perianth, they are perigynous,—as in Roses, Saxifrage, Holly, and Umbelliferous plants. It is commonly found, though by no means always, that plants with hypogynous stamens are injurious, while those with perigynous stems are innocent, if not wholesome. The classes and subclasses of the natural system of Jussieu, are subdivided according to the existence of these distinctions in plants.

PISTILS.—The pistils, no less essential than the stamens, constitute the fourth and innermost whorl, and occupy accordingly the centre of the flower. The pistil is formed by one or more modified leaves called carpels, which exhibit a more marked resemblance in colour and structure to the ordinary leaves than the stamens and petals do. Each pistil consists of three parts, viz.—*ovary* or *germen*, containing the rudiments of the young fruit and seed, which is essential,—the *style* varies in length and thickness, sometimes altogether wanting, and when present, serving merely to elevate the third part, the *stigma*, a peculiar termination of the style, which is usually moist, with a viscid fluid, for the purpose of receiving and retaining the pollen. When the style is wanting, the stigma is said to be sessile, or seated on the germen, as in the Poppy and Tulip. The fluid contained in the pollen when the anther bursts penetrates the stigma, and is conveyed to the seeds, which are by this means rendered fertile. The position of the pistil with respect to the calyx, is, like the insertions of the stamens, an important

circumstance to be attended to. When the ovary adheres to the calyx, the former is said to be inferior, as in the Currant, Gooseberry, Bell-flower: when it is separated from the calyx, it is said to be superior, and the calyx inferior, as in the Labiate and Leguminous families of plants, in Convolvulus, Heath, Lily, Tulip. The pistils are generally fewer in number than the stamens. The orders of the Linnæan System are, in the first thirteen classes, founded on the number of the styles, or on that of the stigmas when the styles are wanting.

SECTION V.

ASTRONOMY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HEAVENS.

(From "Dick's Christian Philosopher.")

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| <p>As-tron'o-my, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. astēr, nomos</i>), the science that teaches the motions of the earth, the sun, the moon, planets, comets, and stars, and explains the phenomena occasioned by these motions.</p> <p>Phe-nom'e-non, <i>n.</i> (see p. 45).</p> <p>Ap-pa'rent, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. ad, pareo</i>), as it appears to the eye; seeming.</p> <p>Hem'i-sphere, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. hemi, sphaira</i>) half of a globe or sphere. The equator divides the globe into two equal parts, called the northern and the southern hemispheres.</p> <p>Di-ur'nal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. dies</i>), daily; continuing twenty-four hours.</p> <p>Cres'cent, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. cresco</i>), increasing;—<i>n.</i> a curving figure, like the moon, before she is full.</p> | <p>Diak, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. diakos</i>), the face of the sun, moon, or any planet, as it appears to us on the earth.</p> <p>E-clipse', <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. ek, leipo</i>), the darkening of one heavenly body, by the interposition of another between it and the sun.</p> <p>Plan'et, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. planao</i>), a celestial body revolving about the sun or other centre, and continually changing its position with regard to the fixed stars.</p> <p>Noc-tur'nal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. nox</i>), belonging to the night.</p> <p>Con'cave, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. con, cavus</i>), hollow; opposed to convex;—<i>n.</i> an arch; a vault; the sky.</p> <p>Ap'a-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. a, pathos</i>), want of sensibility; dulness of soul.</p> |
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Astronomy teaches us the magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies, their arrangements, their various motions and phenomena, and the laws by which their movements are regulated. It presents to our view, objects the most wonderful

and sublime; whether we consider the vast magnitude of the bodies about which it is conversant—their immense number—the velocity of their motions—the astonishing forces requisite to impel them in their rapid career through the regions of the sky—the vast spaces which surround them, and in which they perform their revolutions—the magnificent circles they describe—the splendour of their appearance—or the important ends they are destined to serve in the grand system of the universe.

When we lift our eyes towards the sky, we perceive an *apparent* hollow *hemisphere*, placed at an indefinite distance, and surrounding the earth on every hand. In the day time, the principal object which appears in this hemisphere is the sun. In the morning, we see him rise above the distant mountains, or from the extremity of the ocean: he gradually ascends the vault of heaven, and then declines, and disappears in the opposite quarter of the sky. In the northern parts of the globe, where we reside, if, about the 21st of March, we place ourselves on an open plain, with our face towards the south, the sun will appear to rise on our left, or due east, about six in the morning, and about the same hour in the evening he will set due west. In the month of June, he rises to our left, but somewhat behind us, in a direction towards the north-east, ascends to a greater height at noon than in the month of March, and after describing a large arc of the heavens, sets on our right and still behind us, in the north-western quarter of the sky. In the month of December, if we stand in the same position, we may observe, without turning ourselves, both his rising and setting. He rises in the south-east, ascends to a small elevation at noon, and sets in the south-west, after having described a very small arc of the heavens. Every day he appears to move a little towards the east, or contrary to his apparent *diurnal* motion; for the stars which are seen to the eastward of him, appear every succeeding day to make a nearer approach to the place in which he is seen. All the variety of these successive changes is accomplished within the period of 365 days 6 hours, in which time he appears to have made a complete revolution round the heavens from west to east.

The moon is the next object in the heavens which naturally attracts our attention; and she is found to go through similar variations in the course of a month. When she first becomes visible at new moon, she appears in the western part of the

heavens, in the form of a *crescent*, not far from the setting sun. Every night she increases in size, and removes to a greater distance from the sun, till at last she appears in the eastern part of the horizon, just as the sun disappears in the western; at which time she presents a round full-enlightened face. After this she gradually moves farther and farther eastward, and her enlightened part gradually decreases, till at last she seems to approach the sun as nearly in the east as she did in the west, and rises only a little before him in the morning, in the form of a *crescent*. All these different changes may be traced, by attending to her apparent positions from time to time, with respect to the fixed stars.

A dark shadow is occasionally seen to move across the face of the moon, which obscures her light, and gives her the appearance of tarnished copper. Sometimes this shadow covers only a small portion of her surface, at other times it covers the whole of her *disk* for an hour or two, and its margin always appears of the figure of a segment of a circle. This phenomenon, which happens, at an average, about twice every year, is termed an *eclipse* of the moon. It is produced by the shadow of the earth falling upon the moon, when the sun, the earth, and the moon are nearly in a straight line; and can happen only at the time of full moon. Sometimes the moon appears to pass across the body of the sun; when her dark side is turned towards the earth, covering his disk either in whole or in part, and intercepting his rays from a certain portion of the earth. This is called an eclipse of the sun, and can happen only at the time of new moon. In a total eclipse of the sun, which seldom happens, the darkness is so striking, that the *planets* and some of the larger stars are distinctly seen, and the inferior animals appear struck with terror.

Again, if on a winter's evening, about six o'clock, we direct our view to the eastern quarter of the sky, we shall perceive certain stars just risen above the horizon; if we view the same stars about midnight, we shall find them at a considerable elevation in the south, having apparently moved over a space equal to one half of the whole hemisphere. On the next morning, about six o'clock, the same stars will be seen setting in the western part of the sky. If we turn our eyes towards the north, we shall perceive a similar motion in these twinkling orbs; but with this difference, that a very considerable number

of them neither rise nor set, but seem to move round an immoveable point, called the north pole. Near this point is placed the pole star, which seems to have little or no apparent motion, and which, in our latitude, appears elevated a little more than half way between the northern part of our horizon and the zenith, or point above our heads. A person who has directed his attention to the heavens for the first time, after having made such observations will naturally enquire—Whence come those stars which begin to appear in the east? Whither have those gone which have disappeared in the west? and, What becomes, during the day, of the stars which are seen in the night?—It will soon occur to a rational observer, who is convinced of the roundness of the earth, that the stars which rise above the eastern horizon come from another hemisphere, which we are apt to imagine below us, and when they set, return to that hemisphere again; and that the reason why the stars are not seen in the day-time, is not because they are absent from our hemisphere, or have ceased to shine, but because their light is obscured by the more vivid splendour of the sun. From such observations we are led to conclude, that the globe on which we tread is suspended in empty space—is surrounded on all sides by the celestial vault—and that the whole sphere of the heavens has an apparent motion round the earth every twenty-four hours. Whither this motion be real, or only apparent, must be determined by other considerations.

Such general views of the *nocturnal* heavens, which every common observer may take, have a tendency to expand the mind, and to elevate it to the contemplation of an Invisible Power, by which such mighty movements are conducted. Whether we consider the vast *concave*, with all its radiant orbs, moving in majestic grandeur around our globe, or the earth itself whirling round its inhabitants in an opposite direction—an idea of sublimity, and of Almighty energy, irresistibly forces itself upon the mind, which throws completely into the shade the mightiest efforts of human power. The most powerful mechanical engines that were ever constructed by the agency of man, can scarcely afford us the least assistance in forming a conception of that incomprehensible Power which, with unceasing energy, communicates motion to revolving worlds. And yet such is the *apathy* with which the heavens are viewed by the greater part of mankind, that there are thousands who have occasionally gazed at the stars for the space of fifty years, who

are still ignorant of the fact, that they perform an apparent diurnal revolution round our globe.

1. What strikes us with wonder, in the objects astronomy presents to our view?
2. Describe the daily course of the sun in our hemisphere.
3. Where will the sun rise and set, with regard to us, in March? in June? and in December?
4. What is the length of the solar year?
5. In what time does the moon revolve round the earth?
6. In what part of the heavens does the new moon appear?
7. Where does the moon appear when full?
8. How does the moon move after becoming full?
9. What causes an eclipse of the moon, and when only can it happen?
10. What is an eclipse of the sun, and when does it happen?
11. If you watch the stars which arise in the east, how will they seem to have moved, between six o'clock and twelve?
12. What about the motion of the stars in the northern part of the sky?
13. What about the position, and motion, of the pole star?
14. Whence come the stars that appear in the east?
15. Whither have those gone that disappear in the west?
16. Why are the stars not seen in the day time?
17. Who is called the Sun of Righteousness, and why is he so called?

TABULAR VIEW OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Solar, *adj.* (*L. sol*), pertaining to the sun.

Sys'tem, *n.* (*Gr. syn, histēmi*), a combination of parts into a whole; an orderly scheme.

Prima-ry, *adj.* (*L. primus*), first; original; chief; principal.

Sat'el-lite, (*L. satelles*), a planet moving round another planet, as the moon does round the earth.

Di-am'e-ter, *n.* (*Gr. dia, metron*), a straight line passing through the centre of a circle, and terminated at each extremity by the circumference.

Ro-ta'tion, *n.* (*L. rota*), the act of turning round like a wheel.

Ax'is, *plu. ax'es*, *n.* (*L.*), a line, real or imaginary, passing through the centre of a body, and on which the body revolves.

As'ter-oids, (*Gr. aster, eidos*), star-like bodies,—a name given by Herschel to the newly discovered small planets, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. They are conjectured to be fragments of a large planet that once existed there. Forty of them have been discovered since 1801.

THE *solar system* comprises the sun, as a centre, and 38 other bodies, which revolve round him in regular periods, and at various distances. These bodies, being perpetually in motion, are called planets, from the Greek word signifying "wanderers," and they are distinguished, with reference to their centres of revolution, into *primary* and *secondary*. 1. *Primary planets* are those which revolve round the sun, as their proper centre. Of these the nearest to the sun is Mercury; then follow in succession, Venus, the Earth, Mars; the *Asteroids*, Flora, Vesta, Hebe, Iris, Metis, Astræa, Juno, Ceres, Pallas, &c.; Jupiter, Saturn, Urānus, and Neptune. 2. *Secondary planets* are those which move round some primary planet, as this moves round the sun.

Of these there are 21 : the Earth is attended by one, Jupiter by four, Saturn by eight, Uranus by six, and Neptune by at least two. The secondary planets are also termed moons, or *satellites*.

The following tabular view of the primary planets exhibits, in round numbers, their mean distances from the sun, their mean *diameters*, the periods of their revolutions round the sun, and those of their *rotations* on their own *axis*.

Planets.	Distance in Millions of Miles.	Diameter in Miles.	Revolution in Days, or Years.	Rotation in D. H. M.		
1. Mercury.....	36	8140	87 or 0·24	1	0	5
2. Venus.....	68	7700	224 0·61	0	23	21
3. The Earth.....	95	7912	365 1·00	1	0	0
4. Mars.....	144	4100	686 1·88	1	0	39
5. Flora.....	* 209	...	* 1190 3·25	...		
6. Vesta.....	224	...	1325 3·62	...		
7. Hebe.....	* 225	...	* 1330 3·64	...		
8. Iris.....	* 226	...	* 1340 3·66	...		
9. Metis.....	* 226	...	* 1350 3·69	...		
10. Astrea.....	* 244	...	* 1510 4·13	...		
11. Juno.....	253	...	1593 4·36	1	3	0
12. Ceres.....	268	...	1684 4·61	...		
13. Pallas.....	263	...	1686 4·61	...		
14. Jupiter.....	494	90,000	4332 11·86	0	9	56
15. Saturn.....	906	76,068	10759 29·45	0	10	29
16. Uranus.....	1,822	34,500	30686 84·01	0	9	30
17. Neptune.....	* 2,869	* 42,000	* 60624 * 165·97	...		

* At present merely approximate.

WHAT ARE THE FIXED STARS?

(Chalmers's "*Astronomical Discourses*.")

THE first thing which strikes a scientific observer of the fixed stars, is their immeasurable distance. If the whole planetary system were lighted up into a globe of fire, it would exceed, by many millions of times, the magnitude of this world, and yet only appear a small lucid point from the nearest of them. If a body were projected from the sun with the velocity of a cannon-ball, it would take hundreds of thousands of years before it described that mighty interval which separates the nearest of the fixed stars from our sun and from our system. If this earth, which moves at more than the inconceivable velocity of a million and a half miles a day, were to be hurried


from its orbit, and to take the same rapid flight over this immense tract, it would not have arrived at the termination of its journey, after taking all the time which has elapsed since the creation of the world. These are great numbers, and great calculations; and the mind feels its own impotency in attempting to grasp them. We can state them in words. We can exhibit them in figures. We can demonstrate them by the powers of a most rigid and infallible geometry. But no human fancy can summon up a lively or an adequate conception—can roam in its ideal flight over this immeasurable largeness—can take in this mighty space in all its grandeur, and in all its immensity—can sweep the outer boundaries of such a creation—or lift itself up to the majesty of that great and invisible arm on which all is suspended.

But what can those stars be which are seated so far beyond the limits of our planetary system? They must be masses of immense magnitude, or they could not be seen at the distance of place which they occupy. The light which they give must proceed from themselves, for the feeble reflection of light from some other quarter would not carry through such mighty tracts to the eye of an observer. A body may be visible in two ways. It may be visible from its own light, as the flame of a candle, or the brightness of a fire, or the brilliancy of yonder glorious sun, which lightens all below, and is the lamp of the world; or it may be visible from the light which falls upon it, as the body which receives its light from a taper, or the whole assemblage of objects on the surface of the earth, which appear only when the light of day rests upon them, or the moon, which, in that part of it that is towards the sun, gives out a silvery whiteness to the eye of the observer, while the other part forms a black and invisible space in the firmament, or as the planets, which shine only because the sun shines upon them, and which, each of them, present the appearance of a dark spot on the side that is turned away from it. Now apply this question to the fixed stars. Are they luminous of themselves, or do they derive their light from the sun, like the bodies of our planetary system? Think of their immense distance, and the solution of this question becomes evident. The sun, like any other body, must dwindle into a less apparent magnitude as you retire from it. At the prodigious distance even of the very nearest of the fixed stars, it must have shrunk into a small indivisible point. In short, it must have become a star itself,

and could shed no more light than a single individual of those glimmering myriads, the whole assemblage of which cannot dissipate and can scarcely alleviate the midnight darkness of our world. These stars are visible to us, not because the sun shines upon them, but because they shine of themselves, because they are so many luminous bodies scattered over the tracts of immensity—in a word, because they are so many suns, each throned in the centre of his own dominions, and pouring a flood of light over his own portion of these unlimitable regions.

At such an immense distance for observation, it is not to be supposed that we can collect many points of resemblance between the fixed stars, and the solar star which forms the centre of our planetary system. There is one point of resemblance, however, which has not escaped the penetration of our astronomers. We know that our sun turns round upon himself in a regular period of time. We also know that there are dark spots scattered over his surface, which, though invisible to the naked eye, are perfectly noticeable by our instruments. If these spots existed in greater quantity upon one side than upon another, it would have the general effect of making that side darker; and the revolution of the sun must, in such a case, give us a brighter and a fainter side, by regular alternations. Now, there are some of the fixed stars which present this appearance. They present us with periodical variations of light. From the splendour of a star of the first or second magnitude, they fade away into some of the inferior magnitudes—and one, by becoming invisible, might give reason to apprehend that we had lost him altogether—but we can still recognise him by the telescope, till at length he reappears in his own place, and, after a regular lapse of so many days and hours, recovers his original brightness. Now, the fair inference from this is, that the fixed stars, as they resemble our sun in being so many luminous masses of immense magnitude, resemble him in this also, that each of them turns round upon his own axis; so that if any of them should have an inequality in the brightness of their sides, this revolution is rendered evident, by the regular variations in the degree of light which they undergo.

Shall we say, then, of these vast luminaries, that they were created in vain? Were they called into existence for no other purpose than to throw a tide of useless splendour over the solitudes of immensity? Our sun is only one of these luminaries, and we know that he has worlds in his train. Why should we



strip the rest of this princely attendance? Why may not each of them be the centre of his own system, and give light to his own worlds? It is true that we see them not; but could the eye of man take its flight into those distant regions, it would lose sight of our little world before it reached the outer limits of our system—the greater planets would disappear in their turn before it had described a small portion of that abyss which separates us from the fixed stars, the sun would decline into a little spot, and all its splendid retinue of worlds be lost in the obscurity of distance—he would at last shrink into a small indivisible atom, and all that could be seen of this magnificent system would be reduced to the glimmering of a little star. Why resist any longer the grand and interesting conclusion? Each of these stars may be the token of a system as vast and as splendid as the one which we inhabit. Worlds roll in these distant regions; and these worlds must be the mansions of life and of intelligence. In yon gilded canopy of heaven, we see the broad aspect of the universe, where each shining point presents us with a sun, and each sun with a system of worlds—where the Divinity reigns in all the grandeur of His attributes—where He peoples immensity with his wonders; and travels in the greatness of His strength through the dominions of one vast and unlimited monarchy.

THE COMETARY WORLD.

(From Comstock's "*Manual of Natural Philosophy*.")

- Or'bit, *n.* (*L. orbis*), the path of a planet or comet, or the curve that it describes in its revolution round its central body.
- Com'et, *n.* (*Gr. komē*), literally a hairy star; a celestial body, like a planet, frequently accompanied by a train of light, performing revolutions about the sun, in an elliptical or oval orbit, having the sun in one of the foci.
- En-cy-clo-pe'di-a, (*Gr. en, kyclos, paideia*), the circle of the sciences; a dictionary of general knowledge.
- Tel'e-scope, *n.* (*Gr. tele, skopeō*), an optical instrument, used for viewing distant objects.
- Nu'cle-us, *n.* (*L.*), a kernel; any-thing about which matter is collected.
- Per-i-he'-li-on, (*n. Gr. peri, hēlios*), that point of a planet or comet's orbit, which is at the least distance from the sun;—in this sense, it stands in opposition to *aphelion*, the point at the greatest distance from the sun.
- Lu'mi-na-ry, *n.* (see p. 11).
- Pre-dict', *v.* (see p. 70).
- Ver'i-fy, *v.* (see p. 73).
- I-den'ti-cal, *adj.* (*L. idem*), the same; not different from.
- Col-lis'ion, *n.* (*L. con, laedo*), a dashing together; the striking against each other of two hard bodies.

BESIDES the planets which move round the sun in regular order, and in nearly circular *orbits*, there belongs to the solar system an unknown number of bodies called *comets*, which move round the sun in orbits exceedingly eccentric, or elliptical, and whose appearance among our heavenly bodies is only occasional. Comets, to the naked eye, have no visible disk, but shine with a faint, glimmering light, and are accompanied by a train or tail, turned from the sun, and which is sometimes of immense length. They appear in every region of the heavens, and move in every possible direction.

It had been supposed that comets moved in straight lines, coming from the regions of infinite, or unknown space, and merely passing by our system, on their way to regions equally unknown and infinite, and from which they never returned. Sir Isaac Newton was the first to demonstrate that the comets pass round the sun, like the planets, but that their orbits are exceedingly elliptical, and extend out to a vast distance beyond the solar system.

The number of comets is unknown, though some astronomers suppose that there are nearly 500 belonging to our system. Ferguson, who wrote in about 1760, supposed that there were fewer than 30 comets which made us occasional visits; but, since that period, the elements of the orbits of nearly 100 of these bodies have been computed. Of these, however, there are only three whose periods of return among us are known with any degree of certainty. The first of these has a period of 75 years; the second a period of 129 years; and the third a period of 575 years. The third appeared in 1682, and therefore cannot be expected again until the year 2257. This comet, in 1682, excited the most intense interest among the astronomers of Europe, on account of its great apparent size and near approach to our system. In the most remote part of its orbit, its distance from the sun was estimated at about eleven thousand two hundred millions of miles. At its nearest approach to the sun, which was only about 50,000 miles, its velocity, according to Sir Isaac Newton, was 880,000 miles in an hour; and supposing it to have retained the sun's heat, like other solid bodies, its temperature must have been about 2000 times that of red hot iron. The tail of this comet was at least 100 millions of miles long.

In the Edinburgh *Encyclopedia*, article 'Astronomy,' there is the most complete table of comets yet published. This table

contains the elements of 97 comets, calculated by different astronomers, down to the year 1808. From this table it appears that 24 comets have passed between the sun and the orbit of Mercury; 33 between the orbits of Venus and the Earth; 15 between the orbits of the Earth and Mars; 3 between the orbits of Mars and Ceres; and 1 between the orbits of Ceres and Jupiter. It also appears by this table that 49 comets have moved round the sun from west to east, and 48 from east to west.

Of the nature of these wandering planets very little is known. When examined by a *telescope*, they appear like a mass of vapours surrounding a dark *nucleus*. When the comet is at its *perihelion*, or nearest the sun, its colour seems to be heightened by the intense light or heat of that *luminary*, and it then often shines with more brilliancy than the planets. At this time the tail or train, which is always directly opposite to the sun, appears at its greatest length, but is commonly so transparent as to permit the fixed stars to be seen through it. A variety of opinions have been advanced by astronomers concerning the nature and causes of these trains. Newton supposed that they were thin vapour, made to ascend by the sun's heat, as the smoke of a fire ascends from the earth; while Kepler¹ maintained that it was the atmosphere of the comet driven behind it by the impulse of the sun's rays. Others suppose that this appearance arises from streams of electric matter passing away from the comet, &c.

The comet above noticed has been named from Edmund Halley,² who considered it the same as that which had appeared in 1531 and 1607. He accordingly *predicted* its reappearance about the year 1759, and on the 12th of March in that year it actually re-appeared. This is the first comet whose periodicity was foretold, and the truth of the prediction *verified*. Its next return to the perihelion was calculated by M. Damoiseau, and fixed for the year 1835. The intervals of its returns are therefore 75 or 76 years. The comet named from Professor Encke, of Berlin, completes its orbit in about $3\frac{1}{3}$ years. Its return was calculated in 1819, and the result of the calculation verified by its several reappearances in 1822, 1825, 1828, &c. The comet of Biela is *identical* with that which appeared in

¹ Kepler, one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, born at Wial near Wirtemberg 1571. He was the first who discovered that the planets move not in a circle, but in an ellipse.

² Halley, the celebrated astronomer, born in London 1656.

1789, 1795, &c. It describes its elliptic orbit about the sun in $6\frac{1}{2}$ years, and was seen in 1832 and 1838. The periods of this comet are continually diminishing; in other words, its mean distance from the sun, or the major axis of the ellipse, is dwindling by slow but regular degrees.

The probability of a comet coming in *collision* with the earth, or with any other planet, may be reduced to a very slight amount, if we compare with the small volume of the earth or any other planet, and that of comets, the immensity of the space in which these bodies move. M. Arago observes that the doctrine of chances affords us the means of estimating numerically the probability of such a collision, and shows that there is but one such chance in 281 millions; that is to say, that, on the appearance of a new comet, the odds are 281 millions to one that it will not strike against our globe.

1. Who first proved that comets pass round the sun?

2. What number of comets is supposed to belong to our system?

3. State the periods of return, of the three best known to us.

4. Give particulars of the comet that appeared in 1682.

5. What appearance have these roving

stars, when examined through a telescope?
6. What are the tails of comets supposed to be?

7. Who first predicted the reappearance of one of these bodies?

8. What are the chances of a collision between the earth and a comet, as computed by Arago, the great French Astronomer?

TRADE WINDS, AND THEIR DISCOVERY.

(From Milner's "Gallery of Nature.")

Per'ma-nent, *adj.* (*L. per, maneo*), abiding; lasting; of long continuance.

Trans'i-ent, *adj.* (*L. trans, iens, see eo*), passing quickly; of short duration.

Mar'i-time, *adj.* (*L. mare*), relating to the sea.

Ex-plore', *v.* (*L. ex, ploro*), to search in order to make a discovery; to examine very earnestly.

Ex-pe-dition, *n.* (see p. 68).

Fa-cil'i-tate, *v.* (*L. facilis*), to render less difficult.

Trans-pa-rent, *adj.* (*L. trans, pareo*), that can be seen through; not opaque or dark.

Con-stel-la'tion, *n.* (*L. con, stella*), a group of the fixed stars, to

which the name of an animal, or other object, has been given, either for distinction's sake, or from some fancied resemblance.

Ho-ri'zon, *n.* (*Gr. horos*), the line which terminates the view, where the earth or sea and sky seem to meet; an imaginary line equally distant from the zenith and the nadir, dividing the globe into hemispheres.

Phos-pho-res'cent, *adj.* (*Gr. phos, phero*), shining with a faint light, and without being sensibly hot.

Qua'drant, *n.* (*L. quatuor*), the fourth part of a circle; an instrument for taking the altitudes of the sun or stars, of great use in astronomy and navigation.

THE trade winds are *permanent*, following the same direction throughout the year. They are met with between the tropics, and a few degrees to the north and south of those limits. The well-known name applied to them is a phrase of doubtful origin, but probably derived from the facilities afforded to trade and commerce, by their constant prevalence and generally uniform course, though Hakluyt speaks of the "wind blowing trade," meaning a regular tread or track. The parallels of 28° north and south latitude mark the medium external limits of the trade winds, between which, with some variations, their direction is from the north-east,¹ north of the equator, and from the south-east, on the other side of the line, hence called the north-east and south-east trades. They are separated from each other by the region of calms, in which a thick foggy air prevails, with frequent sudden and *transient* rains attended by thunder and lightning.

We owe the discovery of the trade winds to Columbus,² and this would have been prominently connected with his name, had it not been supplanted by the glory of a greater achievement, the revelation of a new world to the knowledge of mankind. The ancients were entirely unacquainted with these permanent breezes, and though *maritime* adventure had been largely prosecuted by the Portuguese at the instigation of Prince Henry, they had not penetrated into the region of the trades. Proceeding cautiously along the shores of Barbary, they had *explored* the coasts of Africa to Cape de Verde, rescued the Azore Islands from the "oblivious empire of the ocean," and afterwards under Vasco di Gama³ doubled the Cape of Good Hope; but these voyages carried them clear of the district of the north and south-east trade winds. But soon after leaving the Canaries in the *Santo Maria*, Columbus fell in with the former, which in the summer extend to the latitude of those islands, and, for the first time, a sail from the Old World swelled before the steady breath of the northern tropic. This circumstance, favourable to the success of his *expedition*, speedily excited the apprehensions of his crew, who found themselves

¹ In speaking of the direction of currents of air and water, the indicating terms are used in an inverse sense, an easterly wind signifying a breeze coming from that quarter, an easterly stream, a flow of water towards it.

² Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, a native of Genoa, born 1435, and, to the everlasting disgrace of Spain, died poor and broken-hearted at Valladolid, 1506. He discovered San Salvador, October 11th, 1492.

³ Vasco di Gama, a native of Portugal, doubled the Cape of Good Hope 1497,—5 years after the discovery of America by Columbus.

borne, day after day, by a permanent breeze, farther from their native shores, and inferred the impossibility of returning, as they observed no change in its direction. Fortunately for his fame, and for the world, the great navigator firmly held on his course, reached the bounds of the before supposed illimitable ocean, and re-crossed it in the region of the variables, to the north of the northern trade wind. Now, in passing from the Canaries to Cumana, on the north coast of South America, it is scarcely ever necessary to touch the sails of a ship; and with equal facility the passage is made across the Pacific, from Acapulco, on the west coast of Mexico, to the Philippine Islands. If a channel were cut through the Isthmus of Panama, the voyage to China would be remarkably *facilitated* by the trade winds of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, be more speedy, agreeable, and safe, than the usual route by the Cape, the chief interruption to its uniformity occurring in the Carribean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, where the trade wind blows impetuously, the sea is stormy, and the sky grey and cloudy.

All mariners and passengers have spoken with delight of the region of the trade winds, not only on account of the favouring gale, but its genial influence, the *transparent* atmosphere, the splendid sunsets, and the brilliancy of the unclouded heavens, day and night. Columbus, in recording his first voyage into their territory, compares the air, soft and refreshing without being cool, to that of the pure and balmy April mornings he had experienced in Andalusia, wanting but the song of the nightingale and the sight of the groves to complete the fancy that he was sailing along the Guadalquivir. Humboldt lingers with pleasure, upon his first acquaintance with the tropical regions at sea, upon the mildness of the climate and the beauty of the southern sky, gradually opening new *constellations* to the view, stars contemplated from infancy progressively sinking and finally disappearing below the *horizon*, an unknown firmament unfolding its aspect, and scattered nebulae rivalling in splendour the milky way. "A traveller," he states, "has no need of being a botanist, to recognise the torrid zone, on the mere aspect of its vegetation; and without having acquired any notions of astronomy, without any acquaintance with the celestial charts of Flamstead and De la Caille, he feels he is not in Europe, when he sees the immense constellation of the Ship, or the *phosphorescent* clouds of Magellan, arise on the horizon.

We pass those latitudes as if we were descending a river, and we might deem it no hazardous undertaking if we made the voyage in an open boat." Mr. Bailey, in his "Four Years in the West Indies," relates an adventure nearly answering to that here referred to. The master of one of the small fishing smacks that ply along the coasts of Scotland, who had no other knowledge of navigation than that which enabled him to keep his dead reckoning, and to take the sun with his *quadrant* at noon-day, having heard that sugar was a very profitable cargo, determined, by way of speculation, upon a trip to St. Vincent, to bring a few hogsheads of the commodity on his own account into the Scottish market. Accordingly, he freighted his vessel; made sail; crossed the Bay of Biscay in a gale; got into the trade winds, and scudded before them at the rate of seven knots an hour, trusting to his dead reckoning all the way. He spoke no vessel during the whole voyage; and never once saw land until on the morning of the thirty-fifth day, when he descried St. Vincent's right ahead, and running down, under a light breeze, along the windward coast of the island, came to anchor. The private signal of the little vessel was unknown to any of the merchants, and it immediately attracted notice. The natives were perfectly astonished—they had never heard of such a feat before; and deemed it quite impossible that a mere fishing smack, worked only by four men, and commanded by an ignorant master, should plough the billows of the Atlantic, and reach the West Indies in safety—yet so it was. This relation justifies the title given by the Spaniards to the zone where the trade winds are constant, *el Golpo de las Damas*, the Sea of the Ladies, on account of the ease with which it may be navigated, the uniform temperature prevalent night and day, and its pacific aspect.

1. Whence has the name Trade Winds most likely been derived?

2. State the limits between which they prevail.

3. In what direction do they blow north of the Equator, and in what south?

4. What separates the N. E. from the S. E. Trades?

5. To whom do we owe the discovery of the "Trades?"

6. Why is this rarely mentioned with the name of Columbus?

7. When did Columbus discover San Salvador, one of the Bahamas?

8. Who discovered the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and when?

9. How did the crew of Columbus feel in the N. E. trade wind?

10. What voyages are most easily made by these favouring gales?

11. In what terms does Humboldt speak of the tropical regions at sea?

12. What was the amount of knowledge possessed by the master of the fishing smack spoken of?

13. On the morning of what day from his starting did he descrie St. Vincent?

14. What name do the Spaniards give the zone of the Trades?

15. To whom should we ever look in prosecuting the voyage of life?

THE VOLCANO AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

(From *Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology."*)

Vin-dic'tive, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. vindez</i>), re-vengeful; implacable; unrelenting.	mark; trace.
Pe'nal, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. poena</i> , see <i>punio</i>), relating to punishment; coming by way of punishment.	E-rup'tion, <i>n.</i> (see p. 45).
Vent, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ventus</i>), a passage for the air; aperture; opening.	La'va, <i>n.</i> the melted mineral and stony matter thrown out by volcanoes.
Ca-tas'tro-phe, <i>n.</i> (<i>Gr. kata, stro-phē</i>), a final event, generally unfortunate; calamity; disaster.	Lu'mi-nous, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. lumen</i>), full of light; bright; shining.
Sub-ter-ra'ne-an, (see p. 132).	Ex-plo'sion, <i>n.</i> (see p. 97).
Ves'tige, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. vestigium</i>), footstep;	Sal'u-ta-ry, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. salus</i>), healthy; promoting safety.
	Fu'sion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. fusus</i> , see <i>fundo</i>), act of melting; state of being melted.

THE first impression made on the mind by the history of volcanic action is, that its effects are examples rather of *vindictive* justice than of benevolence. And such is the light in which they are regarded by Mr. Gisborne, an able English divine, in his "Testimony of Natural to Revealed Religion." He looks, indeed, upon all the disturbances that have taken place in the earth's crust as evidence of a fallen condition of the world, as mementos of a former *penal* infliction upon a guilty race. And aside from the light which geology casts upon the subject, this would be a not improbable conclusion. Take for an example the case of volcanoes and earthquakes.

A volcano is an opening made in the earth's crust by internal heat, which has forced melted or heated matter through the vent. An earthquake is the effect of the confined gases and vapours, produced by the heat upon the crust. When the volcano, therefore, gets *vent*, the earthquake always ceases. But the latter has generally been more destructive of life and property than the former. Where one city has been destroyed by lava, like *Herculaneum*,¹ *Pompeii*, and *Stabia*, twenty have been shaken down by the rocking and heaving of earthquakes. The records of ancient as well as modern times abound with examples of these tremendous *catastrophes*. Pre-eminent on the list is the city of *Antioch*. Imagine the inhabitants of that great city, crowded with strangers on a festival occasion, suddenly

¹ *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Stabia*, were overwhelmed by an eruption of Mount *Vesuvius*, in the reign of the Roman Emperor *Titus*, A. D. 79. They have been re-discovered, and in them found statues, paintings, bronzes, vases, and domestic implements of all varieties of forms and uses. The Elder *Pliny*, the celebrated Roman Historian, in going too near to examine the phenomena of the eruption, and also to afford relief to the sufferers, unfortunately perished.

arrested, on a calm day, by the earth heaving and rocking beneath their feet; and in a few moments two hundred and fifty thousand of them are buried by falling houses, or the earth opening and swallowing them up. Such was the scene which that city presented in the year 526; and several times before and since that period has the like calamity fallen upon it; and twenty, forty, and sixty thousand of its inhabitants have been destroyed at each time. In the year 17 after Christ, no less than thirteen cities of Asia Minor were in like manner overwhelmed in a single night. Think of the terrible destruction that came upon Lisbon in 1755. The sun had just dissipated the fog in a warm calm morning; when suddenly the *subterranean* thundering and heaving began; and in six minutes the city was a heap of ruins, and sixty thousand of the inhabitants were numbered among the dead. Hundreds had crowded upon a new quay surrounded by vessels; in a moment the earth opened beneath them, and the wharf, the vessels, and the crowd went down into its bosom; the gulf closed, the sea rolled over the spot, and no *vestige* of wharf, vessels, or man ever floated to the surface. How thrilling is the account left us by Kircher, who was near, of the destruction of Euphemia, in Calabria, a city of about five thousand inhabitants, in the year 1638! "After some time," says he, "the violent *paroxysm* of the earthquake ceasing, I stood up, and, turning my eyes to look for Euphemia, saw only a frightful black cloud. We waited till it had passed away, when nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was to be seen where the city once stood." In like manner did Port Royal, in the West Indies, sink beneath the waters, with nearly all its inhabitants, in less than one minute, in the year 1692.

Still more terrific have been some of the *eruptions* in Iceland. In 1783, earthquakes of tremendous power shook the whole island, and flames burst forth from the ocean. In June these ceased, and Shaptar Jokul opened its mouth; nor did it close till it had poured forth two streams of *lava*, one sixty miles long, twelve miles broad, and the other forty miles long, and seven broad, and both with an average thickness of one hundred feet. During that summer the inhabitants saw the sun no more, and all Europe was covered with a haze.

Around the Papandayang, one of the loftiest mountains in Java, no less than forty villages were reposing in peace. But in August, 1772, a remarkable *luminous* cloud enveloping its top

aroused them from their security. But it was too late. For at once the mountain began to sink into the earth, and soon it had disappeared with the forty villages, and most of the inhabitants, over a space fifteen miles long and six broad. Still more extraordinary, the most remarkable on record, was an eruption in Sumbawa, one of the Molucca Islands, in 1815. It began on the fifth day of April, and did not cease till July. The *explosions* were heard in one direction nine hundred and seventy miles, and in another seven hundred and twenty miles. So heavy was the fall of ashes at the distance of forty miles that houses were crushed and destroyed. The floating cinders in the ocean, hundreds of miles distant, were two feet thick, and vessels were forced through them with difficulty. The darkness in Java, three hundred miles distant, was deeper than the blackest night; and finally out of the twelve thousand inhabitants of the island, only twenty-six survived the catastrophe.

Now, if we confine our views to such facts as these, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that earthquakes and volcanoes are terrific exhibitions of God's displeasure towards a fallen and guilty world. But if it can be shown that the volcanic agency exerts a *salutary* influence in preserving the globe from ruin, nay, is essential to such preservation, we must regard its incidental destruction of property and life as no evidence of a vindictive infliction, nor of the want of benevolence in its operation. And the remarkable proofs which modern geology has presented of vast accumulations of heated and melted matter beneath the earth's crust, do make such an agent as volcanoes essential to the preservation of the globe. In order to make out this position, I shall not contend that all the earth's interior, beneath fifty or one hundred miles, is in a state of fusion. For even the most able and decided of those geologists who object to such an inference, admit that oceans of melted matter do exist beneath the surface. And if so, how liable would vast accumulations of heat be, if there were no safety-valves through the crust, to rend asunder even a whole continent? Volcanoes are those safety-valves, and more than two hundred of them are scattered over the earth's surface, forming vent-holes into the heated interior. Most of them, indeed, have the valves loaded, and the effort of the confined gases and vapours to lift the load produces the terrific phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes. But if no such passages into the interior existed, what could prevent the pent-up gases

from accumulating till they had gained strength enough to rend a whole continent, and perhaps the whole globe, into fragments? Is it not, then, benevolence by which this agency prevents so dreadful a catastrophe, even by means that bring some incidental evils along with them? This is certainly the case in regard to volcanoes. We have strong reason to believe that they are essential to the preservation of the globe; and of how much higher consequence is this than the comparatively small amount of property and life which they destroy! If we can only rise to these higher views, and not suffer our judgment to be warped by the immediate terrors of the earthquake and the volcano, we shall see the smile of infinite benevolence where most men can only see the wrath of an offended Deity.

DISCOVERY AND USE OF THE BAROMETER.

(From Arnett's "Elements of Physics.")

At'mos-phere, *n.* (*Gr. atmos, sphaira*) the whole mass of fluid surrounding the earth, and supposed to extend fifty miles above its surface. The weight, at the level of the sea, is found to be about 15lb to the square inch. It is composed principally of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion of one measure of oxygen to four of nitrogen.

Ba-rom'e-ter, *n.* (*Gr. baros, metron*), an instrument for measuring the weight of the air, consisting of a glass tube filled with mercury, and hermetically sealed at the one end, while the other end is

left open, and immersed in a small basin of quicksilver or mercury. Its uses are to indicate changes in the weather, to determine the height of mountains &c., by the falling or rising of the mercury. **Fluc'tu-ate**, *v.* (*L. fluctus*), to roll hither and thither; to be unsteady.

Mon'i-tor, *n.* (*L. monso*), one who gives warning or advice.

E-qui-lib'ri-um, *n.* (*L. aequus, libra*), equality of weight; balance; equipoise.

Prog-nos'tic, *n.* (*Gr. pro, ginosko*), that which foretells; a sign; an omen.

GALILEO¹ had found that water would rise under the piston of a pump to a height only of about thirty-four feet. His pupil Torricelli,² conceiving the happy thought that the weight of the *atmosphere* might be the cause of the ascent, concluded that mercury, which is about thirteen times heavier than water, should only rise under the same influence to a thirteenth of the elevation: he tried, and found that this was so, and the

¹ Galile'o, a famous astronomer, born at Pisa, 1564. He invented the Thermometer, Telescope &c.

² Torricelli, of Florence, invented the Barometer, 1642.

mercurial *barometer* was invented. To afford further evidence that the weight of the atmosphere was the cause of the phenomenon, he afterwards carried the tube of mercury to the tops of buildings and of mountains, and found that it fell always in exact proportion to the portion of the atmosphere left below it; and he found that water-pumps, in different situations, varied as to sucking power, according to the same law.

It was soon afterwards discovered, by careful observation of the mercurial barometer, that even when remaining in the same place, it did not always stand at the same elevation; in other words, that the weight of atmosphere over any particular part of the earth was constantly *fluctuating*: a truth which, without the barometer, could never have been suspected. The observation of the instrument being carried still further, it was found that in serene dry weather the mercury generally stood high, and that before and during storms and rain it fell; the instrument, therefore, might serve as a prophet of the weather, becoming a precious *monitor* to the husbandman or the sailor.

When water, which has been suspended in the atmosphere, and has formed a part of it, separates as rain, the weight and bulk of the mass are diminished; and the wind must occur when a sudden condensation of aeriform matter, in any situation, disturbs the *equilibrium* of the air, for the air around will rush towards the situation of diminished pressure. To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting the *prognostics* of the weather which he draws from local signs familiar to him; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail, and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared—the marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning.

It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet the oldest sailors had not perceived even the threatening in the sky, and

were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled, and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board.

Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and, midst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning, the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck. The marine barometer differs from that used on shore, in having its tube contracted in one place to a very narrow bore, so as to prevent that sudden rising and falling of the mercury, which every motion of the ship would else occasion. Civilized Europe is now familiar with the barometer and its uses, and, therefore, they almost require to witness the astonishment or incredulity with which people of other parts regard it. A Chinese once conversing on the subject with the author, could only imagine of the barometer that it was a gift of a miraculous nature, which the God of Christians gave them in pity, to direct them in the long and perilous voyages which they undertook to unknown seas.

1. Tell me something about Galileo and Torricelli.

2. To what height can water be made to rise in a pump?

3. What happy thought on this subject entered Torricelli's mind?

4. How many times is mercury or quicksilver heavier than water?

5. If water rise under pressure of the air 34 feet, how many inches will mercury rise?

6. Why does the mercury fall in the tube on the tops of mountains?

7. What important fact about the atmosphere has been made known to us through the barometer?

8. How does the mercury stand in calm dry weather, and how before storms?

9. In what respect does the barometer used at sea differ from that used on land?

10. What did the Chinese who conversed with Mr. Arnott think about the barometer?

11. Who raises up men such as Galileo, Newton, Watt, &c., to benefit mankind by their great discoveries?

SECTION VI.

GEOLOGY, MINERALOGY, AND CHEMISTRY.

AIM AND METHODS OF THE SCIENCE OF GEOLOGY.

(From Page's "*Advanced Text-Book of Geology.*")

GEOLOGY (from the Greek words *gē*, the earth, and *logos*, discourse or reasoning) may be defined as that department of natural science which treats of the mineral structure of our globe. Its object is to examine the various materials of which our planet is composed, to describe their appearance and relative positions, to investigate their nature and mode of formation, and generally to discover the laws which seem to regulate their arrangement. Being unable to penetrate beyond a few thousand feet into the solid substance of the earth, the researches of geologists are necessarily limited to its exterior shell or crust; hence they speak of the "crust of the globe," meaning thereby that portion of the rocky structure accessible to human investigation. Speculations as to the nature of the interior, as bearing on scientific problems, are no doubt permissible, and, aided by astronomical data, we may ascertain the bulk, density, and other conditions of the mass; but all this must be carefully separated from geological deductions, which are based on absolute facts and known appearances. The geologist has thus a clear and unmistakable course before him; his duty is to observe, examine, and compare, to ascend from a knowledge of facts to a consideration of the laws by which they are governed; and thus endeavour to unfold, as far as human reason can, the history of the marvellous planet he inhabits.

The materials composing the earth's crust are rocks of various kinds—as granite, roofing-slate, marble, sandstone, coal, chalk, clay, and sand—some hard and compact, others soft and incohering. These substances do not occur indiscriminately in every part of the world, nor, when found, do they always lie

in the same positions. Granite, for example, may exist in one district of a country, roofing-slate in another, coal in a third, and chalk in a fourth. Some of these rocks occur in irregular mountain-masses, while others are spread out in regular layers or courses, termed *strata*, from the Latin word *stratum*, strewn or spread out. It is evident that substances differing so widely in composition and structure must have been formed under different circumstances, and by different causes; and it becomes the province of the geologist to discover those causes, and thus infer the general conditions of the regions in which, and of the periods when, such different rock-substances were produced.

When we sink a well, for instance, and dig through certain clays, sands, and gravels, and find them succeeding each other in layers, we are instantly reminded of the operations of water, seeing it is only by such agency that accumulations of clay, sand, and gravel are formed at the present day. We are thus led to inquire as to the origin of the materials through which we dig, and to discover whether they were originally deposited in river courses, in lakes, in estuaries, or along the sea-shore. In our investigation we may also detect shells, bones, and fragments of plants imbedded in the clays and sands; and thus we have a further clue to the history of the strata through which we pass, according as the shells and bones are the remains of animals that lived in fresh-water lakes and rivers, or inhabited the waters of the ocean. Again, in making a railway cutting, excavating a tunnel, or sinking a coal-pit, we may pass through many successions of strata—such as clay, sandstone, coal, limestone, and the like; and each succession of strata may contain the remains or impressions of different plants and animals. Such differences can only be accounted for by supposing each stratum or set of strata to have been formed by different agencies and in different localities,—under different conditions of climate and under varying arrangements of sea and land, just as at the present day the rivers, estuaries, and seas of different countries are characterised by their own special accumulations and the imbedded remains of their own peculiar plants and animals.

In making these investigations the geologist is guided by his knowledge of what is now taking place on the surface of the globe—reasoning from the known to the unknown, and ascribing similar results to similar or analogous causes. Thus, at the present day, we see rivers carrying down mud and sand

and gravel, and depositing these in layers, either in lakes, in estuaries, or along the bottom of the ocean. By this process many lakes and estuaries have, within a comparatively recent period, been filled up and converted into dry land. We see also the tides and waves wasting away the sea-cliffs in one district, and accumulating wide tracts of sand and gravel in bays and other sheltered recesses. By this process thousands of acres of land have been washed away and covered by the sea, even within the memory of man; while by the same means new tracts have been formed in districts formerly covered by the tides and waves. Further, we learn that, during earthquake convulsions, large districts of country have sunk beneath the waters of the ocean; while in other regions the sea-bottom has been elevated into dry land. Volcanic action is also sensibly affecting the surface of the globe—converting level tracts into mountain ridges, throwing up new islands from the sea, and casting forth molten lava and other materials, which in time become hard and consolidated rock-masses.

Now, as these and other agents are at present modifying the surface of the globe, and changing the relative positions of sea and land, so in all time past have they exerted a similar influence, and have necessarily been the main agents employed in the formation of the rocky crust which it is the province of geology to investigate. Not a foot of the land we now inhabit but has been repeatedly under the ocean, and the bed of the ocean has formed as repeatedly the habitable dry land. No matter how far inland, or at what elevation above the sea, we now find accumulations of sand and gravel,—no matter at what depth we discover strata of sandstone or limestone,—we know, from their composition and arrangement, that they must have been formed under water, and been brought together by the operations of water, just as layers of sand and gravel and mud are accumulated or deposited at the present day. And as earthquakes and volcanoes break up, elevate, and derange the present dry land—here sinking one portion, there tilting up another, and everywhere producing rents and fissures: so must the fractures, derangements, and upheavals among the strata of the rocky crust be ascribed to the operation of similar agents in remote and distant epochs.

By the study of existing operations, we thus get a clue to the geological history of the globe; and the task is rendered much more definite and certain by an examination of the plants

and animals found imbedded in the various strata. At present, shells, fishes, and other animals are buried in the mud or *silt* of lakes and estuaries; rivers also carry down the carcasses of land animals, the trunks of trees and other vegetable drift; and earthquakes submerge plains and islands, with all their vegetable and animal inhabitants. These remains become enveloped in the layers of mud and sand and gravel formed by the waters, and in process of time are *petrified* (*petra* a stone, and *fio* I become); that is, are converted into stony matter like the shells and bones found in the oldest strata. Now, as at present so in all former time must the remains of plants and animals have been similarly preserved; and as one tribe of plants is peculiar to the dry plain, and another to the swampy morass,—as one family belongs to a temperate, and another to a tropical region,—so, from the character of the imbedded plants, are we enabled to arrive at some knowledge of the conditions under which they flourished. In the same manner with animals: each tribe has its locality assigned it by peculiarities of food, climate, and the like; and by comparing *fossil* remains (fossil, from *fossus*, dug up; applied to all remains of plants and animals imbedded in the rocky crust) with existing races, we are enabled to determine many of the past conditions of the world with considerable certainty.

THE YOUNG GEOLOGIST.

(From "The Old Red Sandstone," by HUGH MILLER.)

Di-lu'-vi-um, *n.* (*L. dis, luo*), the term usually applied to matter brought together by the *extraordinary* action of water, as in the Noachian deluge,—the term allu'vium being restricted to accumulations of earth, clay, sand, gravel &c., by rivers, floods, and the *ordinary* agency of water.

Gran'ite, *n.* (*L. granum*), literally, grain-stone,—an aggregate of felspar, quartz, and mica, or of two at least of these minerals. It is an igneous or unstratified rock, and is considered the foundation rock of the globe, or that upon which all secondary rocks repose.

Quartz, *n.* a German miner's term for crystallized silica; rock-crystal.

Gneiss, *n.* (*nice*), a species of aggregated rock, composed of quartz, felspar, and mica, and of a structure more or less laminated or slaty. It is rich in metallic ores, but contains no fossil remains.

Horn'blende, *n.* (*Ger. blenden, to dazzle*), a simple mineral of frequent occurrence in granite and trappean rocks; so called from its horn-like cleavage, and peculiar lustre. It is usually of a dark-green or black colour.

Shale, *n.* (*Ger. schalen, to peel off*), an indurated or hardened slaty

- clay, or sandstone; so called from its capability of being split into excessively thin layers.
- Lig'nite, *n.* (*L. lignum*), fossil-wood converted into an imperfect kind of coal.
- Li'as, *n.*, a corruption of lyers or layers; a provincial term, but now generally applied to those thin-bedded limestones, occurring at the base of the oolitic system.
- Ba-salt', *n.*, one of the most common varieties of the trap, of a dark-green or black colour, very compact in texture, and often found in regular columns, of three or more sides. It is composed of augite or felspar, and usually contains much iron. The name is supposed to be derived from *basal*, an Ethiopian word, signifying iron.
- Hy'per-sthene, *n.* (*Gr. hyper, sthenos*), a mineral between a grayish and blackish green colour, and very difficult to break. It is nearly allied to hornblende, and is found largely in all igneous rocks.
- Por'phy-ry, *n.* (*Gr. porphúra, purple*), a term originally applied to a reddish igneous rock found in upper Egypt, and used for sculptural purposes. It is now used to denote any rock (whatever its colour) which contains imbedded crystals distinct from the main mass.
- Bi-tu'men, *n.* (*L.*), mineral pitch, of which the tar-like substance which may be often seen oozing out of the Newcastle coal when burning, forms an example.
- Mi'ca, *n.* (*L. mico*), a simple mineral of a shining silvery appearance, and capable of being split into very thin laminae or leaves. The brilliant particles in granite are mica.
- Schist, *n.* (*Gr. schizo*), a kind of rock resembling slate in appearance; but differing from it in structure, for slate may be split into *parallel* or *even* laminae or leaves, whereas, in schist, the layers are *uneven*.
- Gryph'ite, *n.* the fossil shell of an extinct species of oyster.
- Am'mon-ite, *n.* the shell of an extinct molluscous animal, so called from its resemblance to the horns on the statue of Jupiter Ammon. These fossils are familiarly named *snakestones*.
- Be-lem'nite, *n.* (*Gr. belemnion, a dart*), the long, straight, chambered, conical shell of an extinct molluscous animal. These shells are often styled thunder-bolts, from their dart-like appearance.
- Aer'o-lite, *n.* (*Gr. aër, lithos*), a stone falling from the air or atmospheric regions; a meteoric stone.

THE gunpowder having loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge of the corresponding phenomena; for the resemblance was no half resemblance—it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a

hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed. I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool, recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the *diluvium* in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river, for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half worn! And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

The immense masses of *diluvium* which we had to clear away, rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and all the party quitted it in a few days, to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years, could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of *granite* and *quartz*, its dizzy precipices of *gneiss*, and its huge masses of *hornblende*; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and *shale*, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little-known, but highly interesting fossils of

the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the beautifully preserved shells and *lignites* of the *Lias* in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock,—*basalts*, iron-stones, *hypersthènes*, *porphyries*, *bituminous shales*, and *micaceous schists*. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north; and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment, I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes, apparently of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found that there might. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting, and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them, that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunder-bolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunder-bolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of

low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and colour from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odour. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of a herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and *gryphites*, and *ammonites*, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least some eight or ten varieties of *belemnite*; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes; and, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralysed by an assemblage of wonders, that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed *ærolites* I had come in quest of, firmly imbedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time, on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture, and it seemed to have parted in the middle, when in a half molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organized very curiously indeed. It was of a conical form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely marked veins like white threads ran transversely through these in its upper half to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which like watch-

glasses, were concave on the underside, and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a *belemnite*, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

IRON AND COAL MINES.

(From Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography.")

Car-bo-ni-fer-ous, *adj.* (*L. carbo, fero*), coal-bearing,—a term especially applied to one of the great systems belonging to the Secondary Period, which comprehends all the principal coal-yielding strata.

Ar-gil-la-ceous, *adj.* (*L. argilla*), clayey,—applied to all rocks or substances composed of clay, or having a considerable proportion of clay in their composition.

Dis-lo-ca'tion, *n.* (*L. dis, locus*), a term used in Geology to express the displacement of a stratum, or series of strata, when thrown out of the original position after being consolidated, apparently by some earthquake or violent convulsion.

Fis'sure, *n.* (*L. fissum, see findo*), cracks or chasms occasionally found in rocks, frequently caused by earthquakes.

THERE are comparatively few coal-mines worked within the tropics; they are mostly in the temperate zones, especially between the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer; and as iron, the most useful of metals, is chiefly found in the *carboniferous* strata, it follows the same distribution. In fact, the most productive iron-mines yet known are in the temperate zones. In the eastern mining district of Siberia, in the valley of the river Vilui, the ores are very rich, and very abundant in many parts of the Altai and Ural. In the latter the mountain of Blagod, at 1534 feet above the sea, is one mass of magnetic iron-ore. Coal and iron are worked in so many parts of Northern China, Japan, India, and Eastern Asia, that it would be tedious to enumerate them.

In Europe the richest mines of iron, like those of coal, lie chiefly north of the Alps. Sweden, Norway, Russia, Germany, Styria, Belgium, and France, all contain it plentifully. In Britain many of the coalfields contain subordinate beds of a rich *argillaceous* iron-ore, interstratified with coal, worked at the same time and in the same manner: besides, there is a substratum of limestone, which serves as a flux for melting the metal. The principal mines lie round Birmingham, in the Staffordshire coalfield, and the great coal-basin of South Wales, about Pontypool and Merthyr Tydvil. There are

extensive iron-mines in Staffordshire, Shropshire, North and South Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Scotland. Altogether there are about 220 mines, which yield iron sufficient for our own enormous consumption and for exportation. These productive mines would have been of no avail had it not been for the abundance of fuel with which the greater part of them in the north of England, Scotland, and Wales are associated—the great source of our national wealth, more precious than mines of gold. Most of the coal-mines would have been inaccessible but for the means which their produce affords of draining them at a small expense. A bushel of coals, which costs only a few pence, in the furnace of a steam-engine, generates a power which in a few minutes will raise 20,000 gallons of water from a depth of 360 feet—an effect which could not be accomplished in a shorter time than a whole day by the continuous labour of twenty men working with the common pump. Yet this circumstance, so far from lessening the demand for human labour, has caused a greater number of men to be employed in the mines.²

The coal strata lie in basins, dipping from the sides towards the centre, which is often at a vast depth below the surface of the ground. The centre of the Liege coal-basin is 21,358 feet, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ geographical miles deep, which is easily estimated from the dip, or inclination, of the strata at the edges, and the extent of the basin. The coal lies in strata of small thickness and great extent. It varies in thickness from 3 to 9 feet, though in some instances several layers come together, and then it is 20 and even 30 feet thick; but these layers are interrupted by frequent *dislocations*, which raise the coal-seam towards the surface. These *fissures*, which divide the coalfield into insulated masses, are filled with clay, so that an accumulation of water takes place, which must be pumped up.

There are three immense coalfields in England. The first lies north of the Trent, and occupies an area of 360 square miles; and although the quantity of coal annually raised in Northumberland and Durham amounts to upwards of three millions of tons, there is enough to last 1000 years. London is chiefly supplied from it. The second or central coalfield, which includes Leicester, Worcester, Stafford, and Shropshire, has an area of 1495 square miles, and supplies the manufactories

² In 1841 there were 196,921 persons employed in the mines of Great Britain and Ireland.

round it, and the midland counties south and east of Derbyshire. The third or western coalfield includes South Wales, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire. The coalfield of South Wales alone is 100 miles long, and 18 or 20 broad. The Workington and Whitehaven coal-mines extend a mile under the sea; several shafts in the latter are 100 fathoms deep; and it is one of the finest in England for extent and thickness of strata, some of the seams being nine feet thick.

The Scotch coalfield occupies the great central low land of Scotland, lying between the southern high lands and the Highland mountains; the whole of that wide tract is occupied by it, besides which there are others of less extent. Coal has been found in seventeen counties in Ireland, but the island contains only four principal coal districts—Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster. Thus there is coal enough in the British islands to last some thousands of years; and were it exhausted, our friends across the Atlantic have enough to supply the world for ages uncountable. Moreover, if science continues to advance at the rate it has lately done, a substitute for coal will probably be discovered before our own mines are worked out.

THE MINER AT WORK.

(From "*The Mining Journal*.")

Shaft, *n.* (*Sax.*) in *mining*, a pit or long narrow opening into a mine. The direction of the shaft is either vertical or much inclined to the horizon. It is never less than 32 inches in diameter, and sometimes amounts to several yards. Its depth may extend to 1000 feet or more.

Lode, *n.* (*Sax.*) among *miners*, any

regular view or course, whether metallic or not, but commonly a metallic vein. The lodes containing metallic ores, are said to be *alive*; those which contain merely lapideous or stony matters, are called *dead lodes*.

Winze, *n.* a small shaft sunk from one level to another, for the purpose of ventilation.

MINES are not all equally wet; but no one can expect to penetrate very far into a mine and emerge dry from it. We have, therefore, to go to the "shifting-room," and attire ourselves in a miner's garb. It consists of a suit of thick flannel, with a stout coat over it, heavy shoes for the feet, and a hat generally made strong enough to "bear a good knock." We must also provide ourselves each with a candle. The candle is stuck into a piece of clay, which again is stuck upon the hat,

which is of the "wide-awake" shape. Thus equipped, we descend the ladders. As we approach the *shaft*, we perceive a steam rising from it. This, we are informed, is the breath of the men at work below. The very mine itself seems to breathe. There are, at least, six hundred men at work beneath our feet, at various depths, some one hundred, some five hundred, and others sixteen hundred feet. The ladder is very narrow, with iron bars, and is well nigh perpendicular. The bars are moist and greasy, from the men passing up and down, which makes us cling all the more firmly, considering the unknown depth of the shaft, and the almost perpendicular position of our means of descent. We bid adieu to daylight almost by the time we have reached the first level. There is no one at work in it, so we descend to the second. We pass it, and several others, until at length we reach the seventh level. We are then about four hundred feet under ground—a sufficient depth to bury St. Paul's. We take the level to our right, and pursue it until we reach the men at their work. There is a tramroad along the level for "running the stuff" to the shaft, so that it can be raised to the surface. In some of the smaller mines this is done by boys with wheelbarrows, which with the exception of working the ventilating machines, is the only purpose to which boys are put below. We proceed about one hundred feet in a horizontal course, when we come upon the miners. When they take a pitch, they generally work it up, not down—that is to say, the men working from the seventh level work up towards the sixth, not down towards the eighth. Their object is to follow the *lode*, and extract the ore from it, disturbing as little of the non-metallic ground as possible. When the lode is wide enough, they work nothing but the lode, leaving the matter on either side untouched. A miner will thus work in a lode only eighteen inches wide; but if it is narrower than that, he has to clear away some of the "country"—which is removing a sufficient quantity of the granite, slate, stone, or other substance which may envelop the lode, to enable him to follow it. Those upon whom we have come are engaged at this work. They are preparing to clear away the granite by blasting it. The hole for the powder is made with a "borer," held by one whilst the other strikes it with a large sledge-hammer. The latter is in a state of profuse perspiration, whilst the other is shivering with cold. They are both completely wet—as, indeed, we are ourselves. The man with the hammer has nothing on but his

flannel trousers. The beatings of his heart, which are quick and strong, strike painfully upon the ear. He seems to be galloping through life—and so he is; for the miner is generally but a short liver. We leave this part of the level, and take that on the other side of the shaft, which we follow for a considerable distance, until we come to a hole, through which we have to crawl on all fours. We then find ourselves at the bottom of a *wins*, which we pass, and pursue the level. The men have worked up for a considerable distance, making stages for themselves as they rise into the lode. The ore is carefully separated from the stuff, and is carried over the tramway to the shaft. Such is the merest outline of the work which the mine exhibits. Space will not permit us to go into details here. We return again to the surface. But to climb a series of perpendicular ladders, reaching as high as St. Paul's, is no joke. We take about half an hour to do it, resting at the different levels as we ascend. We arrive at the top utterly exhausted, and thankful that we have emerged again into daylight.

EXTINCT REPTILES.

(PART I.)

(From the "*Leisure Hour*.")

AMONG the achievements of science, there is no one thing which more deservedly excites our admiration than the restoration of extinct animals. Various writers on geology had shown that the strata of the earth were laid on, one upon another, in a certain and regular succession, and that each class of rock—to use the geological phrase—had its own peculiar suit of exuvæ; but this had not supplied us with the true key with which to unlock the cabinet of nature, and call out from her secret treasury those strange creatures which were produced during the earth's childhood. Cuvier, however, has supplied what was wanting in this respect, and, by a rigid application of comparative anatomy, has enabled us to perfect our natural history by introducing scores of animals of whose existence our fathers knew nothing.

The various strata of the earth are, like the leaves of a book, written all over with instructive lessons, and it is the business of the student to observe these signs and give their true significance. In some instances the bones of an animal

are found imbedded almost entire; at other times, whole beds of shells are found perfectly preserved; and where this is not the case, it often happens that traces of the former inhabitants are discovered. On a thin bed of fine clay, occurring between beds of sandstone, this evidence is frequently preserved. The ripple-mark, the worm-track, the scratching of a crab on the sand, and even the impression of a rain drop, so distinct as to indicate the direction of the wind at the time of the shower—these, and the foot-prints of the bird and reptile, are all stereotyped, and offer an evidence which no argument can gainsay, no prejudice resist, concerning the natural history of a very ancient period of the earth's life; but the wave that made that ripple-mark has long since ceased to wash those shores. For ages has the surface, then exposed, been concealed under a great thickness of strata; the worm and the crab have left no solid fragment to speak of their form or structure; the bird has left no bone that has yet been discovered; the fragments of the reptile are small, imperfect, and extremely rare; still enough is known to determine the fact, and that fact is all the more interesting and valuable from the very circumstances under which it is presented.

But the reconstruction of an animal, when only a small portion of the skeleton is discovered, is a matter of great difficulty, and requires much scientific knowledge. This, however, may be done; and in some cases a single bone is enough to indicate the size and structure of the animal to which it originally belonged. Suppose, for instance, that the jaw-bone of an unknown species of animal were found, it is surprising how much may be learned from it. The teeth will show whether the animal was carnivorous or herbivorous; then, if the teeth were made for tearing flesh, so the claws must be made to lay hold of it; then again, the paws require strong muscles in the forearm, and a corresponding structure of the shoulder; and in this way the general structure of the creature may be determined. We may also descend to some minutiae; for the digestive organs must have a similar relation to the parts before mentioned, and may therefore be inferred from the jaw-bone.

In the older strata, however, of the earth, there are no bones. The rocks are divided into two classes—the Igneous or Plutonic, and the Aqueous or Sedimentary. As the igneous rocks owe their origin to fire, it is impossible that they should

contain the traces of animal life; we must, therefore, look to the sedimentary rocks for those precious treasures. These rocks, viz., the Aqueous or Sedimentary, are again divided into what we call the Primary and Secondary series. The Primary are all stratified, that is, laid one upon another in regular order, but are destitute of organic remains; the Secondary series are, however, rich in those treasures which have enabled men of science to recall the past world to their imagination, and people it with the plants and animals which it once contained.

There are, as may naturally be expected, certain localities in which the remains of animals and vegetables are found in great abundance. Our coalfields are rich in vegetables; nor is there a piece of coal that is consumed in our grate, or that sets the steam-engine in motion, which was not once a vegetable. The remains of an old forest were left, perhaps, like the wreck of a stranded bark, upon the banks of some old lake or river; in process of time it was covered over by a layer of mud; that mud hardened into rock, and was covered by other deposits; and now, when the wood is dug up again, it has been converted into coal, and has become an important element in our civilisation. So great is the care which our heavenly Father exercises over all his children, that not an atom is lost which can add either to their instruction or comfort.

EXTINCT REPTILES.

(PART II.)

TO ILLUSTRATE what we have been saying, it is only necessary that we select some one geological period—say the oolite. Professor Ansted has enabled us to recall this period with great precision; for England was then a fine country, although there were no men in it. Let us suppose ourselves, then, upon the south coast, not far from the Isle of Wight, and we shall find ourselves upon a promontory stretching into the sea. Behind us there is a country covered with brushwood, and the distant hills are clothed with lofty pines. The interior of the country is decked with a forest of magnificent trees, and the most beautiful flowers bloom on thousands of shrubs. Added to this, the whole place teems with life. Looking out into the sea, we shall perceive a huge monster lift his head out of the water to breathe the air. It is the most fearful and terrible of

all the inhabitants of the deep; its jaws are twenty feet long, and as it opens its mouth, it is appalling to think what an engine of destruction it must be, and what a number of living creatures must be devoured daily to support a carcass nearly one hundred feet long, and equal in bulk to more than two hundred fat oxen! He is armed with two large fins, with powerful claws at the ends of them, and will grasp the enormous sharks which abound in the sea and devour them instantly. Such was the *Cetiosaurus*, the largest marine reptile with which we are acquainted.

There are, however, other monsters of great size and strange forms sporting in the water; amongst these, the *Plesiosaurus* has a neck longer than that of any other creature that we are acquainted with, and he swims along with his neck contracted and his head almost hidden in the sea, until an unfortunate bird passes over him within a few feet of the water, when, suddenly darting up his head, he catches his prey; or else, perhaps, some poor fish comes within eight or ten feet of him, and is in like manner a victim.

But, fierce and destructive as this creature is, his companion, the *Ichthyosaurus*, is much more so. This was an air-breathing reptile, upwards of thirty feet long. It was covered, like the whale, with a smooth naked skin, thickly folded under the belly for the purpose of protection. The form of the head, as well as that of the jaws and teeth, was like the crocodile. Its eyes were very large, being eighteen inches across, and adapted to all lights; night and day, deep and shallow water, were all the same, and the open air and deep ocean were alike transparent to it. It moved with difficulty on land, but swam with ease and swiftness in the water, whilst its large and vertical tail made it a strange mixture of the whale, fish, and reptile.

But whilst looking upon the sea, we must not forget the animals that are around us on the land; for there are monsters on the land as strange and fearful as any that inhabit the deep. Indeed, this seems to be the age of monsters; and there are around us reptiles as terrible as the famous dragon of fable, which was slain by our noble St. George.

First and foremost amongst these is a large vegetable-eating reptile, called the *Iguanodon*. The bodies of two of the largest elephants would not make up that enormous carcass. The legs are ten feet high from the foot to the point of the shoulder; it is between sixty and seventy feet long, and—*per parenthesis*—the

specimen restored at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, is sufficiently large to admit of twenty gentlemen dining in the inside of it. It is difficult to give a plain and popular idea of this enormous creature; and a glance at a good picture would do more to give a correct idea of it than a whole page of printed matter would convey. But there are other creatures associated with it, scarcely inferior in size, and more rugged in their form. The *Megalasaurus*, or great sauroid, is amongst the most remarkable of this group; but there are others which are of less size, though of more monstrous shapes. The *Labyrinthodon*, a frog-like reptile, was perhaps the most ugly and grotesque creature that ever breathed; but the *Pterodactylus* was, of all creatures, the most singular.

Still retaining the old coast in our imagination, we may behold the *pterodactylus* sitting on the ground, or standing like a swan, with the long neck resting upon the back to support with ease the heavy head, which is like that of the crocodile. Approach it, and it will rise into the air and fly like a bird, or cling against the cliff like a bat. Whilst you watch it, it will perhaps leave the rock, and, taking to the sea, commence fishing. You will thus perceive that this creature possesses, in the organization of one animal, the head of the crocodile, the neck of the swan, the wings of the bat, a rude resemblance to the hand of a man, and legs and feet which enabled it to swim and walk. In all points of bony structure, from the teeth to the extremity of the nails, it was a reptile, covered with scaly armour, and having a true reptilian heart and circulating organs. But it was at the same time provided in a very admirable way with the means of flying. Its wings, when not in use, were folded back like those of a bird, and it could suspend itself with claws attached to the fingers from the branches of a tree. Its usual position, when not in motion, or suspended, was standing on its hind feet, with its neck set up and curved backward, lest the weight of the enormous head should disturb the equilibrium of the animal. With the huge monsters already described crawling over the land, and tens of thousands of these flying reptiles hovering round the rocks or darkening the air with their wings, England must have been a strange place in the times of the *iguanodon*.

It will thus be seen how much may be learnt from a few bones. A poor workman, in breaking a stone in Tilgate quarry, found the tooth of an *iguanodon* imbedded in it. He

sold it for a pot of beer to a man of science, who soon perceived that it could not have belonged to any known animal. On further search being made, other bones were discovered, and the whole structure of the animal was then known. Near it were found the bones of other creatures who had lived along with it; and gradually, as the light enters a dark room, the whole country thus came back to us peopled with its former inhabitants; and we have only to pause over the picture with the poet and artist, and we may live for a while in these old times—so old that it seems to us as the morning of the world. But the whole are now gone; death has swept them into his garner, and nothing but their bones remain to tell the story of their life.¹

A CONVERSATION ABOUT THE PRECIOUS METALS.

(From Barbauld and Aitken's "Evenings at Home.")

Trans-pa'rent, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. trans,</i>	Min-er-a'l'o-gy, <i>n.</i> (<i>Fr. miner, Gr. logos</i>).
<i>pareo</i>).	
Mal-le-a-bil'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. malleus</i>).	Te-nac'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. teneo</i>).
Duc-til'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. duco</i>).	Co-he'sion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. con, haerum, see haereo</i>).
Fu-sil-bil'i-ty, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. fusum, see fundo</i>).	Al-loy', <i>n.</i> (<i>Fr. allier, L. ad, ligo</i>).

The meanings of these words will be found in the lesson.

TUTOR. If you have a mind I will tell you about metals and their uses.

HARRY. Yes; I should like to hear it of all things.

T. Well, then. First let us consider what a metal is. Do you think you should know one from a stone?

GEORGE. A stone!—Yes I could not mistake a piece of lead or iron for a stone.

T. How would you distinguish it?

G. A metal is bright and shining.

T. True—brilliance is one of their qualities. But glass and crystal are very bright, too.

H. But one may see through glass, and not through a piece of metal.

T. Right. Metals are brilliant, but opaque, or non-trans-

¹ In the minds of many worthy individuals an impression still lingers that geology in its teachings is at variance with the sacred records; but we may feel assured that true science and the word of God never will be found eventually at variance. All the discoveries of late years serve to confirm this truth.

parent. The thinnest plate of metal that can be made, will keep out the light as effectually as a stone wall.

G. Metals are very heavy, too.

T. In general they are; but there are some metals which are lighter than water; these light metals, however, are difficult to be procured, and are more curious than useful. Well, what else?

G. Why, they will bear beating with a hammer, which a stone would not, without flying in pieces.

T. Yes; that property of extending or spreading under the hammer is called *malleability*; and another, like it, is that of bearing to be drawn out into a wire, which is called *ductility*. Metals have both these, and much of their use depends upon them.

G. Metals will melt, too.

T. Yes; all metals will melt, though some require greater heat than others. The property of melting is called *fusibility*. Do you know anything more about them?

G. No; except that they come out of the ground, I believe.

T. That is properly added, for it is the circumstance which makes them rank among minerals. To sum up their character, then, a metal is a brilliant, opaque, heavy, malleable, ductile, and fusible mineral.

G. But what are ores? I remember seeing a heap of iron ore which men were breaking with hammers, and it looked only like stones.

T. The ore of a metal is the state in which it is generally met with in the earth, when it is so mixed and combined with stony and other matters, as not to show its proper qualities as a metal. It was probably accident that in the early ages discovered that certain minerals by the force of fire might be made to yield a metal. The experiment was repeated on other minerals; so that in length of time all the different metals were found out, and all the different forms in which they lie concealed in the ground. The knowledge of this is called *Mineralogy*, and a very important science it is.

G. Yes, I suppose so; for metals are very valuable things. Our next neighbour, Mr. Sterling, I have heard, gets a great deal of money every year from his mines in Wales.

T. He does. The mineral riches of some countries are much superior to that of their products above ground, and the revenues of many kings are in great part derived from their mines.

H. I suppose they must be gold and silver mines.

T. Those, to be sure, are the most valuable, if the metals are found in tolerable abundance. But do you know why they are so?

H. Because money is made of gold and silver.

T. That is a principal reason, no doubt. But these metals have intrinsic properties that make them highly valuable, else probably they would not have been chosen in so many countries to make money of. In the first place, gold and silver are both perfect metals, which are indestructible in the fire. Other metals, if kept a considerable time in the fire, change by degrees into a powdery or scaly matter, called a calx, or oxide. You may see, when you have heated the poker red-hot, some scales separate from it, which are brittle and drossy.

H. Yes—the kitchen poker is almost burnt away by being put into the fire.

T. Well, most metals undergo these changes, except gold and silver; but these, if kept ever so long in the hottest fire, sustain no loss or change. They are therefore called perfect metals. Gold has several other remarkable properties. It is a very heavy metal.

H. What, is it heavier than lead?

T. Yes—above half as heavy again. It is between nineteen and twenty times heavier than an equal bulk of water. Gold, too, is the most ductile of all metals. You have seen leaf-gold, which is made by beating a plate of gold placed between pieces of skin, with heavy hammers, till it is spread out to the utmost degree of thinness. And so great is its capacity for being extended, that a single grain of the metal, which would be scarce bigger than a large pin's head, is beat out to a surface of fifty square inches.

G. That is wonderful indeed! but I know leaf-gold must be very thin, for it will almost float upon the air.

T. By drawing gold out on a wire, it may be still farther extended. The gold of a guinea, may thus be made to reach above nine miles and a half. This property in gold of being capable of extension to so extraordinary a degree, is owing to its great *tenacity* or *cohesion* of particles, which is such, that you can scarcely break a piece of gold-wire by twisting it; and a wire of gold will sustain a greater weight than one of any other metal, equally thick.

H. Then it would make very good wire for hanging bells.

T. It would ; but such bell-hanging would come rather too dear. Another valuable quality of gold is its fine colour. It will keep its colour fresh for a great many years in a pure and clear air.

G. But is not gold soft ? I have seen pieces of gold bent double.

T. Yes ; it is next in softness to lead, and therefore when it is made into coin, or used for any common purposes, it is mixed with a small proportion of some other metal, in order to harden it. This compound metal is called an alloy. Our gold coin has one-twelfth part of *alloy*, which is a mixture of silver and copper.

G. How beautiful new gold coin is !

T. Yes—scarce any metal takes a stamp or impression better ; and it is capable of a very fine polish.

G. What countries yield the most gold ?

T. South America, the East Indies, and the coast of Africa. Europe affords but little ; yet a moderate quantity is got every year from Hungary. Great quantities are now obtained in California in America, and more especially in Australia.

H. But what a fine thing it would be to find a gold mine on one's estate !

T. Perhaps not so fine as you imagine, for many a one does not pay the cost of working. A coal pit would probably be a better thing.

G. For my part, I will be content with a silver mine.

H. But we have none of those in England, I suppose.

T. We have no silver mines properly so called, but silver is procured in some of our lead mines. There are, however, pretty rich silver mines in various parts of Europe ; but the richest of all are at Potosi, in Peru, in South America. Shall I now tell you some of the properties of silver ?

G. Yes ; if you please.

T. It is one of the perfect metals. It is also as little liable to rust as gold, though indeed it readily gets tarnished.

G. Does silver melt easily ?

T. Silver and gold both melt with more difficulty than lead ; not till they are above a common red-heat. As to the weight of silver, it is nearly one-half less than that of gold, being only eleven times the weight of water.

H. Is quicksilver a kind of silver ?

T. It takes its name from silver, being very like it in colour; but in reality it is a very different thing, and one of the most singular of the metal kind.

G. It is not malleable, I am sure.

T. Not when it is quick or fluid, as it always is in our climate. But a very great degree of cold makes it solid, and then it is malleable, like other metals.

G. What a weight quicksilver is! I remember taking up a bottle full of it, and I had like to have dropt it again, it was so much heavier than I expected.

T. Yes, it is one of the heaviest of the metals—about fifteen times heavier than water.

H. Is mercury of much use.

T. Yes—for a variety of purposes in the arts, which I cannot now very well explain to you. But you will perhaps be surprised to hear that one of the finest red paints is made from quicksilver.

G. A red paint!—which is that?

T. Vermilion or cinnabar, which is a particular combination of sulphur with quicksilver.

H. Is quicksilver found in this country?

T. No. The greatest quantity comes from Spain, Istria, (a peninsula in N. of Adriatic Sea), and South America. It is a considerable object of commerce, and bears a high value, though much inferior to silver. Well—so much for metals at present. We will talk of the rest on some future opportunity.

ON THE DISCOVERIES OF SCIENTIFIC CHEMISTRY.

(SIR HUMPHREY DAVY).

Chem'is-try, *kim'is-try*, *n.* (*Arabic, kimia*, the secret art), the science that investigates the nature and properties of the elements of matter, and their mutual actions and combinations—which ascertains the proportions in which these elements unite, and the modes of separating them when united,—and which inquires into the laws that preside over all changes in the constitution of matter, whether effected by heat, light, or electricity. As a science, it is connected with all the

phenomena of nature, the causes of rain, snow, hail, dew, wind, and earthquakes. It has been called in to the aid of the culinary arts; and its importance in agriculture, in medicine, and the arts of dyeing, bleaching, tanning, and glass-making, is universally acknowledged.

Cal-ca're-ous, *adj.* (*L. calx*), partaking of the nature of chalk or lime.

Ce-ru'le-um, *n.* (*L.*), sky-colour; blue.

Al'chy-my, *n.* (*Arabic, kimia*), a

visionary science, much cultivated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which professed to discover the art of transmuting all metals into gold—of producing a universal medicine, or panacea—and other things

equally ridiculous. The labours of the alchymist, although absurd as to their objects, were yet the means of gradually forming a collection of facts, that led ultimately to the establishment of scientific chemistry.

I WILL readily allow, that accident has had much to do with the origin of the arts, as with the progress of the sciences. But it has been by scientific processes and experiments that these accidental results have been rendered really applicable to the purposes of common life. Besides, it requires a certain degree of knowledge and scientific combination to understand and seize upon the facts which have originated in accident. It is certain, that in all fires alkaline substances and sand are fused together and clay hardened; yet for ages after the discovery of fire, glass and porcelain were unknown, till some men of genius profited by scientific combination often observed but never applied. It suits the indolence of those minds which never attempt anything, and which probably, if they did attempt anything, would not succeed, to refer to accident that which belongs to genius. In the progress of an art, from its rudest to its most perfect state, the whole process depends upon experiments. Science is, in fact, nothing more than the refinement of common sense making use of facts already known to acquire new facts. Clays, which are yellow, are known to burn red; *calcareous* earth renders flint fusible—the persons who have improved earthenware made their selections accordingly. Iron was discovered at least one thousand years before it was rendered malleable; and from what Herodotus says of this discovery, there can be little doubt that it was developed by a scientific worker in metals. Vitruvius tells us, that the *ceruleum*, a colour made of copper, which exists in perfection in all the old paintings of the Greeks and Romans, and on the mummies of the Egyptians, was discovered by an Egyptian king; there is, therefore, every reason to believe that it was not the result of accidental combination, but of experiments made for producing or improving colours. Amongst the ancient philosophers many discoveries were attributed to Democritus and Anaxagoras; and, connected with chemical arts, the narrative of the inventions of Archimedes alone, by Plutarch, would seem to show how great is the effect of science in

creating power. In modern times the refining of sugar, the preparation of nitre, the manufacturing of acids, salts, &c., are all results of pure chemistry. Take gunpowder as a specimen; no person but a man infinitely diversifying his processes and guided by analogy could have made such a discovery. Look into the books of the *alchymists*, and some idea may be formed of the effects of experiments. It is true, these persons were guided by false views, yet they made most useful researches; and Lord Bacon has justly compared them to the husbandman, who, searching for an imaginary treasure, fertilized the soil. They might likewise be compared to persons who, looking for gold, discover the fragments of beautiful statues, which separately are of no value, and which appear of little value to the persons who found them; but which, when selected and put together by artists, and their defective parts supplied, are found to be wonderfully perfect and worthy of conservation. Look to the progress of the arts since they have been enlightened by a system of science, and observe with what rapidity they have advanced. Again, the steam engine in its rudest form was the result of a chemical experiment; in its refined state, it required the combinations of all the most recondite principles of chemistry and mechanics, and that excellent philosopher who has given this wonderful instrument of power to civil society, was led to the great improvements he made, by the discoveries of a kindred genius on the heat absorbed when water becomes steam, and of the heat evolved when the steam becomes water. Even the most superficial observer must allow in this case a triumph of science, for what a wonderful impulse has this invention given to the progress of the arts and manufactures in our country! how much has it diminished labour, how much has it increased the real strength of the country! Acting as it were with a thousand hands, it has multiplied our active population, and receiving its elements of activity from the bowels of the earth, it performs operations which formerly were painful, oppressive, and unhealthy to the labourers, with regularity and constancy, and gives security and precision to the efforts of the manufacturer. And the inventions connected with the steam engine, at the same time that they have greatly diminished labour of body, have tended to increase power of mind and intellectual resources. Adam Smith well observes that manufacturers are always more ingenious than husbandmen; and manufacturers who use machinery will probably always be

found more ingenious than handicraft manufacturers. You spoke of porcelain as a result of accident; the improvements invented in this country, as well as those made in Germany and France, have been entirely the result of chemical experiments, the Dresden and the Sèvres manufactories have been the work of men of science, and it was by multiplying his chemical researches that Wedgwood was enabled to produce at so cheap a rate those beautiful imitations, which, while they surpass the ancient vases in solidity and perfection of material, equal them in elegance, variety, and tasteful arrangement of their forms. In another department, the use of the electrical conductor was a purely scientific combination, and the sublimity of the discovery of the American philosopher was only equalled by the happy application he immediately made of it. In our own times it would be easy to point out numerous instances in which great improvements and beneficial results connected with the comforts, the happiness, and even life of our fellow-creatures, have been the results of scientific combinations; but I cannot do this without constituting myself a judge of the works of philosophers who are still alive, whose researches are known, whose labours are respected, and who will receive from posterity praises that their contemporaries hardly dare to bestow upon them.

A CHEMICAL TEA LECTURE.

(*"Evenings at Home."*)

In-fu'sion, n. (<i>L. fusum</i> , see <i>fundo</i>).	Sat'u-ra-ted, adj. (<i>L. satis</i>).
De-coc'tion, n. (<i>L. de, coquo</i>).	Vol'a-tile, adj. (<i>L. volātum</i> , see <i>volo</i>).
Mac-er-a'tion, n. (<i>L. macer</i>).	Ex'tract, n. (<i>L. ex, tractum</i> , see
Sol'u-ble, adj. (<i>L. solūtum</i> , see <i>solvo</i>).	<i>traho</i>).
E-vap-o-ra'tion, n. (<i>L. vapor</i>).	Con-densed', adj. (<i>L. densus</i>).
Ex-ha-la'tion, n. (<i>L. ex, halo</i>).	Dis-til-la'tion, n. (<i>L. stilla</i>).

The meanings of these words will be found in the lesson.

TUTOR. Come: the tea is ready. Lay by your book, and let us talk a little. You have often assisted in making tea, but perhaps have never considered what kind of an operation it is.

PUPIL. An operation of cookery, is it not?

T. You may call it so; but it is properly an operation of chemistry.

P. Of chemistry! I thought that that had been a very deep sort of a business.

T. O there are many things in common life that belong to the deepest of sciences. Making tea is the chemical operation called *infusion*, which is, when a hot liquor is poured upon a substance in order to extract something from it. The water, you see, extracts from the tea-leaves their colour and flavour.

P. Would not cold water do the same?

T. It would, but more slowly. Heat assists almost all liquors in their power of extracting the virtues of herbs and other substances. Thus, good housewives formerly used to boil their tea, in order to get all the goodness from it as completely as possible. The greater heat and agitation of boiling makes the water act more powerfully. The liquor in which a substance has been boiled is called a *decoction* of that substance.

P. Then we had a decoction of mutton at dinner to-day.

T. We had—broth is a decoction, and gruel and barley-water are decoctions.

P. And ink—

T. No—the materials of which ink is composed are steeped in a cold liquor, which operation is termed *maceration*. In all these cases, you see, the whole substance does not mix with the liquor, but only part of it. The reason of which is, that part of it is *soluble* in the liquor, and part not.

P. What do you mean by soluble?

T. Solution is when a solid put into a fluid entirely disappears in it, leaving the liquor clear. Thus, when I throw this lump of sugar into my tea, you see it gradually wastes away till it is all gone, the tea remaining as clear as before, though I can tell by the taste that the sugar is dispersed through all parts of it. The body which thus disappears, is said to be soluble, and the liquor it dissolves in, is called the solvent, or menstruum.

P. Salt is a soluble substance.

T. Yes. But what if I were to throw a lump of chalk into some water?

P. It would make the water white.

T. While you stirred it—no longer; afterwards it would sink undissolved to the bottom.

P. Chalk, then, is not soluble.

T. No, not in water; when stirred up in a liquor so as to cause it to lose its transparency, it is said to be diffused. Now, suppose you had a mixture of sugar, salt, chalk, and tea-leaves, and were to throw it into water, either hot or cold; what would be the effect?

P. The sugar and salt would disappear, being dissolved. The tea-leaves would yield their colour and taste. And the chalk—

T. The chalk would sink to the bottom with the tea-leaves, unless the water were stirred, when it would be rendered turbid or muddy. After the operation, the tea-leaves, if dried and weighed, would be found to have lost part of their weight, and the water would have gained it.

P. When I observed that chalk was insoluble, you said pointedly, in water it is: I suppose, then, that in some other liquid it is soluble.

T. Yes—in acids; that is, in vinegar and other liquids of a similar class. Indeed, in proper menstrua, not only is chalk soluble, but most other bodies; even the metals, those solid and seemingly indestructible bodies, by being put into certain liquids, become converted into transparent fluids.

P. How exceedingly curious!

T. It is. Upon this principle are founded many curious matters in the arts. Thus, spirit-varnish is made of a solution of various gums or resins in spirits, that will not dissolve in water. Therefore, when it has been laid over any substance with a brush, and is become dry, the rain or the moisture of the air will not affect it. This is the case with the beautiful varnish laid upon coaches. On the other hand, the varnish left by gum-water could not be washed off by spirits.

P. I remember, when I made gum-water, upon setting the cup in a warm place, the water all dried away, and left the gum just as it was before. Would the same happen if I had sugar or salt dissolved in the water.

T. Yes, upon exposing the solution to warmth, it would dry away, and you would get back your salt or sugar in a solid state, as before.

P. But if I were to do so with a cup of tea, what should I get?

T. Not tea-leaves, certainly! But your question makes a few observations necessary. It is the property of heat to make most things fly off in vapour, which is called *evaporation*, or *exhalation*. But this it does in very different degrees to different substances. Some are easily made to evaporate; others with more difficulty, and others not at all by the most violent fire we raise. Fluids in general are easily evaporable; but not equally so. Spirit of wine flies off in vapour much

sooner than water ; so that if you had a mixture of the two, by applying a gentle heat you might drive off almost all the spirit, while the greater part of the water would remain. Water, again, is more evaporable than oil. Some solid substances are much disposed to evaporate ; thus, smelling-salts by a little heat may entirely be driven away in the air. But, in general, solids are more fixed than fluids ; and, therefore, when a solid is dissolved in a fluid, it may commonly be recovered again by evaporation. It is by this operation that common salt is obtained from sea-water and salt-springs, either by the artificial application of heat, or by the natural heat of the sun. When a quantity of water contains as much salt as it will dissolve, it is called a *saturated* solution ; upon evaporating which a little, the salt begins to assume the solid state, forming little regular masses called crystals. Sugar may be made in like manner to form crystals, and then it is sugar-candy. But, now to your question about tea. On exposing it to considerable heat, those fine particles in which its flavour consists, being as *volatile* or evaporable as the water, would fly off along with it ; and when the infusion came to dryness, there would be left only those particles in which its roughness and colour consist. This would make what is called an extract of a plant.

P. What becomes of the water that evaporates ?

T. A very proper question—it ascends into the air, and unites with it, causing it to become moist or dewy. But if, however, the vapour in its way happen to be stopped by any cold body, it is *condensed*—that is, it returns to the state of water again. Lift up the lid of the tea-pot, and you will see water collected on the inside of it, which is the condensed steam which rises from the hot tea beneath it. Hold a spoon or knife in the way of the steam which bursts out from the spout of the tea-kettle, and you will find it immediately covered with drops of water. This operation of turning a liquid into vapour, and then condensing it, is called *distillation*. For this purpose, the vessel in which the liquor is heated is closely covered with another called the head, into which the steam rises and is condensed. It is then drawn off by means of a pipe from this vessel called a still, into another called a receiver. In this way all sweet-scented and aromatic liquors are drawn from fragrant vegetables by means of water or spirits. The fragrant part being very volatile, rises along with the steam of the water or spirit, and remains united with it after it is condensed. Rose-water and spirit of lavender are liquors of this kind.

P. I think I have heard of making salt water fresh by means of distillation.

T. Yes, that is an old discovery lately revived. The salt in sea-water being of a fixed nature, does not rise with the steam; and, therefore, on condensing the steam, the water is found to be fresh. And this indeed is the method nature employs in raising water by exhalation from the ocean, which, collecting in clouds, is condensed in the cold regions of the air, and falls down in rain.—But our tea is done; so we will now put an end to our chemical lecture.

SECTION VII.

NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTION, ALLEGORY, &c.

STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NO OBSERVATION is more common, and, at the same time, more true, than “that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half live.” The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. The great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity. But he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity,—who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference,—is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor’s jacket, and begging at one of the

outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier,—for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit,—scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows :—

“As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks ; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot ; but, thank Heaven ! it is not so bad with me yet.

“I was born in Shropshire. My father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old ; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born ; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all ; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters ; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet : and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that ? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door ; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late ; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself ; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

“In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none ; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me ; and I believe the Evil One put it in my head to fling my stick at it :—well, what will you have on't ?—I killed the

hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of myself. But, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London, to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, you may be sure. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters; and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time had expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more; so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a pressgang. I was carried before the justice; and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I

here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war; and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money. But the government wanted men; and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I wanted to be idle. But I knew nothing of sea-business; and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest; and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentry's brains? 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he; 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the clothes I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen.

"Though we had no arms, we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the 'Dorset' privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the 'Pompadour' privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men

left behind ; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French ; and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest : but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the 'Viper.' I had almost forgot to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places : I lost four fingers of the left hand ; and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life. But that was not my chance ; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God ! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, Property, and Old England for ever, huzza !"

Thus saying he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content. Nor could I avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

GENERAL HARBOTTLE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE HALL was thrown into some little agitation, a few days since by the arrival of General Harbottle. He had been expected for several days, and looked for, rather impatiently, by several of the family. Master Simon assured me that I would like the general hugely, for he was a blade of the old school, and an excellent table companion. Lady Lillycraft, also, appeared to be somewhat fluttered, on the morning of the general's arrival, for he had been one of her early admirers ; and she recollected him only as a dashing young ensign, just come upon the town. She actually spent an hour longer at her toilette, and made her appearance with her hair uncommonly frizzed and powdered, and an additional quantity of rouge. She was evidently a little surprised and shocked, therefore, at finding the lithe dashing ensign transformed into a corpulent old general, with a double chin ; though it was a perfect picture to witness their salutations ; the graciousness of her profound courtesy, and the air of the old school with which the general took off his hat, swayed it gently in his hand, and bowed his powdered head.

All this bustle and anticipation has caused me to study the general with a little more attention than, perhaps, I should otherwise have done; and the few days that he has already passed at the Hall have enabled me, I think, to furnish a tolerable likeness of him to the reader.

He is, as Master Simon observed, a soldier of the old school, with powdered head, side locks, and pigtail. His face is shaped like the stern of a Dutch man-of-war, narrow at top, and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks and a double chin; so that to use the cant of the day, his organs of eating may be said to be powerfully developed.

The general, though a veteran, has seen very little active service, except the taking of Seringapatam, which forms an era in his history. He wears a large emerald in his bosom, and a diamond on his finger, which he got on that occasion, and whoever is unlucky enough to notice either, is sure to involve himself in the whole history of the siege. To judge from the general's conversation, the taking of Seringapatam is the most important affair that has occurred for the last century.

On the approach of warlike times on the continent, he was rapidly promoted to get him out of the way of younger officers of merit; until, having been hoisted to the rank of general, he was quietly laid on the shelf. Since that time his campaigns have been principally confined to watering-places; where he drinks the waters for a slight touch of the liver which he got in India; and plays whist with old dowagers, with whom he has flirted in his younger days. Indeed he talks of all the fine women of the last half-century, and according to hints which he now and then drops, has enjoyed the particular smiles of many of them.

He has seen considerable garrison duty, and can speak of almost every place famous for good quarters, and where the inhabitants give good dinners. He is a diner-out of first-rate currency, when in town; being invited to one place, because he had been seen at another. In the same way he is invited about the country-seats, and can describe half the seats in the kingdom, from actual observation; nor is any one better versed in court gossip, and the pedigrees and intermarriages of the nobility.

As the general is an old bachelor, and an old beau, and there are several ladies at the Hall, especially his quondam flame Lady Lillycraft, he is put rather upon his gallantry. He commonly

passes some time, therefore, at his toilette, and takes the field at a late hour every morning, with his hair dressed out and powdered, and a rose in his button-hole. After he has breakfasted, he walks up and down the terrace in the sunshine, humming an air, and hemming between every stave, carrying one hand behind his back, and with the other touching his cane to the ground, and then raising it up to his shoulder. Should he, in these morning promenades, meet any of the elder ladies of the family, as he frequently does Lady Lillycraft, his hat is immediately in his hand, and it is enough to remind one of those courtly groups of ladies and gentlemen, in old prints of Windsor-terrace, or Kensington-garden.

He talks frequently about "the service," and is fond of humming the old song,

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy boys !
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die.

I cannot discover, however, that the general has ever ran any great risk of dying, except from an apoplexy, or an indigestion. He criticises all the battles on the continent, and discusses the merits of the commanders, but never fails to bring the conversation, ultimately, to Tippoo Saib and Seringapatam. I am told that the general was a perfect champion at drawing-rooms, parades, and watering-places, during the late war, and was looked to with hope and confidence by many an old lady, when labouring under the terror of Bonaparte's invasion.

He is thoroughly loyal, and attends punctually on levees when in town. He has treasured up many remarkable sayings of the late king, particularly one which the king made to him on a field-day, complimenting him on the excellence of his horse. He extols the whole royal family, but especially the present king, whom he pronounces the most perfect gentleman and best whist-player in Europe.

At table his royalty waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and the song of "God save the King" puts him into a perfect ecstasy. He is amazingly well contented with the present state of things, and apt to get a little impatient at any talk about national ruin and agricultural distress. He says he has travelled about the country as much as any man, and has met with nothing but prosperity ; and to confess the truth, a great part of his time is spent in visiting from one

country-seat to another, and riding about the parks of his friends. "They talk of public distress," said the general this day to me at dinner, as he smacked a glass of rich burgundy, and cast his eyes about the ample board; "they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, sir? I see none. I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word for it, sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug?"

THE FLAX, OR THE STORY OF A LIFE.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE FLAX stood in full bloom; its flowers were of a delicate blue, soft as the wing of a moth, but far more beautiful! The sun shone upon the Flax, and the summer rain descended on it; and this was good for the plant, even as it is for a little child to be bathed in pure water and then to receive its fond mother's kiss. The babe looks all the more lovely afterwards, and thus it was also with the Flax.

"People say that I am grown so tall and so beautiful," said the Flax, "and that the finest and best linen may be woven out of me: now, am I not happy? Truly, I am the most fortunate of beings; for all is bright and well with me now, and hereafter, I may hope also to be useful to others. How joyous is the sunshine, and how refreshing the rain! Oh, I am unspeakably happy, the very happiest of beings!"

"Yes, yes," replied a stout twig in the neighbouring hedge, "you know nothing of the world; but we do, to our cost, when our knotted stems are cut down;" so saying he croaked out the following old rhyme:—

"Schnipp-schnapp-schnerre
Basselerre,
The song is o'er."

"Nay, it is not o'er," rejoined the Flax; "in the morning the sun shines, or else the falling rain does me good. I feel that I am growing, and that my flowers are still in bloom. Oh, I am so happy, so very happy!"

But one day there came people, who seizing the Flax by its head, pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then, it was laid in water that it might become soft; and then it was placed over a slow fire as if it was to be baked. Oh, it was sad work!

"One cannot expect to be always prosperous," said the Flax; "one must suffer now and then; and thereby, perhaps, a little wisdom may be gained."

But matters seemed to grow worse and worse: after the Flax had been soaked and baked it was beaten and hackled: neither could it guess the meaning of all that was inflicted. At length it was placed on the spinning-wheel—whizz, whizz, whizz! It was not easy to collect one's thoughts in this position.

"I have been extremely happy," thought the patient Flax amid all its sufferings; "one ought to be contented with the good things one has already enjoyed. Contentment, contentment, oh!" The words were scarcely uttered when the well-spun thread was placed in the loom. The whole of the Flax, even to the last fibre, was used in the manufacture of a single piece of fine linen.

"Well, this is really extraordinary; I never could have expected it! How favourable fortune is to me! The old thorn-stick was a sad croaker when he said,—

'Schnipp-schnapp-schnerre
Baselerre,
The song is o'er.'

For the song is by no means o'er, indeed it seems only to be begun. It is really wonderful! What have I ever done to deserve so happy a fate? Oh, I am the most fortunate of beings! My web is so stout and so fine—so white and so smooth! This is quite another thing from being merely a plant, bearing flowers indeed, but untended by man, and watered only when the rain fell upon me from heaven. Now, I am waited on and cared for. Each morning does the neat-handed maiden turn me over; and in the evening I receive a rain-bath out of the bright green watering-pot; yes, and the pastor's lady herself has been talking of me, and says I am the best piece in the whole parish. I could not be happier than I am."

Now was the piece of linen carried into the house; then submitted to the scissors; oh, how unmercifully was it nicked and cut, and stitched with needles! That was by no means agreeable; but from this single piece were cut twelve linen garments of that sort which one does not gladly name, but which all men desire to possess.

"Only see, now! I have at length become really useful; and this, surely, was my true destiny. Oh, what a blessing is

this, that I am allowed to produce something that is needful to mankind! and when one is permitted to do so, it is a source of the purest satisfaction. We are now become twelve pieces, and yet, we are all one and the same. We are a dozen! What extraordinary good fortune is this!

And years passed on, and the linen was now quite worn out.

"I shall very soon be laid aside," said each one of the garments; "I would gladly have lasted longer, but one must not desire impossibilities."

So they were torn into stripes and shreds; and it seemed as if, now, all was over with the worn-out linen, for it was hacked and soaked and baked; and what more it scarcely knew until it became fine white paper.

"Well, this is a surprise—a delightful surprise!" said the paper. "Now am I still finer than before; and of course I shall be written upon. Yes! Who can tell what glorious thoughts may be inscribed upon my leaves? This is, indeed, an unlooked for happiness!"

And so it turned out, truly, that the most beautiful tales and poetry were written upon the paper; and some of it came into the hands of a worthy pastor—that was a peculiar happiness; for many people listened to the words he had noted down, and they were so wise and so good that they made men wiser and better than they were before. A blessing seemed to rest upon the words written on this paper.

"This is more than ever I ventured to dream of when I was a simple little blue flower growing in the field. How, indeed, could it have occurred to me that at a future time I should be the messenger of wisdom and of joy to mankind? It is almost inconceivable to me, and yet it is truly so. Each time, when I thought within myself, now, indeed, 'the song is o'er,' then did it speedily rise to a higher and better strain. Now, I shall doubtless go on my travels, and be sent throughout the world, that all men may become acquainted with my contents.

But the paper was not destined to set out on its travels, for it was sent to the printing-press; and there all its writing was printed in a book, or rather in many hundred books, so that an infinitely larger share of knowledge and amusement resulted from its circulation than if the written paper had been sent travelling round the world, when it would have been worn out before half its journey was accomplished.

"Well, this is truly a most sensible arrangement," thought the written paper; "never could such an idea have entered my imagination. Now am I left at home, and honoured almost like an aged grandfather, which in fact I am, of all those new books, and they will do so much more good in the world: therefore was it that I could not be permitted to set out on my travels. I have, indeed, been kindly cared for by him who wrote the whole; and every word which flowed out of his pen has entered into my substance and become part of my very self. I am surely the very happiest of beings.

Then was the paper gathered in a bundle and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

"After the completion of a work it is good to repose awhile," said the paper, "it is well to collect one's thoughts now and then, and to meditate on that which dwells within. For the first time in my life I now begin to understand aright what I was intended for, and to know one's self is the truest progress. What may be about to befall me now I cannot tell, but hitherto each change has been an onward step. Onwards, ever onwards, is my destiny. This have I learned by past experience."

And so it happened one day that the whole bundle of paper was taken out of the barrel and laid upon the hearth in order that it might be burned there, for it was thought a pity to sell it to the huckster for the purpose of wrapping up sugar and butter in its leaves. All the children in the house stood round about because they wished to see the paper burning; it flamed up magnificently, and afterwards were seen countless red sparks darting hither and thither, and one after the other going out so swiftly—so swiftly. Then cried out one of the little ones "Come and see the children out of school!" and the last spark was the schoolmaster. It often seemed as if the last one was extinguished, but instantly another spark would gleam out, and then came the cry, "There goes the schoolmaster again." Yes, they were quite well acquainted with him; they only wished to know whither he went! We shall come to know it, but they knew it not. All the old paper, the whole bundle, was laid upon the fire, and quickly did it kindle. "Uh, uh!" said the burning paper, and flickered up into clear bright flames. "Uh, uh!" It was by no means pleasant thus to consume away; but when the whole mass was lighted into one vast glowing flame it rose up so high into the air, higher far than the tiny blue

flower ever could have aspired to do, and shone as the fine white linen never could have pretended to do in its most glossy days. That was fun indeed; and the children sang beside the dark dead ashes the old-fashioned rhyme,—

“ Schnipp-schnapp-schernerre
Bassalerre,
The song is o'er.”

But the little airy invisible beings spoke in another strain, saying, “The song is by no means o'er, its sweetest part but just begins.”

“I know it, and am, therefore, still the happiest of beings.”

The children, however, could neither hear nor understand that; neither was it to be expected of them, for children are not intended to know everything.

1. Describe the flax in the field.
2. What said the flax while blooming in the field?
3. What said the grumbling twig?
4. Did the flax admit that its career was over?
5. What apparent misfortune now befel the flax?
6. What painful steps brought it to the spinning wheel?
7. What reflections comforted the trusting flax now?
8. What was the end of all this tearing and spinning?
9. Who bought the piece of linen?
10. What was done to it, and what made from it?
11. In what state were the linen garments after some years?
12. What was made from the worn-out linen?
13. Into whose hands did some of the

- paper come?
14. What sort of words did the pastor write on the paper?
15. What said the manuscript on being left at home?
16. When thrown into the barrel as waste paper did the flax despair?
17. For what did this repose afford opportunity?
18. Why were the children gathered round the hearth?
19. What was the last spark called?
20. What did the children want to know about the schoolmaster?
21. Can you tell where he went, or in other words, where sanctified affliction leads?
22. What do trials become in the case of the christian?
23. Where does death convey the believer?
24. Who will quote the words of Acts xiv. 22? and also 2nd Cor. iv. 17?

THE PRISONER AND THE WHITE DOVE.

DR. BOWRING.

PERHAPS you have heard of General Rafael Riego; he was well known during the war of independence in the Peninsula, and still better after he and Quiroga had headed an insurrection of the Spanish troops in the Isla de Leon, and set up against the despotism of Ferdinand VII.* a popular representative government. I was then a traveller in Spain, and saw the constitutional monuments erected in many of the towns and cities amidst the acclamations of the people. At that time Riego was absolutely the idol of the nation; he was a man of gentle manners, kind

* Ferdinand VII. of Spain, born 1784, died 1838.

affections, and made to be loved. But in those political vicissitudes through which men almost always are doomed to pass when struggling for political change, Riego perished—perished on the scaffold. One of his aid-de-camps was an Irishman, named George Matthewes.

It happened that many Englishmen were engaged in these contests, which ended in the subjugation of freedom and the re-establishment of despotic power; and many of these Englishmen occupied the prisons of Spain. I was called upon to inquire into the fate of one of them, who was believed to be immured in the dungeons of the Spanish capital. I employed a banker of some influence to ascertain whether any Englishman, who corresponded to the description I gave of the party, was really confined in any of the jails of Madrid. He could not be found, notwithstanding the most anxious and persevering search of my friend. But while he was engaged in his investigations, a dirty memorandum was put into his hand by a soldier who was guarding one of the condemned cells in which a human being had been long kept in solitary confinement—excluded from all communication, except such verbal conversation as, in opposition to the orders of his superior, might be charitably entered on by the soldier stationed at the door of the cell. No writing materials—no pen, ink, or paper—no means of intercourse with any person beyond the four walls of the dungeon, were ever allowed to the unhappy prisoner. The name of the prisoner was unknown to his guard; all he knew was that he had been captured with Riego, and confined in the cell adjacent to that from whence Riego had been led out to execution; but the soldier had mentioned to the prisoner that inquiries had been made about an Englishman of the name of Harper, and the answer had been, that no such person was within the prison walls. The prisoner entreated the soldier to convey the scrap of paper that he gave him to the gentleman who had been making the inquiries: he consented to do so; the banker received it, and sent it to me. It was signed "George Matthewes." It was scarcely legible; but it stated that the writer had been long in solitary confinement, without accusation, without judgment, yet in apprehension of sentence of death, and that he was an Englishman.

Mr. Canning was then Prime Minister. I wrote to him immediately, and a despatch was sent off without delay to Madrid, directing the British minister to claim the person

who, without the forms of legal proceeding, had been thus arbitrarily detained. The intervention was successful, and the prisoner was released.

He accompanied the returning messenger to England; he brought with him the funeral mementos of Riego—the pocket-handkerchief with which he wiped his last mortal but manly tears—and gave it to his widow. Poor thing! she was then drooping like a lily on its stem, fair and pure; and the weight of grief soon overwhelmed a broken heart, and loosened the silver cord of an existence attenuated by long disease. I remember her, a saint-like beauty, disassociated, as it were, from earth.

Matthewes brought with him one other treasure—it was a white dove. While excluded from all knowledge of what was passing in the world, hopeless of ever communicating his forlorn condition to any living soul, that dove had flown into his cell. He plucked a feather from its wing, and, with his teeth and nails, shaped it into a pen. He made ink of the filth he gathered in the corners of his miserable abode; he tore out the lining of his hat, on which he wrote the account that led to his deliverance—that was the memorandum I received. What became of the dove I know not; but George Matthewes died some years afterwards, a prisoner in Portugal.

THE TURKISH BATH.

(From the "Family Tutor.")

THE TURKISH bath is one of the greatest luxuries enjoyed by the Easterns. The rich have baths in their own houses, but they go to the public ones occasionally, to chat, or meet their friends; and the private baths being necessarily small, are incapable of accommodating more than six or eight persons at a time, so that on grand occasions, fairs, feasts, &c., the women are obliged to hire one of the public baths. Some large towns have a bath for the women, and another for the men, but the small ones admit the women on certain days, and the men on the intervening days: or the men from morning until noon, and the women from noon till sunset, which is the most usual arrangement.

We paid our fee—about eighteenpence, at the door, to an old Turk who was regaling himself with a pipe, and sipping coffee;

and then passing through a narrow passage, we entered the outer apartment or entrance-chamber, which was spacious and surrounded by a platform, on which reclined, supported by cushions, and enveloped in large white towels, several persons who had undergone the process of parboiling—for the Turkish bath is certainly akin to it—and were now endeavouring to refresh themselves with sherbet, coffee, or smoking. In the centre of the paved floor was a very large marble basin,

——“Where a spring
Of living waters from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling.”

Flowers were ranged round the fountain; and innumerable wooden clogs assisted to fill up the vacancy at the base. The whole apartment was paved with marble; it had a flat roof, with small round blue-glazed windows at the side, and the walls fantastically coloured, red and blue on a white ground. Above the platform were strings, on which towels were hung, some half dry, and others thoroughly wet, just as they had been taken from the bathers.

Our guide conducted us to the platform, which was carpeted and cushioned, and each one having undressed, and placed a towel round the waist, and another over the shoulder, the *lâvinges*, or bath attendant, directed each of us to slip on a pair of wooden clogs, called *cob-cobs*, and follow him into the preparatory warming apartment, as we termed it.

This chamber was surrounded with seats, paved with marble, and coloured like the one we had just left, but the roof had domes with small blue-glazed apertures, instead of being flat; and the temperature was about 90° Fahr., and humid.

After remaining a short time in this chamber, we were conducted into the inner one.

The *khararak*, or inner chamber, is very hot, and when we entered, it seemed almost impossible to remain there; but the humid heat produced by the hot water of the tanks, fountain, and boiler (which ranges from 103° to 112° Fahr.) soon produced a profuse perspiration. Almost before we could recover our surprise at the scene within this chamber—one in which we were soon to take an active part, or to write more correctly, a passive one, the attendants seized upon us, and commenced cracking our joints to render them supple, and kneading the flesh as if we really had not any feeling. When we afterwards became accustomed to such proceedings it was

rather agreeable, but at that time it really was anything but pleasant, for the attendants appeared to us, inexperienced in such matters, to be utterly regardless of European life, by the manner in which they twisted the head on each side, and sat upon the chest. We can assure you, gentle reader, that the operation looks very formidable, but custom prevails, and your fears speedily subside. Having sufficiently amused themselves by proving the quality of our flesh by its firmness, and the pliability of our joints, the attendants directed us to lie down flat upon low stages placed in various parts of the chamber. Kneeling with one knee upon the ground, my attendant put on a pair of horse-hair gloves, and seizing one of my arms, rubbed away in first-rate style, the effect of which was to bring long solid rolls from my skin, and make it as smooth as satin: every six or eight rubs the attendant removed his hands, rubbed them together, and slapped them down again with tolerable force. My head, chest, and legs, were submitted to the operation, and then I was well soused with hot water, dipped from the *hanafeyeh*, or tank, with small bowls. "Surely we are clean now," we exclaimed, and were preparing to depart, when our tormentors again approached, each with a bowl in his hand, rubbing away with a lump of raw silk at some almond soap, so furiously as to create a fine lather; and without any intimation of what was coming, dabbed it in our eyes and mouths, and then finished their amusement by upsetting the remainder over our heads; another scalding or sousing completed the operation. We were then supplied with clean towels for the shoulders, loins, and head, *à la Turquie*, and conducted to the first or entrance chamber, where the towels were again removed and fresh ones supplied. Thus enveloped, we reclined upon the carpets supported with *musnuds*, in the manner we had seen the persons on our first entrance, and like them sipped coffee or sherbet; while those that felt inclined smoked the *nargêlêh*, or Persian water-pipe, called by our sailors hubble-bubble, from the peculiar bubbling noise it makes during the time it is being used.

The effect of the Turkish bath is to restore vigour to the weary and jaded traveller, and give a feeling of elasticity that it is difficult to describe. It must be felt to be appreciated; and those who have enjoyed its luxury after a fatiguing journey will probably dwell with pleasurable remembrance on the foregoing passages, descriptive of its varied stages.

SHOPS AND SHOP WINDOWS.

(From OLD HUMPHREY'S "Walks in London.")

WHAT A wide-spread page is London to gaze upon! and how full of absorbing interest and instruction! Human life is there depicted: its glare and its gloom, its sunshiny joys, and its shadowy griefs. A word on shops and shop windows.

Here is a grocer's shop: but the profusion, the absolute prodigality of the scene oppresses me. There seems enough of grocery in the window to supply the neighbourhood. The fresh, fragrant, and delectable teas in the finely formed wooden bowls are enticing; to say nothing of the ample chests, lined with lead, and ornamented by Chinese artists, whose neglect of perspective is so well known. How significantly the mandarins bow their heads, and beckon with their hands! what beautifully painted canisters! what stores of coffee, chocolate, and cocoa! what boxes of figs, and loaves of refined sugar!

And the raisins and currants, the spices and the candied lemon-peel! Oh, how the Christmas times of my youth burst upon me at the very sight of them!

Days of my youth, the long pass'd years
Of childhood round me rise;
I see them glistening through the tears
That start into my eyes.

The joys that round my bosom press'd,
When thoughtless, young, and wild,
Come, like a sunbeam, o'er my breast;—
Again I am a child.

Raisins are brought from Spain and Turkey; currants from the isles of the Archipelago; lemons grow in Portugal, Spain, and Italy; and spices, as well as sugar, are the produce of the East and West Indies.

The latter article is brought to England in hogsheads. See! there are two empty ones standing at the door, with a swarm of flies and a crowd of boys round them. One youngster is picking the sugar from the bung-hole; another is reaching up to the top, where the rough hoop and rusty nails are likely enough to tear his ragged jacket; and a third has his head and body in the cask, with his legs in the air, like a duck getting up something from the bottom of a shallow pond. There they are, all licking their sugary fingers, with more than common joy.

What have we here? An oil and colour shop, where they

seem to sell many things: oils, vinegar, mustard, salt, and soap; honey, bees' wax and emery; black-lead, glue, sponge and packthread; brushes, brooms, blacking, door-mats, tobacco, snuff, pipes and candles.

About five hundred years ago, candles were so great a luxury, that splinters of wood, dipped in oil or grease, were used for lights. Why, the thought of reading and writing by the light of a greasy piece of wood, is enough to make one look on a candle with gratitude, to snuff it with double care, and to regard it as a friend.

Do you see the oils and colours, the reds and the Blues, the greens and the yellows? West, when he began to paint, pulled hairs from a cat's tail to make him a pencil: but painting brushes are plentiful here. Here are materials for a new school of painters, an absolute academy of Hogarths, Rembrandts, Rafaelles and Guidos; Titians, Teniers, Poussins and Paul Potters. When you next look at a real Vandyck, a Godfrey Kneller, a Murillo, or a Carlo Dolce, you may think more highly of an oil and colour shop.

How eloquent might I be about industry, as I look at the bees' wax and the honey-pot; about the British navy, while I gaze on the pitch and the tar-tub; and what strange things in music does that lump of rosin bring to my remembrance! Even now Paganini is before me.

I could brighten up in my remarks at the very sight of the ball of lamp cotton, while the spermaceti puts me at once on board a whaler, bound to the icebergs of the Northern Ocean.

Now I shall have a treat, for this is the shop of a mercer, and linen and woollen draper. What a magnificent window! It makes me afraid to look in, lest some one should jostle me against the splendid panes of plate-glass. They are of unusual dimensions. How tastefully are the goods arranged! A Cashmerian need not be ashamed of these shawls! A Persian might be proud of those silks! How the muslins and prints wave, like streamers, in the doorway! And then, look at the huge rolls of superfine broad cloth, that remind one of an English squire of the olden time, with his good old dame beside him:

"He in English true blue, button'd up to the chin,
And she in her broad farthingale."

What a fine mirror is that at the end, yonder, doubling the shop's length to the eye, and multiplying the gas-lights in the evening! With what complaisance and courtesy the well-

dressed shopmen attend to their customers! How cleverly that youth cleared the counter, by placing his hand upon it and springing over! Do you observe the lady on the right, seated, carelessly examining the different articles before her? that is the twentieth piece of silk the shopman has shown her, yet he is still active and obliging, although she has at present purchased nothing.

See here; I would not have passed these plaids and tartans for a crown. Here are the tartans of the Frasers and the M'Phersons, the Abercrombies, the M'Farlans, the Camerons, and the Duke of Montrose. The blue dark ground with broad bars of green I remember well, it is the tartan of the 42nd regiment; it prates about the broad-sword. The red ground with large squares, crossed with black, is that of Rob Roy; and the most lively of all, the small squares of red and green, barred with black, is the glowing tartan of the M'Duffs.

If the draper's shop possesses many attractions for the fair, the tailor's window is greeted with frequent glances of the manly eye. Let us first notice that large coloured engraving conspicuously placed to display the fashions of the day. There are sketches of gentlemen riding on horseback, or walking with ladies, or exchanging salutations with each other. How very well dressed, and yet how stiff and passionless! Their faces have no more natural expression than the busts in a hairdresser's shop. That velvet waistcoat, or, as they now call it, "vest," is fit for a monarch to wear, and yet the printer's apprentice over the way has his eye upon it; in a week or two we shall see if he wears the same waistcoat that he does now.

What heaps of figured silks! what gorgeous patterns! what vivid colours! See, they have attracted the eye of the dashing young fellow passing by. He gazes, hums a tune, and goes on; they are not exactly to his mind.

The tailor himself is behind the counter; his face is pale, and he looks unhealthy. How carefully he is examining his ledger! —to some a hateful volume. What long arrears are there! He shuts it up; his countenance seems to have acquired asperity by the perusal. How sharply he speaks to his shopman, who is carelessly folding up some pieces of broad cloth!

There is a confusion in the street; a wild bullock is running along, driving the people before him. How quickly the tailor fastens his door! he actually trembles; his shopman, too, appears alarmed; while the butcher on the other side of th

street is running out of his shop with a firm countenance: let us notice him, for he, too, is worthy of observation.

Well may the butcher live opposite the tailor, for in character they are antipodes.

The countenance of the man is jolly and rubicund, with a display of coarse wit and humour in the eye: nothing like unhappiness is to be read there. The blue dress has been worn by the trade from time immemorial. I do not know why: one would think that red would be the more appropriate colour.

Mark with what precision the strong armed man uses the cleaver. That stroke went through flesh and bone with a crash unpleasing to the ear. See how adroitly he sheers off that collop with his knife, horridly keen, having just been hastily whetted on the steel at his side. His customer asked for a pound, and he has cut off exactly a pound and a quarter; his knife errs by system. I dare say he could cut a pound within an ounce, if it suited him.

With what pleasure that old gentleman seems to handle the sirloin there! The lady with her servant bearing a basket, appears quite at home and at ease amongst the joints: but not so the poor woman in the old red cloak, bargaining for a piece of the coarsest meat; care renders her uneasy, she is no chooser; poverty and hunger are not nice; she thinks only of the price, and is not particular about the quality. I know her well, a deserving creature, with a weakly frame, and a drunken husband. To her "that is afflicted pity should be showed." She has but ninepence; I saw her count it in her hand, though she well knew what it was before. The butcher is not hard with her. See how cheerfully he throws the piece down on the bench as he turns off to another customer, calling out, "Well, take it along with you, Missis." The poor woman is going away with a brighter countenance. Success attend you, master butcher, and may good orders from the rich repay you for your liberality to the poor!

What a busy world is this! and how selfishly we spend our time! Whether walking in town or country, where we meet with one rendering a kindness to another, ten are occupied in serving themselves: and, on the average, notwithstanding the shortness of life, where two hundred are busily employed in the affairs of time, scarcely will two be found attending to the things of eternity.

Let us put these questions honestly to ourselves. Living in this world, are we looking beyond it? Do we know that this is not our rest? that heaven is the only cure for earthly troubles? and that, above all, Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners, is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by him.

"Time *was*, is past; thou canst not it recall;
Time *is*, thou hast; employ the portion small;
Time *future* is not; and may never be:
Time *present* is the only time for thee."

A HEAD WIND IN THE ATLANTIC.

(From DICKENS'S "American Notes.")

It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say, "Thank Heaven!" she wrongs again. Before one can cry she is wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a somerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking; and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes all together; until one feels disposed to roar for mercy.

A steward passes. "Steward!" "Sir?" "What is the matter? what do you call this?" "Rather a heavy sea on sir, and a head-wind."

A head-wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one, bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swoln and bursting under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating: all in furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this, the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above; with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault;—and there is the head-wind of that January morning.

I say nothing of what may be called the domestic noises of the ship: such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols, overhead, of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various state-rooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast. I say nothing of them: for although I lay listening to this concert for three or four days, I don't think I heard it for more than a quarter of a minute, at the expiration of which term, I lay down again, excessively sea-sick.

The labouring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. "Will it ever be worse than this?" was a question I had often heard asked, when everything was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed, without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry

sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage, and passion.

And yet, in the very midst of these terrors, I was placed in a situation so exquisitely ridiculous, that even then I had as strong a sense of its absurdity as I have now: and could no more help laughing than I can at any other comical incident, happening under circumstances the most favourable to its enjoyment. About midnight we shipped a sea, which forced its way through the skylights, burst open the doors above, and came raging and roaring down into the ladies cabin, to the unspeakable consternation of my wife and a little Scotch lady—who, by the way, had previously sent a message to the captain by the stewardess, requesting him, with her compliments, to have a steel conductor immediately attached to the top of every mast, and to the chimney, in order that the ship might not be struck by lightning. They, and the handmaid before-mentioned, being in such ecstasies of fear that I scarcely knew what to do with them, I naturally bethought myself of some restorative or comfortable cordial; and nothing better occurring to me, at the moment, than hot brandy-and-water, I procured a tumbler-full without delay. It being impossible to stand or sit without holding on, they were all heaped together in one corner of a long sofa—a fixture extending entirely across the cabin—where they clung to each other in momentary expectation of being drowned. When I approached this place with my specific, and was about to administer it, with many consolatory expressions, to the nearest sufferer, what was my dismay to see them all roll slowly down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again! I suppose I dodged them up and down this sofa, for at least a quarter of an hour, without reaching them once; and by the time I did catch them, the brandy-and-water was diminished, by constant spilling, to a tea-spoonful. To complete the group, it is necessary to recognise in this disconcerted

dodger, an individual very pale from sea-sickness; who had shaved his beard and brushed his hair, last, at Liverpool; and whose only articles of dress (linen not included) were a pair of dreadnought trousers, a blue jacket, formerly admired upon the Thames at Richmond, no stockings, and one slipper.

LORD THURLOW'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF IN THE
HOUSE OF PEERS.

(From CAMPBELL'S "*Lives of the Chancellors.*")

AT TIMES Lord Thurlow was superlatively great. One instance of this was his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital. His grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the house, were singularly dignified and graceful; but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction [he was the son of a clergyman], and his recent admission into the peerage; particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression at the time. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience; under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the house: then fixing on the Duke the look of Jove, when he grasps the thunder—

"I am amazed," he said, in a level tone of voice, "at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords, the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and as insulting as to myself; but I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of Parliament—as Speaker of this right honourable House—as Keeper of the Great Seal—as

Guardian of his Majesty's conscience—as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.”

The effect of this speech (continues Lord Campbell), both within and without the walls of Parliament was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side of politics, made him always popular with the people.

SPEECH OF DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS;

EXCITING THEM TO PROSECUTE THE WAR AGAINST PHILIP WITH VIGOUR.

ATHENIANS!—Had this assembly been called together on an unusual occasion, I should have heard the opinions of others before I had offered my own; and if what they proposed had seemed to me judicious, I should have been silent; if otherwise, I should have given my reasons for differing from those who had spoken before me. But, as the subject of our present deliberations has been often treated by others, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up first to offer my opinion. Had the schemes formerly proposed been successful, there would have been no occasion for the present consultation.

First, then, my countrymen, let me entreat you, not to look upon the state of our affairs as desperate, though it be unpromising; for as, on one hand, to compare the present with times past, matters have indeed a very gloomy aspect; so, on the other, if we extend our views to future times, I have good hopes that the distresses we are now under will prove of greater advantage to us than if we had never fallen into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this? I answer, I hope it will appear that it is our egregious misbehaviour alone that has brought us into these disadvantageous circumstances; from which follows the necessity of altering our conduct, and the prospect of bettering our circumstances by doing so.

If we had nothing to accuse ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their present disorderly condition, we should not have

room left even for the hope of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how gloriously the Lacedemonian war was sustained; in which we engaged, in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and formidable; in the whole conduct of which war nothing happened unworthy the dignity of the Athenian state; and this within these few years past. My intention in recalling to your memory this part of our history, is to show you, that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be wisely planned and vigorously executed.

The enemy has, indeed, gained considerable advantages by treaty as well as by conquest; for it is to be expected that princes and states will court the alliance of those who seem powerful enough to protect both themselves and their confederates. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerns you so nearly, if you will, even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances,—the rich by contributing liberally towards the expense of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves—it is not yet too late, with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and to inflict the just vengeance on your insolent enemy.

But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster. When irresistible necessity drives you.—What think you of the disgraces which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? or do you wait for somewhat yet to come more forcible and urgent?—How long will you amuse yourselves with inquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to Athens, as that a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What! is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered: "but he is very ill." How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you whether Philip is sick or well? Suppose he were dead, your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead: for it is not his strength that has made him what

he is, but your indolence ; which has of late been such that you seem neither in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it, if it were gained by others for you.

Wisdom directs that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take ; whereas, you Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you order troops to be sent thither : if at Pylæ, forces are to be detached to secure that post.—Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general. But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time ; but in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous.

Oh ! shame to the Athenian name ! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain redress of grievances, and to force him to indemnify us for the injuries he had done us ; and we have conducted it so successfully, that we shall by and by think ourselves happy if we escape being defeated and ruined ! For who can think that a prince of his restless and ambitious temper will not improve the opportunities and advantages which our indolence and timidity present him ? Will he give over his designs against us, without being obliged to it ? And who will oblige him ? Who will restrain his fury ? Shall we wait for assistance from some unknown country ?—In the name of all that is sacred, and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this tyrant. Let us remember this, that he is our enemy ; that he has spoiled us of our dominions ; that we have long been subject to his insolence ; that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us ; and that all the resource left is in ourselves : then shall we come to a proper determination ; then shall we give the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

SECTION VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS LESSONS IN POETRY.

HUMILITY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Hu-mil'i-ty, *n.* (*L. humus*).
Saint, *n.* (*L. sanctus*).

Ad-o-ra'tion, *n.* (*L. ad, oro*).
Ascend, *v.* (*L. ad, scando*).

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
—Fairest and best adorn'd is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most when most his soul ascends;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. What song-bird soars highest? | 6. What is meant by the "better part?" |
| 2. Where does the lark build her nest? | 7. In what should we imitate Mary? |
| 3. Which bird sings most sweetly? | 8. Under whose preaching did the Lord
open Lydia's heart? |
| 4. Where and when does she sing? | 9. Who, does the poet say, bends lowest
in presence of his God? |
| 5. Of what christian grace do these facts
afford an illustration? | |

COMMON THINGS.

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

THE sun is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lonely cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
 It through the window gleams
 Upon the snowy pillow where
 The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
 Out on the lonely sea;
 Or where the little lambkins lie,
 Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew-drops on the summer morn,
 Sparkle upon the grass;
 The village children brush them off,
 That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns,
 More beautiful than they;
 And yet we scarcely notice them,
 But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings,
 Beside the cottage door;
 The heath-flower fills the air with sweets,
 Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
 As many pleasant tones,
 For those who sit by cottage-hearths
 As those who sit on thrones.

THE DYING BOY.

I KNEW a boy, whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
 And when the eighth came round, and called him out
 To gambol in the sun, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber, to lie down and die!
 'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
 And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest:—

“Mother! I'm dying now—
 There is deep suffocation in my breast,
 As if some heavy hand my bosom prest;
 And on my brow

“I feel the cold sweat stand;
 My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
 Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
 Mother! your hand—

“Here—lay it on my wrist,
 And place the other thus, beneath my head,
 And say, sweet mother!—say, when I am dead,
 Shall I be missed?

"Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!

"Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there!"

"Father! I'm going home!
To the good home you speak of, that blest land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

"I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother!—the little spot
I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not!

"Plant there some box or pine—
Something that lives in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine!"

"Sister! my young rose tree—
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
I give it thee.

"And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

"Now, mother! sing the tune
You sang last night—I'm weary and must sleep!
Who was it called my name?—Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep! The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted with
The savoury odours of the early spring—
He breathed it not!—The laugh of passers by
Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marred not his slumbers—He was dead!

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

MISS BLAMIRE.

THE WARS for many a month were o'er
 Ere I could reach my native shed ;
 My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
 And wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blaz'd,
 The evening fire was clear and bright,
 As through the window long I gaz'd,
 And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
 My mother drew her useful thread ;
 My brothers strove to make them chat,
 My sisters bak'd the household bread.

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
 And still let fall a silent tear ;
 But soon my Jessy's grief will end,
 She little thinks her Harry's near.

What could I do? if in I went,
 Surprise would chill each tender heart ;
 Some story then I must invent,
 And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
 And crooked up a lying knee ;
 And soon I found in that best place,
 Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventur'd in ;—Tray wagg'd his tail,
 He fawn'd, and to my mother ran :
 "Come here!" she cried, "what can he ail?"
 While my feign'd story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age:
 "A poor old soldier lodging craves ;"
 The very name their loves engage,
 "A soldier! aye, the best we have."

My father then drew in a seat ;
 "You're welcome," with a sigh, he said.
 My mother fried her best hung meat,
 And curds and cheese the table spread.

"I had a son," my father cried,
 "A soldier too, but he is gone ;"
 "Have you heard from him?" I replied,
 "I left behind me many a one ;"

"And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find;
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind."

"Oh! does he live!" my father cried;
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessy now I silent eyed,
Who throbb'd as if her would break.

My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.

"He lives indeed! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessy gave;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave."

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach;
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessy dear!" I softly said,
She gaz'd and answer'd with a sigh;
My sisters look'd, as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son,
My brothers shook my hand away;
My mother said "her glass might run,
She car'd not now how soon the day."

"Hout, woman!" cried my father dear,
"A wedding first, I'm sure, we'll have;
I warrant we'll live a hundred year,
Nay, may be, lass, escape the grave!"

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Was the soldier expected home? | 11. What reply did the soldier make? |
| 2. What time in the day did he reach his native cot? | 12. Who is Hal, and what is the full name? |
| 3. How were his father and mother and the rest of the family engaged? | 13. Can you tell me what the father's name was? |
| 4. Name the friend to whom Jean was whispering. | 14. What effect was produced by the information that Harry was alive? |
| 5. What might the effects of his sudden entrance have been? | 15. What is meant by the rock, in verse 13th? |
| 6. How did he manage to avoid giving them too great a surprise? | 16. Who knew the kerchief well, and why did she know it so well? |
| 7. Who only recognised him at once? | 17. Who fainted, and how did the father act? |
| 8. How did Tray show that he knew him? | 18. How did the brothers act, and what did the mother say? |
| 9. What word engaged their loves at once, and why? | 19. What is meant by glass, in verse 17th? |
| 10. Of whom did the old man speak? | |

KING CANUTE.

BERNARD BARTON.

"CANUTE, the greatest and most powerful monarch of his time, sovereign of Denmark and Norway, as well as of England, could not fall of meeting with adulation from his courtiers; a tribute which is liberally paid, even to the meanest and weakest princes. Some of his flatterers, breaking out one day in admiration of his grandeur, exclaimed, that everything was possible for him; upon which the monarch, it is said, ordered his chair to be set on the sea-shore, while the tide was rising; and as the waters approached he commanded them to retire, and to obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission; but when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned to his courtiers, and remarked to them, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of nature; who could say to the ocean, *Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther*; and who could level with his nod the most towering piles of human pride and ambition."—*Hume's History of England*.

Upon his royal throne he sat,
In a monarch's thoughtful mood;
Attendants on his regal state
His servile courtiers stood,
With foolish flatteries, false and vain,
To win his smile, his favour gain.

They told him e'en the mighty deep
His kingly sway confessed:
That he could bid its billows leap,
Or still its stormy breast!
He smiled contemptuously, and cried,
"Be then my boasted empire tried!"

Down to the ocean's sounding shore
The proud procession came,
To see its billows' wild uproar
King Canute's power proclaim;
Or, at his high and dread command,
In gentle murmurs kiss the strand.

Not so, thought he, their noble king,
As his course he seaward sped,—
And each base slave like a guilty thing,
Hung down his conscious head:—
He knew the ocean's Lord on high!
They, that he scorned their senseless lie.

His throne was placed by ocean's side,
He lifted his sceptre there;
Bidding, with tones of kingly pride,
The waves their strife forbear:—
And, while he spoke his royal will,
All but the winds and waves were still.

Louder the stormy blast swept by,
In scorn of his idle word;
The briny deep its waves tossed high,
By his mandate undeterred,

As threatening, in their angry play,
To sweep both king and court away.

The monarch with upbraiding look,
Turned to the courtly ring;
But none the kindling eye could brook
Even of his earthly king;
For in that wrathful glance they see
A mightier monarch wronged than he!

Canute! thy regal race is run;
Thy name had passed away
But for the meed this tale hath won,
Which never shall decay:
Its meek, unperishing renown,
Outlasts thy sceptre and thy crown.

The Persian, in his mighty pride,¹
Forged fetters for the main;
And when its floods his power defied,
Inflicted stripes as vain;—
But it was worthier far of thee
To know thyself, than rule the sea!

1. Of what countries was Canute king?
2. How great did his flatterers say his power was?
3. To what verb is *they*, in verse 4th the nominative?
4. When seated on the shore, what command did the monarch give the sea?
5. What effect did it produce?

6. Who are meant by the word *all*, in verse 5th.
7. What mightier monarch is meant?
8. When did Canute flourish?
9. What keeps his name still alive in our minds?
10. Relate the historical fact referred to in the last verse?

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT.

1 John iii. 14. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel, writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

¹ Xerxes king of Persia was the son and successor of Darius. He raised an immense army of nearly three millions of men, it is said, to subdue Greece, caused a bridge of boats to be built over the Hellespont, and in his folly had the sea flogged for breaking the bridge to pieces. This great army was completely scattered, and the fleet also destroyed, by the bravery of the Greeks, and Xerxes himself was assassinated by Artabanus the captain of his guard. Xerxes is called in scripture Ahasuerus.

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

STUDY OF THE WORKS OF NATURE.

THOMSON.

O NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
 Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravished eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
 Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
 And let me never, never stray from thee!

1. What is meant by *Nature* here?
2. What mean you by the *rolling wonders of heaven*?
3. What would the poet like to learn about these worlds?
4. Name the kingdoms of nature in their order, beginning with the lowest.
5. Where are the strata or beds of minerals found?

6. Whence is the vegetable world *thrust*?
7. What system of works stands above the vegetable kingdom?
8. What is the grandest work of creation here below?
9. What perfections of God may we learn from the material world?
10. Ah! but where do we learn that He is a God of mercy and justice combined?

NAPOLÉON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

CAMPBELL.

I LOVE contemplating—apart
 From all his homicidal glory—
 The traits that soften to our heart
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne,
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Oh dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
Description!—such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"You've both my favour justly won,
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. In what light did the poet love to contemplate Napoleon? | 10. To whom was the story told? |
| 2. What is meant by his <i>homicidal glory</i> ? | 11. What was Napoleon's usual attitude? |
| 3. What freedom was our captive tar allowed? | 12. What did the Emperor think must have caused the sailor to make such a rash attempt? |
| 4. How far to Boulogne from Dover? | 13. Give the exact words of the sailor's reply. |
| 5. Why think you, would he watch the birds flying to England? | 14. Repeat Buonaparte's reply to the tar. |
| 6. Explain <i>midnight watch</i> . | 15. Tell me how the sailor's mother had won Napoleon's favour. |
| 7. What saw he floating towards him one morning? | 16. How was the sailor's filial affection rewarded? |
| 8. What did he make from the large cask? | 17. How greatly did the sailor value the coin? |
| 9. State what his wretched wherry was deficient in. | |

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

WORDSWORTH.

Prime, *adj.* (*L. primus*).
Ma'tron, *n.* (*L. mater*).

Dig'ni-ty, *n.* (*L. dignus*).
Pro-tect, *part.* (*L. tectum*, see *tego*).

ONE MORNING (raw it was and wet,
A foggy day in winter time),
A woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime;
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead,
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair:
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate,
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear,
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from this cold damp air?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 "A simple burthen, Sir, a little singing-bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
 "I had a son, who many a day
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
 In Denmark he was cast away:
 And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

The bird and cage they both were his:
 'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim
 He kept it: many voyages
 This singing-bird had gone with him;
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind;
 From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind.

He to a fellow lodger's care
 Had left it to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety;—there
 I found it when my son was dead;
 And now, God help me for my little wit!
 I bear it with me, Sir;—he took so much delight in it."

1. On what kind of morning did the poet meet the old woman?

2. Describe her appearance.

3. What thoughts were suggested by her appearance and manner?

4. What lofty thoughts are meant in verse 3rd?

5. What did the old woman carry beneath her cloak?

6. What was her son, and where was he lost?

7. What had been the object of his mother's present journey?

8. With whom had the lad left the bird?

9. What, did the mother say, might make him leave it behind?

10. Why did she prize the bird so much and carry it with her?

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

SOUTHEY.

Per'il-ous, *adj.* (*L. periculum*).
 A-vail', *v.* (*L. ad, valeo*).

In-cum'bent, *adj.* (*L. in, cubo*).
 Mar'i-ner, *n.* (*L. mare*).

THIS PLEASANT by the cheerful hearth to hear
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,

And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements—
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not,—to look around, and only see
 The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight
 Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
 Ah, me! this is indeed a dreadful thing;
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

LONGFELLOW.

L' éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!"

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient time-piece says to all,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands,
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow!
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again!”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

THE BLIND MOTHER.

N. P. WILLIS.

GENTLY, dear mother, here
 The bridge is broken near thee, and below
 The waters with a rapid current flow—
 Gently, and do not fear;
 Lean on me, mother—plant thy staff before thee,
 For she who loves thee most is watching o'er thee.

The green leaves as we pass
 Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
 And by thy side the hazel clusters fair,
 And the low forest grass
 Grows green and lovely, where the wood paths wind,
 Alas, for thee, dear mother, thou art blind.

And nature is all bright;
 And the faint grey and crimson of the dawn,
 Like folded curtains from the day are drawn;
 And evening's dewy light
 Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
 Alas, dear mother, for thy clouded eye!

And the kind looks of friends
 Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
 And the child stops amid his bounding race,
 And the tall stripling bends
 Low to thine ear with duty unforget—
 Alas, dear mother, that thou seest them not!

But thou canst hear—and love
 May richly on a human tongue be poured,
 And the slight cadence of a whispered word
 A daughter's love may prove;
 And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
 Albeit thou dost not see my face the while.

Yes—thou canst hear—and He
 Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
 To the attentive ear like harps hath strung
 Heaven, and earth, and sea!
 And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know,
 With but one sense the soul may overflow!

1. Why does the daughter caution her mother to walk softly now?
2. What is here said of the green leaves?
3. What is said of the hazel?
4. What of the forest grass?
5. What of the morning light and of the evening light?
6. Wherefore does the daughter grieve amidst these beauties of nature?
7. How do the blind mother's friends show their sympathy?
8. How does the child that meets her act?
9. How does the stripling act?

10. In what kind of tones are feelings of love and affection generally uttered?
11. What in the daughter's voice betrays her love for her mother?
12. Wherefore does the daughter repeat these words, "thou canst hear"?
13. In what is God here shown to be good to the blind?
14. Name the five senses.
15. How should those feel who possess all their external senses?
16. How should we ever act towards the blind?

THE WOODCUTTER'S NIGHT SONG.

CLARE.

"Work is the appointed calling of man on earth, the end for which his various faculties were given, the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance towards heaven is to lie."—*Arnold*.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Drooping lowly in the west;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there!

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

So fare-ye-well! and hold your tongues;
Sing no more until I come;
They're not worthy of your songs,
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But, at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my fagot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Drooping lowly in the west;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,

So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there!

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. How does the woodcutter address the sun? | 6. Name the woodman's wife. |
| 2. What has made him ready for his chair? | 7. Does the woodcutter grumble at his lowly station? |
| 3. What are the bill and mittens? | 8. Tell me the prettiest spot to him at night. |
| 4. What is the woodcutter sorry to leave? | 9. In what state are matters at home? |
| 5. If he spend his time speaking to the birds what will be taking place at home? | 10. What carries he home on his shoulder? |

--- LINES TO A SWALLOW.

THOMAS AIRD.

"The Swallow," says Sir Humphrey Davy, in his "*Salmonia*," "is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the Nightingale, for he cheers my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the glad prophet of the year—the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature; winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa." The bird does not winter in Italy, leaving it in autumn, and going off in the direction of Egypt, and has been seen in Egypt going still further south; but, in other respects, "this is in truth," to use the words of Mr. Yarrell, "a brief but perfect sketch of the history of the Swallow."—*Patterson's Zoology*.

THE SWALLOW is a bonnie bird, comes twitt'ring o'er the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be;
She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet, no faithless thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with little wearied wing.

The lambs like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills,
The gladsome voice of gushing streams the leafy forest fills,
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,
Because thou com'st when nature bids bright days be thy reward.

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey dew,
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you:
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home,
What can molest thy airy nest? sleep till the day-spring come.

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee sing,
It murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light dipping wing;
The thunder-cloud above us bow'd in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent power that brought thee back, with leading-strings of love,
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

Oh! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,
And gives to thee o'er land and sea the sunshine of his sky;
And aye the summer shall come round because it is His word,
And aye will welcome back again its little travelling bird.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. When does the swallow arrive in our country?
2. How long does she remain with us?
3. Where is she supposed to winter?
4. Where does she build her nest?
5. What constitutes her food?
6. Why do we hear her twittering with gladness?
7. Repeat the kind wishes in verse 3d. | 8. Illustrate the two last lines of verse 4th.
9. Does the swallow not come here to build a nest, and rear its young?
10. Is it true that each bird comes back to its own nest?
11. Why are we sure that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest shall always be? |
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LESSONS TO BE DERIVED FROM BIRDS.

G. W. DOANE.

The swan which is domesticated is termed the Mute Swan (*Cygnus olor*); yet it is respecting this bird that the fable became current, that it foretold its own death, and sung with peculiar sweetness at its approach. Thus Shakspeare:—

“I will play the swan,
And die in music.”

But, although the voice of the swan is but little noticed, the bird is not really mute, as its name would imply; the notes are soft and low, and are described by Yarrell as “plaintive, and with little variety, but not disagreeable.”

WHAT is that, mother?

The lark my child!

The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child! be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son!

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her constant dear one's quick return.

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?

The eagle, boy!

Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying.
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love!

He is floating down from his native grove;

No loved one, now, no nestling nigh,
 He is floating down by himself to die;
 Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
 Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
 Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
 Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. What does the lark do the moment
he leaves his nest? | 8. Name to me the king of birds. |
| 2. In what way should each of you imi-
tate the lark? | 9. Describe him in his flight. |
| 3. As what has the dove been ever re-
garded by mankind? | 10. What lesson does the eagle give you
all? |
| 4. Who will quote me Matt. x. 16? | 11. What bird is said to sing for the
first time just before its death? |
| 5. What does the low sweet voice of the
dove resemble? | 12. What does Mr. Yarrell say about
the swan singing? |
| 6. For whom is she ever calling? | 13. What do you understand by "dying
like the swan"? |
| 7. What lesson should you all learn
from the dove? | 14. Who only can use the triumphant
words of 1 Cor. xv. 55, at their death? |

TO A WATERFOWL.

C. BRYANT.

"LET us paint a summer in the Arctic regions. It is very short—but short as it is, it sees the birth of thousands of most interesting beings, and every islet and every promontory is thronged by a dense population. As if by magic, the snows of winter have dissolved, and coarse herbage has covered the land. Every small pool, every lake, every inlet, is garlanded with vegetation. Driving onwards from the south, (our temperate latitudes), arrive myriads of wild-fowl, water birds of various species, scoter ducks, widgeons, elder ducks, king ducks, pochards, etc., and also several species of wading birds. The work of incubation now commences. The ground is converted into a city of nests, rarely intruded upon by the foot of man. Here myriads of wild-fowl are reared. The water supplies them with food, and the reeds bend over their nests. But the summer is, as we have said, short. It passes not into winter by the transition of a mellowed autumn. As it sprang almost of a sudden out of winter, so it retires; but the wild birds, instinct-taught, anticipate the time when river and lake, pond and inlet, will be locked up with ice. Their young are fledged, strong on the wing, and now they commence their southern journey, not to seek a breeding home, but open lakes, open creeks, and seas wherein the ice-floe is never witnessed, and from which they may derive their sustenance."—*Tract Society's Monthly Volume*.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean's side?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone-wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere:
Yet, stoop not, weary, to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

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|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. At what time in the day did the poet see this waterfowl? 2. The rosy depths of what? 3. Could a fowler injure it,—and why not? 4. Name the places it might be seeking for its nest. 5. What call you the principle which | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> guides the actions of irrational creatures? 6. What does the adjective <i>weary</i> agree with? 7. Where would the waterfowl find rest? 8. Explain these words "the abyss of heaven hath swallowed up thy form." 9. What important lesson had the poet learned from the wild-fowl? |
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A PSALM OF LIFE.

LONGFELLOW.

NO POET (says the Rev. G. Gillilan), has more beautifully expressed the depth of his conviction, that life is an earnest reality, a something with eternal issues and dependencies; that this earth is no scene of revelry, or market of sale, but an arena of contest, and a hall of doom. This is the inspiration of his "Psalm of Life," than which we have few things finer, in moral tone, since those odes by which the millions of Israel tuned their march across the wilderness, and to which the fiery pillar seemed to listen with complacency, and to glow out a deeper crimson in silent praise. To man's now wilder, more straggling, but still God-guided and hopeful progress towards a land of fairer promise, LONGFELLOW'S Psalm is a noble accompaniment.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er-head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let, us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Are the events of life really what they appear at first sight to be? | on the footstool? |
| 2. What are afflictions designed to accomplish if we will only learn? | 7. Farther dally on what way? |
| 3. Of what two parts does man consist? | 8. To what does every beat of the heart bring us nearer? |
| 4. Which part was formed of the dust of the ground, and must return to it? | 9. What must we be in the battle of life? |
| 5. What is not the end or design of life? | 10. Name the enemies we meet with in this conflict. |
| 6. For what purpose, then, are we placed | 11. Repeat the noble resolution expressed in the last verse. |

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

LOCKHART.

BERNARD DEL CARPIO, son of Donna Ximena, (the sister of Alonzo or Alphonso the Chaste), and of Don Sancho Count Saldana, is supposed to have the interview here described in the ballad, with the king, after the treacherous execution, or rather murder, of Bernardo's father by Alphonso. The period is contemporaneous with that of Charlemagne, A. D. 768.

With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the Palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the King, "who com'st unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?"

His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale—the King hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?"

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,¹—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion
shine,
That soon had drank your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son, for life and crown, by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But, shame upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The King hath injur'd Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the King doth scream—"There are a
thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What caitiffs do you fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he beareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death: cries Bernard, "Here am I,
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or Grandes!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)—
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

¹ Roncesvalles (French Roncevaux), a frontier village of Spain, in a gorge of the Pyrenees. Here, it is traditionally said, that the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army, under Roland or Orlando, was defeated and destroyed in 778, and that Roland himself fell by the hand of Bernardo del Carpio.

1. Name Bernardo's parents.
2. In what century did Charlemagne flourish?
3. Why is Alphonso called the lying King?
4. Describe Bernardo as he approaches the throne.
5. What are the words of the king as Bernardo advances?
6. What reply does the champion make to the king's calumny and threat?
7. What facts are alluded to in verse 4th?
8. What does Bernard say of the king who breaks his faith?
9. Why was not Bernard seized at the king's command?
10. In what words does our champion challenge the king and his nobles?
11. What takes place when the horn is blown?
12. In what tone did the king now address him?
13. What sort of smile would Bernardo give on leaving the hall?

THE LADY AND ADOPTED CHILD.

MRS. HEMANS.

SOME years since, a young New Zealander was carried to England, where he lived many years, was carefully educated, and introduced into the most refined society. When his education was completed, he returned to his home, and at once returned to the habits, the character, and the degradations of savage life. This has almost uniformly been the result of attempts to civilize and educate young savages. And why? On what principle can it be accounted for? I reply, that *the work was begun too late*. The impressions made upon early childhood cannot be effaced. You may take the young savage, and make a palace his home, and he is like the young ass's colt: he longs for the forest, for the lawlessness of savage life. This principle is deep, uniform, unalterable.—*Rev. John Todd.*

LADY. "Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams!"

BOY. "Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know,
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

LADY. "Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell;
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stillly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune:
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

BOY. "My mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee,
I dreamt last night of that music low,
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

LADY. "Thy mother hath gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;

Thou wouldst meet her footsteps, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door ;
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye ! "

BOY. "Is my mother gone from her home away !
But I know that my brothers are there at play ;
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
And they launch their boats where the blue streams flow,
Lady, kind lady, oh ! let me go ! "

LADY. "Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot ! "

BOY. "Are they gone, all gone from the hill ?
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,
Lady, sweet lady, oh ! let me go ! "

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PERCY or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas.

Up rose the sun, o'er moor and mead ;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede ;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea ;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound ;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound :
They were a jovial three !

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's¹ rueful day ;

¹ See ballad of Chevy Chase, which relates, perhaps, a totally fictitious event, unless it may be founded on the battle of Otterbourne, (1388) the only one mentioned in history in which a Douglas fell fighting with a Percy.

Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
 Than Tarras, ne'er was stauncher steed,
 A peerless archer Percy Rede :
 And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
 Together at the dawn they rose,
 Together shared the noon's repose,
 By fountain or by stream ;—
 And oft when evening skies were red,
 The heather was their common bed,
 Where each, as wildering fancy led,
 Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
 Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
 Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
 The signs the hunters know ;—
 With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
 The brake sagacious Keeldar nears ;
 The restless palfrey paws and rears ;
 The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot !—Halloo ! Halloo !
 Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue ;—
 But woe the shaft that erring flew—
 That e'er it left the string !
 And ill betide the faithless yew !
 The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
 And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
 Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
 Death, death, has glazed his fixed eyes,
 Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
 Without a groan or quiver.
 Now day may break and bugle sound,
 And whoop and hollow ring around,
 And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
 But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes
 Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
 He knows not that his comrade dies,
 Nor what is death—but still
 His aspect hath expression drear,
 Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
 Like startled children when they hear
 Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
 Can well the sum of evil know,
 And o'er his favourite, bending low,
 In speechless grief recline ;

Can think he hears the senseless clay,
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?"

"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day?"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join'd the tides which flow
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's¹ breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
The scene shall live for ever.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Give me some history of Percy Rede. 2. What suggested the stanzas to Sir Walter Scott? 3. Describe the jovial three as they might be seen at sunrise. 4. Why "Cheviot's <i>ragged</i> day"? 5. What were the names and qualities of master, steed, and hound? 6. In what way did the three spend the live-long day? 7. Describe the scene at the thicket that concealed the deer. 8. Of the wood of what tree were bows chiefly made? 9. What mean you by the "faithless yew?" | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 10. What things shall no more rouse noble Keeldar? 11. How looked the horse as he stood by the hound? 12. Who must feel the loss in the highest degree? 13. What may he be supposed to think he hears Keeldar say? 14. By whom was bold Percy Rede murdered? 15. What were among his last words? 16. What art keeps this affecting story in remembrance? 17. In what way is it now preserved besides by Cooper's picture? |
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THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

N. P. WILLIS.

NAIN, so called for the pleasantness of its situation, was a town of Galilee, about two leagues from Nazareth, and not so much from Mount Tabor, between which and the city ran the river Kison. From our Saviour's meeting the funeral coming out of the

¹ A river in the infernal regions whose waters caused forgetfulness.

gates, we may learn that it was a custom among the Jews to bury their dead in the day time, when their nearest friends and relations followed the corpse, which was usually carried in procession through the streets and public places, to the cemeteries, which were generally at a considerable distance from the city, because they looked upon the graves as places full of pollution.—*Calmes's Commentary on Luke vii. 11—18.*

The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide streets, along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier;—
And, by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsman. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain, as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay,
Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum; staying not
To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side

To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
 Genesareth stood cool upon the east,
 Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
 The weary traveller might bide till eve;
 And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
 The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
 Yet turn'd he not aside, but, gazing on,
 From every swelling mount, he saw afar,
 Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
 The place of his next errand; and the path
 Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
 Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city gate the pitying crowd
 Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
 The place of burial, and, with straining hands
 Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
 And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
 And an enquiring wildness flashing through
 The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
 She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
 He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
 "Weep not!" he said; and as they stay'd the bier
 And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
 He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
 And turn'd it o'er, in silence, from the dead.
 With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
 And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
 He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand,
 He said "Arise!" And instantly the breast
 Heav'd in its cerements, and a sudden flush
 Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
 And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
 He trembled and sat upright in his shroud;
 And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
 Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF A
 DEAD CHILD.

MRS. A. WATTS.

I saw thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the fawn,
 When in very wantonness of glee it sports upon the lawn:
 I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight
 The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side;
 She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride:
 I look'd upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,
 And I trembled for her happiness, for grief had made me wise.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with one hand among her curls—
 The other with no gentle grasp had seized a string of pearls;

She felt the pretty trespass, and she chid thee, though she smiled,
And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child.

I see thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie
In slumber resting peacefully: but, oh! the change of eye—
That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more,
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry dance is over, and thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two can now give back but one!

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day!
But the mirth that gladden'd then thy home fled with thy life away.
I see thee lying motionless upon the accustom'd floor;
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes, and I can see no more!

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY CHILD.

THOMAS HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear;)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(See! see! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic joys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Bless the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth!
Fit play-fellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)
 Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table—that's his plan!)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
 (He's got a knife!)
 Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk;
 (He's got the scissors snipping at your gown!)
 Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove.
 (I'll tell you what my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

THE MAY QUEEN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It is the choice time of the year,
 For the violets now appear;
 Now the rose receives its birth,
 And pretty primrose decks the earth,
 Then to the May-pole come away,
 For it is now a holiday.

ACTEON AND DIANA.

As I was lying in bed this morning, enjoying one of those half dreams, half reveries, which are so pleasant in the country, when the birds are singing about the window, and the sun-beams peeping through the curtains, I was roused by the sound of music. On going down stairs, I found a number of villagers, dressed in their holiday clothes, bearing a pole ornamented with garlands and ribbons, and accompanied by the village band of music, under the direction of the tailor, the pale fellow who plays on the clarionet. They had all sprigs of hawthorn, or, as it is called, "the May," in their hats, and had brought green branches and flowers to decorate the Hall door and windows. They had come to give notice that the May-pole was reared on the green, and to invite the household to witness the sports. The Hall, according to custom, became a scene of hurry and delighted confusion. The servants were all agog with May and music; and there was no keeping either the tongues or the feet of the maids quiet, who were anticipating the sports of the green, and the evening dance.

I repaired to the village at an early hour to enjoy the merry-making. The morning was pure and sunny, such as a May morning is always described. The fields were white with daisies, the hawthorn was covered with its fragrant blossoms, the bee hummed about every bank, and the swallow played high in the air about the village steeple. It was one of those genial days when we seem to draw in pleasure with the very air we breathe, and to feel happy we know not why. Whoever has felt the worth

of worthy man, or has doted on lovely woman, will, on such a day, call them tenderly to mind, and feel his heart all alive with long-buried recollections. "For thenne," says the excellent romance of King Arthur, "lovers call again to their mynde old gentilnes and old service, and many kind dedes that were forgotten by negligence."

Before reaching the village, I saw the May-pole towering above the cottages, with its gay garlands and streamers, and heard the sound of music. Booths had been set up near it, for the reception of company; and a bower of green branches and flowers for the Queen of May, a fresh rosy-cheeked girl of the village.—*Washington Irving.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think you should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree;
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows
gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early mother, dear,
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new-year:
 To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
 It is the last new-year that I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,
 And the new-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May.
 And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
 Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimney tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane;
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
 I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
 I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of mine,
 - In the early early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
 Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
 You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
 When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
 And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid,
 I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
 With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
 You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
 Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
 You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
 Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face,
 Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
 And be often often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,
 And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
 Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :
 She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor :
 Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :
 But tell her when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
 About the parlour window, and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother : call me before the day is born,
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year,
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
 And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
 How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
 To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
 And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
 And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
 And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
 And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !
 But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
 And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair !
 And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !
 O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
 A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin ;
 Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in :
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
 For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
 There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet :
 But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
 And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call ;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It's not for them ; it's mine ! "
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven, and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day ;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan ? why make we such ado ?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TO A CITY PIGEON.

AMERICAN.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove !
Thy daily visits have touched my love !
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat,
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,
 And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?
 Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,
 When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?
 How canst thou bear
 This noise of people—this breezeless air?

Thou alone of the feathered race,
 Dost look unscared on the human face;
 Thou alone, with a wing to flee,
 Dost love with man in his haunts to be;
 And the "gentle dove"
 Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
 Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word;
 Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild
 In the prisoned thoughts of the city child—
 And thy even wings
 Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
 Wisely by Him who tamed thy heart—
 To stir the love for the bright and fair,
 That else were sealed in the crowded air—
 I sometimes dream
 Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever when daylight leaves
 The page I read, to my humble eaves;
 And wash thy breast in the hollow spout,
 And murmur thy low, sweet music out—
 I hear and see
 Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

MRS HEMANS.

HENRY II. eldest son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, (so named from a sprig of broom—in Latin, *planta genista*—in French, *plante genet*, which he used to wear in his cap) was born at Le Mans, in March 1133; began to reign Dec. 8th 1154, and died July 6th 1189, after having reigned 34½ years. The latter part of his reign was spent in opposing the rebellions of his own sons, Henry, Geoffrey, Richard, and John, who being impatient for their father's death, and urged on by their own mother, took up arms to dethrone him. They did not succeed in their purpose;—Henry (the eldest son) died of a fever, Geoffrey was killed in a tournament or mock fight at Paris; and Richard collected an army to go to Palestine to fight against Saladin, but instead of going there he led it against his own father. Henry II. being quite unprepared for this attack, was obliged to make a treaty with his son, in which it was stipulated that all the Barons who had joined Richard should be freely pardoned. The King complied with this condition, but when he saw the name of his youngest and favourite son John among the rebels, he seemed to be broken-hearted, fell ill of a fever, and died. Henry II. was perhaps the ablest king that ever sat on the throne of England. The body of

Henry II. lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

TORCHES were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud,¹
Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath, yet it fell still brightest
there;

As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe.

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the parted
soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness of the
night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent king in
sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding thrill
of dread;
And the holy chaunt was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look, an eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through his breast-plate shook, when he stood
beside the bier!
He stood there still, with a drooping brow, and clasp'd hands o'er it
raised;
For his father lay before him low—it was Cœur-de-Lion² gazed!

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—men held their breath in
awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he recked not that they
saw.

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

"O, father! is it vain, this late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father! once again!—I weep—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire! were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son!

¹ Fontevraud, (Fong-te-vro) a village in France.

² Cœur-de-Lion, that is, lion-hearted,—Richard was so called for his bravery.

"Speak to me:—mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred:
Hear me! but hear me!—father! chief! my king! I *must* be heard!
Hushed, hushed!—how is it that I call, and that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—woe, woe for all the love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see—so still, so sadly bright!
And, father, father! but for me they had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart, at last; no longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say 'forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king, on a royal throne e'er seen,
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring, of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and *there* thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine, my sire, I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die!"

1. Why was Henry II. called Plantagenet?

2. Where and when was he born?

3. When did he ascend the throne?

4. When did he die, and how long did he reign?

5. What embittered the latter part of his reign?

6. Name his four sons, and say what came of them.

7. What stipulation had he to agree to, when he was forced to treat with his own son Richard?

8. What seemed to break his heart?

9. What was his son Richard called?

10. Describe the scene in the church

of Frontevraud, where the king lay in state.

11. Describe the mail-clad warrior who entered the church.

12. Who was he, and what brought him there?

13. What would he have given to obtain his father's blessing and forgiveness?

14. What does he say on beholding his father's gray hairs?

15. How does he speak of his father as a king?

16. Explain to me the last line.

17. Can these children expect God's blessing who bring down their father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?

THE VETERAN TAR.

MOIR.

Vet'er-an, *adj. n. (L. vetus).*

Mar'i-ner, *n. (L. mare).*

Frac'ture, *n. (L. frango).*

Pas'tor-al, *adj. (L. pasco).*

Vol-un-teer', *n. (L. volo).*

Tel'e-scope, *n. (Gr. tele, skopeo).*

Suf-fuse', *v. (L. sub, fusum).*

Ex-pire', *v. (L. ex, spiro).*

A MARINER, whom fate compelled
To make his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the mount,
With ivy mantled o'er;
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.

He placed yon vane upon the roof,
To mark how stood the wind;
For breathless days and breezy days
Brought back old times to mind,

When rocked amid the shrouds, or on
The sunny deck reclined.

And in his spot of garden ground,
All ocean plants were met—
Salt lavender, that lacks perfume,
With scented mignonette;
And blending with the rose's bloom,
Sea-thistles freaked with jet.

Models of cannoned ships of war,
Rigged out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's¹ red fight,
And Nelson at the Nile,
Were round his cabin hung,—his hours,
When lonely to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made
By Anson, Cook, and Bligh;
Fractures of coral from the deep,
And storm-stones from the sky;
Shells from the shores of gay Brazil;
Stuffed birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been,
No relative had he:
E'en from his childhood was he seen
A hunter of the quay;
So at the age of raw thirteen,
He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman
He sailed—a growing lad;
And all the isles of Western Ind,
In endless summer clad,
He knew, from pastoral St. Lucie,—
To palmy Trinidad.²

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
When 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
Stooped Victory from the battered shrouds,
To crown a British tar;—
'Twas then he went—a volunteer—
On board a man-of-war.

Through forty years of storm and shine,
He ploughed the changeful deep;
From where, beneath the tropic line,
The winged fishes leap,
To where frost rocks the Polar Seas,
To everlasting sleep.

¹ Camperdown, a village of the Netherlands, 27 miles N. W. of Amsterdam, in the North Sea, celebrated for Admiral Duncan's victory over the Dutch fleet, 11th Oct., 1797.

² Two islands in Windward group, West Indies.

I recollect the brave old man—
Methinks upon my view
He comes again—his varnished hat,
Striped shirt, and jacket blue;
His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek,
Keen eye, and plaited queue.

Yon turfen bench the veteran loved,
Beneath the threshold tree,
For from that spot he could survey
The broad expanse of sea,—
That element, where he so long
Had been a rover free!

And lighted up his faded face,
When drifting in the gale,
He with his telescope could catch,
Far off, a coming sail:
It was a music to his ear,
To list the sea-mew's wail!

Oft would he tell, how, under Smith,
Upon the Egyptian strand,
Eager to beat the boastful French,
They joined the men on land,
And plied their deadly shots, intrenched
Behind their bags of sand.

And when he told, how through the Sound,
With Nelson,¹ in his might,
They passed the Cronberg batteries,
To quell the Dane in fight,—
His voice with vigour filled again!
His veteran eye with light!

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
The brave old man would speak;
And when he showed his oaken stump,
A glow suffused his cheek,
While his eye filled—for wound on wound
Had left him worn and weak.

Ten years in vigorous old age,
Within that cot he dwelt,
Tranquil as falls the snow on snow
Life's lot to him was dealt;
But came infirmity at length,
And slowly o'er him steal.

¹ Lord Nelson, a celebrated English Admiral, born in 1758, entered the navy when 12 years of age, rapidly gained distinction, and was, in 1797, made Rear Admiral. He annihilated the fleet which had conveyed the French into Egypt, in the bay of Aboukir, 1799. He, as Vice-Admiral, conducted the fleet against Copenhagen, 1801. He destroyed the united French and Spanish fleets at Cape Trafalgar, 21st Oct., 1805, but paid for the victory with his life.

We missed him on our seaward walk,
 The children went no more
 To listen to his evening talk,
 Beside the cottage door;—
 Grim palsy held him to the bed,
 Which health eschewed before.

'Twas harvest time;—day after day
 Beheld him weaker grow;
 Day after day, his labouring pulse
 Became more faint and slow;
 For, in the chambers of his heart,
 Life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he weaken and he wane,
 Till frail as frail could be;
 But duly at the hour which brings
 Homeward the bird and bee,
 He made them prop him in his couch,
 To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watched the moving boat,
 And now the moveless ships,
 And now the western hills remote,
 With gold upon their tips,
 As ray by ray the mighty sun
 Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet
 Of pilgrim, travel-tired,
 Death to old Simon's dwelling came,
 A thing to be desired;
 And, breathing peace to all around,
 The man of war expired.

1. Why did our tar build his cottage on the mount?
2. Why placed he a vane on the roof?
3. What plants were found in his garden?
4. What were hung round his cabin?
5. Name the three celebrated navigators.
6. What curiosities had he collected?
7. Give us the history of Simon when a boy.
8. Where did he sail when serving his time?
9. What "sterner life" is meant?
10. Where went he then?
11. Give the appearance of the brave old man.

12. What seat was his favourite one, and why?
13. What had happened when he was under Smith?
14. How many years of health had he in his cottage?
15. What disease at last made him bed-fast?
16. Tell me how our poor old tar was when harvest came round.
17. What hour brings home the bird and the bee?
18. On what did he gaze when propped in his chair?
19. What came welcome to old Simon's cabin?

REMEMBRANCES.

Hood.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,

The little window, where the sun,
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day;—
 But now I often wish the night
 Had born my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
 The roses red and white,
 The violets and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light;
 The lilacs where the robins built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum, on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air would rush as fresh
 As swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers, then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
 The fir trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender spires
 Were close against the sky;
 It was a childish ignorance,—
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm further off from heaven,
 Than when I was a boy.

THE CHRISTIAN PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Im-mor'tal, *adj.* (*L. in, mors*).

Sup-press', *v.* (*L. sub, pressum, see*
premo).

Ag-on-ized', *adj.* (*Gr. agōn*).

Stu-pen'dous, *adj.* (*L. stupeo*).

TREAD softly—bow the head—
 In rev'rent silence bow—
 No passing bell doth toll,
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
 With lowly rev'rence bow;
 There's one in that poor shed—
 One by that paltry bed—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
 Lo! Death doth keep his state,
 Enter—no crowds attend—
 Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
 An infant wail alone;
 A sob suppressed—again
 That short deep gasp, and then—
 The parting groan.

Oh! change—oh, wondrous change,
 Burst are the prison bars—
 This moment *there*, so low,
 So agonized—and now
 Beyond the stars.

Oh! change—stupendous change!
 There lies the soulless clod;
 The sun eternal breaks—
 The new immortal wakes—
 Wakes with his God.

1. Why is the entrance to the pauper's dwelling called a palace-gate?
2. What king holds court within?
3. Of what is Death called the king?
4. Who holds the dying head?
5. What sounds do we hear?

6. What has parted with that groan?
7. What prison bars are burst?
8. What was *there* a moment since in agony, and is now beyond the stars?
9. What were Christ's words to the penitent thief on the cross?

BALLAD OF ROSABELLE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay;
 No haughty feat of arms I tell;
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
 And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheugh,
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white;
 To inch¹ and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

¹ Lale.

Last night the gifted seer did view
 A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheugh:
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"Tis not because Lord Lindsey's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my Lady-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
 And Lindsey at the ring rides well,
 But that my sire the wine will chide,
 If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle,"

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
 'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
 Each baron, for a sable shroud,
 Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
 The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell;
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

THOMS.

<i>Bairnie</i> —diminutive of <i>bairn</i> , a child.	<i>Airn</i> —iron.
<i>Frecky</i> —eager, ready.	<i>Lithless</i> —comfortless.
<i>Sairly forfairn</i> —sorely distressed, destitute.	<i>Siccan</i> —such.
<i>Dowie</i> —worn out with grief.	<i>Clutches</i> —talons, claws.
<i>Haps</i> —wraps, covers up.	<i>Lo'e</i> —love.
<i>Hackit heeles</i> —heels chapped with the cold.	<i>Mools</i> —earth.
	<i>Bannock</i> —barley-cake.
	<i>Couthilie</i> —kindly.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But morning brings clutches a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister who sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the faither toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn!

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal with the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

LINES TO A MOUSE.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was born January 25th 1759, in a clay-built cottage, raised by his father's own hands, on the banks of the Doon, in the district of Kyle, Ayrshire. At the age of six he was sent to school, and appears to have been a diligent little student. At an early age he assisted his father in his farming business, continuing his education at intervals. When about twenty, he composed several of the poems which afterwards distinguished his name. After various domestic trials, when on the point of leaving England for Jamaica, where he had got a situation, the publication of his poems awakened so much interest in their author, that he abandoned his purpose, and after an unsuccessful experiment in farming, obtained an appointment in the Excise. He died at Dumfries, in the year 1796, at the early age of 37 years.

Sleekit—sleek.

Beastie—little beast. The termination *ie* marks the diminutive.

Bickering brattle—hasty run.

Laith—loth; as *baith*, both.

Pattle—a small spade, used to clean the plough.

Whyles—sometimes.

Daimen icker—an ear of corn occasionally.

Thrave—twenty-four sheaves.

Lave—leaving, the rest.

Wee bit housie—little bit of a house.

Wa's—walls.

Win's—winds. The final consonant is often omitted, as an' for and, o' for of, &c.

Big—build.

Foggage—long grass.

Snell—bitter.

But—without.

Hald—abiding place, home.

Thole—endure.

Cranreuch—hoar-frost.

No' thy lane—not alone.

Gang aft a-gley—go often wrong.

WEE, sleekit, cowerin', timorous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coultter pass'd
Out-thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble
And cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no' thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

1. What was the occasion of these beautiful lines?

2. What does the poet call himself in verse second?

3. Show me that this is correct in one sense and not in another?

4. At what season of the year did this incident take place?

5. Why was there the more pity of the mouse on this account?

6. Who often fall in their plans as well as the poor mouse?

7. On what grounds did the bard call the mouse blest, compared with him?

8. What makes us dread to look into futurity?

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

The following remarks are by Dr. Currie, the early biographer of Burns;—"The Cotter's Saturday Night is tender and moral, solemn and devotional, and rises at length into a strain of grandeur and sublimity which modern poetry has not surpassed. The noble sentiments of patriotism, with which it concludes, correspond with the rest of the poem. In no age or country have the pastoral muses breathed such elevated accents, if the Messiah of Pope be excepted, which is indeed a pastoral in form only."

Sugh—the continued rushing noise of wind or water.

Stacher—stagger.

Flichtering—fluttering.

Ingle—fire.

Belyve—by and by.

Tentie—heedful, cautious.

Brae—fine, handsome.

Sair—sadly, sorely.

Spies—inquires.

Uncos—news.

Gars—makes.

Claes—clothes.

Eydent—diligent.

Jauk—trifle.

Halesome—healthful, wholesome.

Hawkie—cow.

Hallan—a particular partition wall in a cottage.

Cood—cud.

Weel-hain'd—well-spaced.

Keibuck—cheese.

Towmond—twelvemonth.

Sin' lint was i' the bell—since the flax was in flower.

Big ha' Bible—the great Bible that lies in the hall.

Lyart haffets—gray temples.

Wales—chooses.

Beets—adds fuel to fire.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;

The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichtering noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their maister's an' their mistress's command,
 The youngers a' are warned to obey;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
 "An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An' mind your duty, dully, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond suld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chaunt their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bârd did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry,
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in Heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped:
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,

When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
 The pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent;
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh, may Heav'n their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die,—the second glorious part;
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

1. What are the signs of this chill November day's close?

2. Why is the cottier glad when Saturday night comes?

3. Where is his cot situated?

4. Who run to meet him?

5. What are the things that make him forget his cares and toil?

6. How are the elder bairns employed during the week?

7. Name the eldest daughter.

8. What may she be bringing with her?

9. What thoughts fill the parents' minds at seeing their children around them?

10. How is this good mother employed?

11. How is the father employed?

12. Repeat the several portions of the father's advice to them.

13. After supper in what holy exercise do they engage?

14. Describe the father as he holds the Bible before him.

15. In what way do they sing God's praises?

16. With what do they sing, which is better than the finest instrument?

17. Name these church tunes, and characterize them.

18. What favourite portions may the father read in the Bible?

19. Which of the Apostles was banished to Patmos?

20. Who is the saint, the father, and the husband?

21. What glorious hope fills the bosom of parents and children?

22. How are the "parent-pair" employed when their family retire?

23. What is the chief blessing they pray for to their children?

24. Repeat the warm wishes of the bard in regard to his dear native land.

25. Who will quote Joshua xxiv. 15, to me?

RESIGNATION.

LONGFELLOW.

Ce-lest'ial, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. coelum</i>).	see <i>eo</i>).
Ben-e-dic'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. bene, dico</i>).	Sub'urb, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. sub, urbs</i>).
As-sume', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. ad, sumo</i>).	Port'al, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. porta</i>).
Trans-i'tion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. trans, itum</i>).	Rap'ture, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. raptum, see rapio</i>).

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel,¹ for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,²
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

¹ Rachel, see Jeremiah xxxi. 16, and Matt. ii. 18.

² Elysian, of or belonging to Elysium. Elysium, in ancient mythology, was a place assigned to the pious souls after death; furnished with rich fields, groves, shades, streams, &c.; the seat of happiness.

Not as a child* shall we again behold her,
 For when with raptures wild
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppressed,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
 That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.

BOADICE'A.

COWPER.

BOADICE'A lived in the middle of the first century, and was the wife of Prasutagus, the king of the Iceni, a tribe of Britons inhabiting Norfolk and Suffolk. Nero was at this time emperor; and Suetonius Paulinus, a general of great skill and energy, commanded in Britain. While Suetonius was occupied in attacking the Isle of Anglesey (then called Mona), Boadice'a was scourged and her daughters violated. The crime, however, brought its own punishment. The Iceni, and their neighbours the Trinobantes (who dwell in what is now Essex and Middlesex), flew to arms. They first attacked and destroyed the Roman colony of Camalodunum (Colchester), and defeated a Roman legion which was coming to the relief of the place. The insurgents also massacred the Romans at Verulamium (St. Albans), and at London, which was then famous for its commerce. Tacitus says that the Romans and their allies were destroyed to the number of 70,000, many of whom perished under torture. Boadice'a killed herself by poison.—*Knight's Cyclopædia*.

Dru-id, *n.* (*Gr. drus*).

Re-sent'ment, *n.* (*L. re, sentio*).

Prog'e-ny, *n.* (*L. pro, gigno*).

Mon'arch, *n.* (*Gr. monos, archos*).

WHEN THE British warrior Queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief:

Princess! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

* "Not as a child,"—see Isaiah lxxv. 20, and 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt;
 Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.¹

Then the progeny² that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall sway;
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.³

Such the Bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow:
 Rush'd to battle, fought and died;
 Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

COWPER.

"The comparison of the proud and the humble believer to the peacock and the peasant, and the parallel between Voltaire and the poor cottager, are exquisite pieces of eloquence and poetry."—*Campbell*.

THE self-applauding bird, the peacock, see—
 Mark what a sumptuous Pharisee is he!
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold:
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measured step were governed by his ear;

¹ The modern Romans, the Italians, are passionately fond of music.

² The ships of England.

³ The British, not the Romans.

And seems to say—ye meaner fowl give place,
I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
He, Christian like, retreats with modest mien
To the close copse, or far-sequestered green,
And shines without desiring to be seen.

VOLTAIRE AND THE COTTAGER.

COWPER.

YON COTTAGER, who weaves at her own door—
Pillow and bobbins all her little store—
Content, though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day;
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light:
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He, praised perhaps for ages yet to come.
She, never heard of half a mile from home:
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

MACAULAY.

The "Invincible Armada," as it was called, consisted of 132 vessels, most of them being of unusual magnitude, and mounted 3165 guns. It was navigated by 3766 seamen, and carried nearly 22,000 soldiers; a force which was to be augmented by 30,000 men assembled in the neighbourhood of Dunkirk. England now appeared animated with one sentiment. Exclusive of the levies furnished by the city of London, 132,000 men were speedily collected where the prospect of invasion was most imminent. The Queen appeared on horseback in the camp at Tilbury, and haranguing the army, exhorted the soldiers to remember their duties to their country and their religion. "I am ready," she said, "to pour out my blood for God, my kingdom, and my people. I will fight at your head; and although I have but the arm of a woman, I have the soul of a king, and what is more, of a king of England." By such conduct and language she filled the people with enthusiasm.

On the 29th of May 1588, the Spanish Armada, under the Duke of Medina, sailed from Lisbon; but a furious tempest next morning drove it back into harbour, and it did not reach the channel before the 19th of July. Here it was attacked by the English squadron, which proved victorious in five successive engagements. The Duke finding he could not form a junction with the troops at Dunkirk, meditated a return to Spain, when a storm arose, which destroyed the greater part of his fleet on the shores of Orkney and Ireland, so that only 53 ships reached home, and these in a shattered condition. The event was celebrated in this country with great rejoicings,

and a medal struck in commemoration, bearing the inscription, *Deus afflavit et dissipavit*, (God blew and they are scattered). The destruction of the Armada was a fatal blow to Spain; English cruisers covered all the seas, ravaged her coasts, and plundered her colonies.—*White's Universal History*.

ATTEND ALL YE who list to hear our noble England's praise:
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible, against her bore in vain
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.
 It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
 There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth bay;
 The crew had seen Castile's¹ black fleet, beyond Aurigny's² isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
 And the tall Pinta,³ till the noon, had held her close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty hall;
 Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast;
 And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.
 With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff comes;
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.
 The yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace:
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind, the royal blazon swells.
 Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard⁴ field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
 So glared he when, at Agincourt,⁵ in wrath he turned to bay,
 And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay,
 Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight! Ho! scatter flowers fair maids!
 Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your blades!
 Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
 Our glorious *semper eadem*!⁶ the banner of our pride!
 The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—
 The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.
 Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
 Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
 From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
 That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;
 For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—
 High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
 Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire,

¹ Castile, a former kingdom of Spain, and from its great importance, as occupying the central table-land, it frequently gives its name to the whole kingdom. The Spaniards are sometimes called Castilians.

² Aurigny's isle.—Alderney, one of the Channel islands.

³ Pinta, a Spanish vessel of war built for fast sailing.

⁴ Picard field.—Crecy or Cressy, a village in Picardy, famous for the great victory obtained by Edward III. over a large French army, Aug. 26th, 1346.

⁵ Agincourt, a village in France, near which, 25th October, 1415, the English, under Henry V., totally defeated a vastly superior force.

⁶ *Semper eadem*,—"always the same,"—Queen Elizabeth's motto.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamer's glittering waves,
 The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's¹ sunless caves :
 O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—
 He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge²—the rangers of Beaulieu.
 Right sharp and quick the bells rang out, all night, from Bristol town ;
 And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
 The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
 And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.
 The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the deathlike silence broke,
 And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke ;
 At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
 At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires ;
 From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
 And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
 And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
 And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each rousing street ;
 And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
 As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
 And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went ;
 And roused in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent ;
 Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright coursers forth ;
 High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill ;
 Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales ;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height ;
 Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light ;
 Till, broad and fierce the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain :
 Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's³ embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

COLERIDGE.

It is impossible to form a grander image of the rigidity and barrenness, the coldness and death of winter, than when you stand among the billows of one of these frozen seas ; and yet it is here that Nature locks up in her careful bosom the treasures of the Alpine valleys, the sources of rich summer verdure and vegetable life. They are hoarded up in winter, to be poured forth beneath the sun, and with the sun in summer. Some of the largest rivers in Europe take their rise from the glaciers, and give to the Swiss valleys their most abundant supply of water, in the season when ordinary streams are dried up. This is a most interesting provision in the economy of nature, for if the glaciers did not exist, those verdant valleys into which

¹ Mendip's sunless caves,—coal and lead mines are worked in the Mendip hills, Somersetshire.

² Stonehenge,—“balancing or hanging stone,”—the remains of a gigantic Druidic temple in the midst of Salisbury plain, Wiltshire.

³ “Gaunt's embattled pile.”—The castle of Lancaster. John, Duke of Lancaster, was born in Gaunt or Ghent, in Belgium. He was the progenitor of the Lancastrian line of kings.

the summer sun pours with such fervour would be parched with drought. So the mountains are parents of perpetual streams, and the glaciers are reservoirs of plenty."
—Cheever's Wanderings of a Pilgrim.

HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-Star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arvê and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Riest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranc'd in prayer
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy:
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty Vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.
 Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all night long
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise.
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
 For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown ravines enormous slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge.
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye livery flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou,
 That as I raise my head, a while bow'd low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 Thou kingly spirit thron'd among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

1. Why does the morning star seem to pause on the mountain top?

2. What is the height of Mount Blanc?

3. What gives the air its dark appearance at the summit?

4. At what height do storms usually rage?

5. Show the correctness of the expression,—*calm home*.

6. Give the meaning of *eternity*, line 12.

7. In what sense was the soul of man originally?

8. Whose power and goodness did man then see in everything?

9. Explain the expression, the soul in her *natural form*.

10. Are tears, thanks, ecstasy, passive or active praise?

11. What active praise does the poet propose to give?

12. What questions are put to the mountain?

13. What questions are put to the torrents?

14. Give the answer to them all.

15. What do the icefalls appear in the eye of the poet?

16. Name the seven primary colours of light.

17. What glory surrounds the icefalls in the light of sun and moon?

18. With what voice are the torrents to answer?

19. What objects *echo* the shout,—and what objects are to *sing*?

20. Why is the 3d personal pronoun used in speaking of the piles of snow?

(Ans. They are so far *above* human reach, that he cannot speak *to* them, he must speak *of* them).

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

COLLINS.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

TRUE BEAUTY.

SPENSER.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself you daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty, that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers untimely fade.

ODA BOG, OR ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

G. R. DERZHAVIN.

GABRIEL ROMANOVITCH DERZHAVIN, the greatest lyric poet that Russia has yet produced, was born at Kasan, in 1743. He entered the army when young, and rose successively from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Governor of Olonetz and Tambov. He left the army in 1791, on being appointed Secretary of State by Catherine; and after filling various posts in the government, he retired to his estate at Novgorod, where he died in 1816. The "Oda Bog," has been translated into several Eastern and European languages, and is justly considered as perhaps unrivalled by any similar composition.

O THOU ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no god beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,

Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy

May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays: but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy councils, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call

First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Spring forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great
Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles, in the sunny rays,
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,

Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to those art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,

All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I, when heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity? What am I then? Nought.

Thou art ; directing, guiding all, Thou art !
 Direct my understanding then to Thee ;
 Control my spirit—guide my wandering heart ;
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand.
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundary of the spirit land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is Spirit—Deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !
 A monarch and a slave ; a worm, a god ;
 Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived !—unknown ? This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy ;
 From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator ! yes : Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created me. Thou source of life and good !
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
 Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
 (Though worthless our conception all of Thee)
 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
 Thus seek thy presence. Being wise and good !
 Mid'st Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

KEATS.

These charming little poems are singular examples of different modes of viewing the same subject by two men of original minds.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury—he has never done
 With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

LEIGH HUNT.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

THE DYING SAILOR.

CRABBE.

Yes! there are real mourners.—I have seen
 A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;
 Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
 And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd :
 Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;
 But, when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep :
 Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid :
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,
 Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth ;
 In ev'ry place she wander'd, where they'd been,
 And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,
 Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
 With double interest would she nightly trace ;
 For long the courtship was, and he would say,
 Each time he sail'd,—“ This once, and then the day : ”
 Yet prudence tarried ; but, when last he went,
 He drew from pitying love a full consent.
 Happy he sail'd, and great the care she took,
 That he should softly sleep, and smartly look ;
 White was his better linen, and his check
 Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
 And every comfort men at sea can know,

Was her's to buy, to make, and to bestow :
 For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she told,
 How he should guard against the climate's cold,
 Yet saw not danger ; dangers he'd withstood,
 Nor could she trace the fever in his blood :
 His messmates smil'd at flushings on his cheek,
 And he too smil'd, but seldom would he speak ;
 For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
 With grievous symptoms he could not explain ;
 Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
 But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his friend, and prefac'd with a sigh
 A lover's message—" Thomas, I must die :
 Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
 My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
 And gazing go !—if not, this trifle take,
 And say, till death I wore it for her sake ;
 Yes ! I must die—blow on sweet breeze, blow on !
 Give me one look, before my life be gone,
 Oh ! give me that, and let me not despair,
 One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more ; I will not paint
 The lovers' meeting : she beheld him faint,—
 With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
 Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;
 He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
 " Yes ! I must die ;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him ; tender thoughts, meantime,
 Were interchang'd, and hopes and views sublime.
 To her he came to die, and every day
 She took some portion of the dread away ;
 With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
 Sooth'd the faint heart, and held the aching head ;
 She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer ;
 Apart, she sigh'd ; alone, she shed the tear ;
 Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
 Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
 The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;
 They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
 Yet said not so—" perhaps he will not sink :"
 A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
 A sudden vigour in his voice was heard ;—
 She had been reading in the book of prayer,
 And led him forth, and placed him in his chair ;
 Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
 The friendly many, and the favourite few ;
 Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
 But she has treasur'd, and she loves them all ;

When in her way she meets them they appear
 Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
 He nam'd his friend, but then his hand she prest,
 And fondly whisper'd "Thou must go to rest;"
 "I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
 His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
 Then gaz'd affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
 A dying look of love, and all was past:

She plac'd a decent stone his grave above,
 Neatly engrav'd—an offering of her love;
 For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
 Awake alike to duty and the dead;
 She would have griev'd, had friends presum'd to spare
 The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
 Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
 But, if observer pass, will take her round,
 And careless seem, for she would not be found;
 Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
 While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet maid! nor be by fancy led,
 To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
 For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirit's pain,
 In this sad conflict, will disturb thy brain;
 All have their tasks and trials; thine are hard,
 But short the time, and glorious the reward;
 Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
 Regard the dead, but to the living live.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

GOLDSMITH.

NEAR YONDER COPSE, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE SKYLARK.

SHELLEY.

SHELLEY chose the measure of this poem with great felicity. The earnest hurry of the four short lines, followed by the long effusiveness of the Alexandrine, expresses the eagerness and continuity of the song of the lark.—*Leigh Hunt*.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire !
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing, still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an embodied joy, whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there,

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare
 From one lonely cloud,
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach me, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Langour cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !
 Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

CAMPBELL.

UNFADING HOPE! when life's last embers burn—
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
 Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—
 Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the Phoenix spirit thrives within?

Oh, deep-enchanted prelude to repose,
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
 Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
 Where time's far-wandering tide has never run,
 From your unfathom'd shades and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks and howls o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased, on his night-steed, by the star of day!
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,

Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
 Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
 Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

NEVER DESPAIR.

LANDOR.

THE WISEST of us all, when woe
 Darkens our narrow path below,
 Are childish to the last degree,
 And think what is must always be.
 It rains, and there is gloom around,
 Slippery and sullen is the ground,
 And slow the step; within our sight
 Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
 Meanwhile the sun on high, although
 We will not think it can be so,
 Is shining at this very hour
 In all his glory, all his power;
 And when the cloud is past, again
 Will dry up every drop of rain.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

BYRON.

THE CHATEAU DE CHILLON, is situated at the extremity of the Lake of Geneva, and in its dungeons, we are told in history, that the early reformers were confined and executed. In the cells are still to be seen seven or rather eight pillars with rings fastened in them for the fetters and the fettered,—and on the pavement are left the traces of the steps of Bonnivard, who was imprisoned here for many years. This much is fact,—the details of the poem, however, are entirely the creation of the poet's fancy. According to the poem, Bonnivard is confined with his two brothers in these dungeons on account of their religion,—his other three brothers and his father had fallen before this under the hand of the persecutors. These three brothers are fastened to pillars, but in such a way that they cannot see each other's faces. They cheer one another by songs and stories, but at last the second eldest, who had been "a hunter on the hills," and one to whom "fettered feet" was "the worst of illa," dies of a broken heart. We will give four extracts from the poem, beginning, first, with the account of the younger brother's death, which, according to Lord Jeffrey, is the most tender and beautiful passage in the poem.

I.

DEATH OF THE YOUNGER PRISONER.

BUT HE, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;

He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most!
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,

But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That which we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

Bonnivard's mind bows under the grief consequent on the death of his brothers, and he loses all consciousness of the circumstances of his fate. The first thing that rouses him from his stupor is the carol of a bird at the little window of his prison. We give the passage :—

II.

THE BIRD AT THE PRISON WINDOW.

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track,
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me !
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile ;
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be

My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

He is now allowed to walk up and down in his cell, and having made a footing in the wall, he clambers to his window, in order as he tells us—

“to bend
 “Once more, upon the mountains high,
 The quiet of a loving eye.”

In the following beautiful lines he describes the view from the “crevice of his prison,” with his melancholy feelings on the occasion.

III.

THE VIEW FROM THE LATTICE.

I saw them—and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest glow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channel'd rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view ;
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode

Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

The poem concludes with an account of Bonnivard's liberation from the dungeon.

IV.

THE LIBERATION.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came to set me free,
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home :
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are :—even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Give some account of the Castle of Chillon. | 10. How did Bonnivard get free from his chain ? |
| 2. How far are the statements in the poem strictly true ? | 11. What liberty was he now allowed ? |
| 3. What portions are the creations of the poet's fancy ? | 12. Why did he wish to look from his lonely window ? |
| 4. On account of what were Bonnivard and his brothers imprisoned ? | 13. Name the objects he saw when he looked from his cell. |
| 5. How were the brothers placed ? | 14. What was the effect of this prospect on his mind ? |
| 6. Which of them died first ? | 15. With what does the poem conclude ? |
| 7. Which of them died next ? | 16. Why was he sorry to leave his dungeon ? |
| 8. Why was the younger brother so beloved of his father ? | |
| 9. Describe the gentle decay and gradual extinction of the younger brother's life. | |

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

BARRY CORNWALL.

O THOU VAST OCEAN! ever-sounding sea!
 Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
 Thou thing that windest round the solid world
 Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
 From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
 Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone,
 Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is like a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth hath nought of this: nor chance nor change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-waken'd air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go.
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
 But in their stated round the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their viewless home,
 And come again and vanish: the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 And the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
 Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
 And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
 And lovely in repose: thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
 "Eternity, eternity, and power."

THE LAST MINSTREL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE WAY was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seem'd to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy;
 The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung of border chivalry;
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,

His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
 No longer courted and caress'd,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay :
 Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
 A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
 He begg'd his bread from door to door.
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh,
 With hesitating step at last,
 The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar,
 Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The Duchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well :
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree :
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :
 And he began to talk anon,
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
 And of Earl Walter, rest him, God !
 A braver ne'er to battle rode ;
 And how full many a tale he knew,
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
 The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
 But when he reach'd the room of state,
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
 Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease,
 Which marks security to please;
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain!
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony.
 And then, he said, he would full fain
 He could recall an ancient strain,
 He never thought to sing again.
 It was not framed for village churls,
 But for high dames and mighty earls;
 He play'd it to King Charles the Good,
 When he kept court in Holyrood;
 And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
 The long-forgotten melody.
 Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
 And an uncertain warbling made,
 And oft he shook his hoary head.
 But when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face, and smiled;
 And lighten'd up his faded eye,
 With all the poet's ecstasy!
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along:
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
 In the full tide of song were lost;
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

THE NAMELESS MOUNTAIN STREAM.

CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

UP FROM the shore of the placid lake
 Wherein thou tumblest, murmuring low,
 Over the meadow and through the brake,
 And over the moor where the rushes grow,
 I've traced thy course, thou gentle brook:—

I've seen thy life in all thy moods ;
 I've seen thee lingering in the nook
 Of the shady, fragrant, pine-tree woods ;
 I've seen thee starting and leaping down
 The smooth high rocks and boulders brown ;
 I've tracked thee upwards, upwards still,
 From the spot where the lonely birch-tree stands,
 Low adown amid shingle and sands,
 Over the brow of the ferny hill,
 Over the moorland, purple dyed,
 Over the rifts of granite grey,
 Up to thy source on the mountain side,
 Far away—oh, far away.

II.

Beautiful stream ! By rock and dell,
 There's not an inch in all thy course
 I have not tracked. I know thee well ;
 I know where blossoms the yellow gorse,
 I know where waves the pale blue-bell,
 And where the hidden violets dwell.
 I know where the foxglove rears its head,
 And where the heather tufts are spread ;
 I know where the meadow-sweets exhale,
 And the white valerians load the gale.
 I know the spot the bees love best,
 And where the linnet has built her nest.
 I know the bushes the grouse frequent,
 And the nooks where the shy deer browse the bent.
 I know each tree to thy fountain head—
 The lady-birches, slim and fair :
 The feathery larch, the rowans red,
 The brambles trailing their tangled hair.
 And each is linked to my waking thought
 By some remembrance fancy-fraught.

III.

I know the pools where the trout are found,
 The happy trout, untouched by me.
 I know the basins, smooth and round,
 Worn by thy ceaseless industry,
 Out of the hard and stubborn stone—
 Fair clear basins where nymphs might float ;
 And where in the noon-time all alone
 The brisk bold robin cleans his coat.
 I know thy voice : I've heard thee sing
 Many a soft and plaintive tune,
 Like a lover's song in life's young spring,
 Or Endymion's to the moon.
 I've heard it deepen to a roar
 When thou wert swollen by Autumn rains,
 And rushed from the hill-tops to the plains,

A loud and passionate orator.
 I've spoken to thee—and thou to me—
 At morn, or noon, or closing night!
 And ever the voice of thy minstrelsy
 Has been companion of delight.

IV.

Yet, lovely stream, unknown to fame,
 Thou hast oozed, and flowed, and leaped, and run,
 Ever since Time its course begun,
 Without a record, without a name.
 I asked the shepherd on the hill—
 He knew thee but as a common rill;
 I asked the farmers' blue-eyed daughter—
 She knew thee but as a running water;
 I asked the boatman on the shore,
 He was never asked to tell before—
 Thou wert a brook, and nothing more.

V.

Yet, stream, so dear to me alone,
 I prize and cherish thee none the less
 That thou flowest unseen, unpraised, unknown,
 In the unfrequented wilderness.
 Though none admire and lay to heart
 How good and beautiful thou art,
 Thy flowerets bloom, thy waters run,
 And the free birds chant thy benison.
 Beauty is beauty, though unseen;
 And those who live it all their days,
 Find meet reward in their soul serene,
 And the inner voice of prayer and praise.

VI.

Like thee, fair streamlet, undefiled,
 Many a human virtue dwells,
 Unknown of men, in the distant dells,
 Or hides in the coverts of the wild.
 Many a mind of richest worth,
 Whether of high or of low estate,
 Illumes the by-ways of the earth,
 Unseen, but good; unknown, but great.
 Many a happy and lovely soul
 Lives beauty in the fields afar,
 Or, 'mid the city's human shoal,
 Shines like a solitary star.

 THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THOMAS MOORE.

"THEY tell of a young man, who lost his reason upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he

had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,¹
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe.

¹ The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

THAT which may profit and amuse is gathered from the volume of creation,

For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness of wisdom.
The elements of all things are the same, though nature hath mixed them with a difference,

And learning delighteth to discover the affinity of seeming opposites :
So out of great things and small draweth he the secrets of the universe,
And argueth the cycles of the stars, from a pebble flung by a child.
It is pleasant to note all plants, from the rush to the spreading cedar,
From the giant king of palms, to the lichen that staineth its stem ;
To watch the workings of instinct, that grosser reason of brutes,—
The river horse browsing in the jungle, the plover screaming on the moor,
The cayman basking on a mud-bank, and the walrus anchored to an iceberg,

The dog at his master's feet, and the milch-kine lowing in the meadow :
To trace the consummate skill that hath modelled the anatomy of insects,

Small fowls that sun their wings on the petals of wild-flowers ;
To learn a use in the beetle, and more than a beauty in the butterfly ;
To recognise affections in a moth, and look with admiration on a spider.
It is glorious to gaze upon the firmament, and see from far the mansions of the blest,

Each distant shining world, a kingdom for one of the redeemed ;
To read the antique history of earth, stamped upon those medals in the rocks

Which design hath rescued from decay, to tell of the green infancy of time ;

To gather from the unconsidered shingle the mottled starlike agates,
Full of unstoried flowers in the budding bloom—chalcedony ;
Or gay and curious shells, fretted with microscopic carving,
Corallines, and fresh sea weeds, spreading forth their delicate branches.

It is an admirable lore to learn the cause in the change,
To study the chemistry of nature, her grand but simple secrets,
To search out all her wonders, to track the resources of her skill,
To note her kind compensations, her unobtrusive excellence.

In all it is wise happiness to see the well-ordained laws of Jehovah,
The harmony that filleth all his mind, the justice that tempereth his bounty,

The wonderful all-prevalent analogy that testifieth one Creator,
The broad arrow of the Great King, carved on all the stores of his arsenal.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

COWPER.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air ;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true;
But that delight they never knew,
And, therefore, never miss'd.

But Nature works in every breast
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never taste the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.

COWPER.

Pa'tri-ot-ism, *n.* (*L. patria*).

Rec'om-pense, *n.* (*L. re, con, pensus*).

Im-mortal-ize, *v.* (*L. in, mors*).

Post'ed, *v.* (*L. positum*).

An-tic'i-pate, *v.* (*L. ante, capio*).

Per-se-cu'tion, *n.* (*L. per, sequi*).

Sanc'ti-fy, *v.* (*L. sanctus*).

In-spire, *v.* (*L. in, spiro*).

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,

To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
 Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
 And for a time ensure, to his loved land
 The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
 But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
 In confirmation of the noblest claim,
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
 Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
 Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
 And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flew
 —No marble tells us whither. With their names
 No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
 And History, so warm on meaner themes,
 Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
 The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
 But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.¹
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of nature, and, though poor, perhaps, compar'd
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
 Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
 And smiling say—"My father made them all."

THE SONG OF MINONA.

OSSIAN.

MINONA came forth in her beauty; with down-cast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar,² the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma.³ Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill.

"It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead

¹ See Judges xvi. 7, &c.

² Sealg-er, a hunter.

³ Cul-math, a woman with fine hair.

me to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! It is Colma who calls. Here is the tree, and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief; I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth. He shall fear but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma!"

APPROACH OF MACBETH'S FATE.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE—*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls:
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. My lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

Striking.

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;*—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. *[Exeunt.]*

NORFOLK'S REPLY TO BOLINGBROKE'S
CHARGE OF TREASON.

SHAKSPERE.

LET not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
 'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be hush'd, and not at all to say:
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I tied to run atoot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Wherever Englishman durst set his foot:
 Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

SCENE IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

The banished Duke, and Friends, in the dress of Foresters.

SHAKSPERE.

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—
 The season's difference. As the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
Amiens. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style!
Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—
 Being native burghers of this desert city—
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralise this spectacle?

1st Lord. Oh yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream:
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament,
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much." Then, being alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
 "'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
 The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth Jaques,
 "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and, what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2d Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke. Show me the place;
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

FLATTERY AND FRIENDSHIP.

EVERY one that flatters thee SHAKESPEARE.
 Is no friend in misery :
 Words are easy like the wind ;
 Faithful friends 'tis hard to find ;
 Every man will be thy friend,
 While thou hast wherewith to spend.
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call :
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice.
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown ;
 They that fawned on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will keep thee in thy need.
 If thou sorrow he will weep ;
 If thou wake he cannot sleep.
 Thus of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth hear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful Friend from flattering Foe.

GRIFFITH'S CHARACTER OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOMAS WOLSEY, a celebrated English statesman, born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, in 1471, was the son of a butcher. He entered the church, and rose to be a Royal Chaplain and Dean of Lincoln, under Henry VII. Henry VIII., with whom he became a favourite, called him to the Privy Council, gave him several high preferments, and at last made him Archbishop of York, Chancellor of the Kingdom, and was governed by him in all things. He made a great number of enemies by his rapacity ; his revenues were almost equal to those of the crown ; he was, moreover, unjust and cruel in the exercise of his functions as legate, and created an ecclesiastical court, which was a second Inquisition. Wolsey attained to the height of power, and fell into the depths of disgrace. He was appointed Commissioner for the divorce of Henry VIII., and did not hasten the affair in accordance with the wishes of the monarch. He was accused before the Court of King's Bench of having exceeded his authority, was deprived of the seals and nearly all his revenues, and dismissed from the court. Being sent for to London again to answer new charges, he died on his road, at Leicester in 1530. Wolsey founded Christ Church College, Oxford.

Enter Katherine, Dowager, sick ; led between Griffith and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath.

O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
 Willing to leave their burthen : reach a chair :—
 So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam: but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—“O, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!”
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity:—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied¹ all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: 't' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.

¹ *Tied.* There is a great controversy amongst the commentators whether this word means *limited*—infringed the liberties—or *tithed*. We have no doubt that the allusion is to the acquisition of wealth by the Cardinal.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
 Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 (Which was a sin), yet, in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him,
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !

SOLILOQUY OF HENRY IV. ON SLEEP.

SHAKESPEARE.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects,
 Are at this hour asleep !—Sleep, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ;
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;

And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

OVERTHROW OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

MILTON.

Con-tig'u-ous, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. con, tactus</i> , see <i>tango</i>).	Ire, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. ira</i>).
Pros'trate, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. pro, stratum</i>).	Per-nic'ious, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. per, nex</i>).
	Verge, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. vergo</i>).

So SPAKE the Son, and into terror chang'd
 His countenance too severe to be beheld,
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
 At once the four spread out their starry wings¹
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels²
 The steadfast empyréan³ shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
 All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;
 O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate⁴
 That wish'd the mountains⁵ now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four
 Distinct with eyes,⁶ and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven:
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd

¹ Four,—that is, the cherubic shapes,—see Ezekiel, i, 9-19, 24.

² Burning wheels,—see Dan. vii, 9.

³ Empyréan, that is the highest heaven.

⁴ Prostrate,—notice the accent *here*,—this word is usually accented on the first syllable.

⁵ Mountains, see Rev. vi, 16.

⁶ Distinct with eyes,—that is, punctured, thick set, or studded with eyes.

Of goats,⁷ or timorous flock together throng'd,
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies⁸ to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heav'n, which opening wide,
 Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
 Into the wasteful deep;⁹ the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind; headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of heav'n; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

SATAN SUMMONING THE REBEL ANGELS.

MILTON.

Su-pe'ri-or, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. super</i>).	Per-fid'ious, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. per, fides</i>).
Pon'de-rous, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. pondus</i>).	Ab'ject, <i>adj.</i> (<i>L. ab, jacio</i>).
Cir-cum-fer-ence, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. circum, fero</i>)	Po'ten-tate, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. potens</i>).
Sup-port', <i>v.</i> (<i>L. sub, porto</i>).	E-the-ri-al, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Gr. aither</i>).
Le'gion, <i>n.</i> (<i>L. lego</i>).	Op'tic, <i>adj.</i> (<i>Gr. optomai</i>).

He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend¹⁰
 Was moving tow'rd the shore: his ponderous shield,
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders, like the moon,¹¹ whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesolè,¹²
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
 His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral¹³ were but a wand—
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle;¹⁴ not like those steps
 On heaven's¹⁵ azure: and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
 Nathless¹⁶ he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
 His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,

7 As a herd of goats.—Our Saviour represents the wicked as goats, and the good as sheep. See Matt. xxv, 33.

8 With terrors and with furies,—see Job vi. 4,—and Isaiah ii. 20.

9 Wasteful deep,—that is, desolate abyss.

10 Superior fiend,—arch-fiend; Satan.

11 Like the moon,—Milton represents the shield of Satan as large as the moon seen through a telescope, an instrument first applied to observations by Galileo, a native of Tuscany, born 1564, whom he means here by the "Tuscan artist." Milton had visited this truly great man, Galileo, as he himself informs us.

12 Fesolè, (anciently Faesulæ) a city of Tuscany;—and Vald' Arno, that is vale of the Arno,—both these places are near Pisa, the birth-place of Galileo.

13 Ammiral is a German word, and means any great ship.

14 Marle, soil;—properly a calcareous or chalky earth, much used for manure.

15 Heavens,—this word must be pronounced here in two syllables.

16 Nathless, not the less, nevertheless—a Saxon word.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow^a the brooks
 In Vallombrosa,⁹ where the Etrurian shades
 High overarched embower: or scattered sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed¹⁰
 Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris¹¹ and his Memphian¹² chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore¹³ their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrewn,
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
 Of Hell resounded:—

“Princes, potentates,
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits;—or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue,¹⁴ for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood,
 With scattered arms and ensigns; till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heaven's gates discern
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake!—arise!—or be for ever fallen!

SATAN ENCOUNTERING SIN AND DEATH.

MILTON.

THE allegory of Sin and Death, by Milton, is a paraphrase on the words of St James, i. 15. “When lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.”

MEANWHILE, the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes

^a Strow, overspread, now generally written strew.

⁹ Vallombrosa, that is shady vale, from the Latin *vallis* a valley, and *umbra* a shade,—it is in Etruria or Tuscany.

¹⁰ Ori'on,—is a constellation represented in the figure of an armed man, and supposed to be attended with stormy weather.

¹¹ Busiris,—Milton thus styles Pharaoh (and not without authority) who *perfidiously* pursued the Israelites, since he had previously agreed to allow them to depart unmolested.

¹² Memphian, from Memphis, an ancient city on the left side of the Nile, famous for the pyramids.

¹³ From the safe shore,—see Exodus xiv. 23, to the end.

¹⁴ Virtue, here means courage, strength, as *virtus* did in Latin.

He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left ;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore,¹ whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs ; they, on the trading flood,²
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole : so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof ;
 And thrice threefold the gates : three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamant rock
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,³
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair ;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast ; a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting : about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds⁴ never-ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal ; yet, when they list,⁵ would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :⁶
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either : black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head,
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,

¹ *Ternate and Tidore* ; two of the Molucca Islands, famed for their spices.

² Trading flood ; the sea where the trade-winds blow.

³ Impal'd with circling fire ; inclosed, pal'd in.

⁴ A cry of hell-hounds ; a pack of hell-hounds.

⁵ When they list ; when they chose.

⁶ Trinacrian shore ; Sicily ; so called from its three promontories, in the form of a triangle.

Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,¹
 Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
 And with disdainful look thus first began:

'Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.'

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:
 'Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
 Unbroken: and in proud, rebellious arms,
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
 Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.'

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
 Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus² huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each to the head
 Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend: and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
 Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

¹ God and His Son except; i. e. being excepted.

² Ophiúchus; the serpent-bearer, a constellation extending a length of near 40 degrees.

EVE'S LAMENT, ON HEARING THE SENTENCE.

MILTON.

ON unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow—
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even—which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

THE EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

MILTON.

To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The cherubim descended; on the ground
 Gilding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon:
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE DEATH OF LAUSUS.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO, the most excellent of all the Latin poets, was born near Mantua, A. C. 70. He died at Brundisium, A. C. 19.

Mezentius, a king of the Tyrrhenians, remarkable for his cruelties, on which account he was expelled by his subjects. He fled to Turnus, who employed him in his wars against the Trojans under Æneas. Lausus, his son, whose character stands distinguished for undaunted bravery and filial piety, fell by the hand of the Trojan leader, in his vain attempt to save his parent's life.

ONCE more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,
Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood,
(When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves),
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth—in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his strength, and like a rock
Poised on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and meas'ring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
'My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke);
His armour from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.'
He said; and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield: that stopp'd the course;
But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The side and bowels, famed Antores fix'd.
Antores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
Till, tired with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose.
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies.

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent:
The shield gave way: through triple plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen triply roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
Transpierced his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief:
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must

To thy immortal memory be just,
 And sing an act so noble and so new,
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
 The father sought to save himself by flight;
 Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
 Which pierced his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
 The pious youth, resolved on death, below
 The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
 Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
 To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
 All fired with gen'rous indignation, strive,
 And with a storm of darts, to distance drive
 The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
 On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
 As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
 The ploughman, passenger, and lab'ring hind,
 For shelter to the neigh'ring covert fly,
 Or housed, or safe in hollow caverns, lie;
 But that o'erblown, when heav'n above them smiles,
 Return to travail, and renew their toils:
 Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
 The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
 And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning cried:
 'Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
 In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
 Betray'd by pious love?—Nor, thus forborne,
 The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
 Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience, tired,
 Gave place; and all his breast with fury fired.
 For now the Fates prepared their sharpen'd shears;
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
 Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
 Through shield and corslet forced th' impetuous way,
 And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
 The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
 And drench'd the embroider'd coat his mother wove;
 And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
 But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
 The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
 He grieved; he wept, (the sight an image brought
 Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought),
 Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
 'Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
 To love so great, to such transcendent store
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
 Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
 And all that pleased thee living, still remain
 Inviolat, and sacred to the slain.

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
 To rest thy soul; at least if shadows know,
 Or have a sense of human things below.
 There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell
 'Twas by the great *Aeneas*' hand I fell.'
 With this, his distant friends he beckons near;
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

POPE'S HOMER.

HOMER, the father of Greek poets, flourished about A. C. 900. Seven cities disputed the glory of having given him birth; Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens. The opinion of antiquity seems generally to lean towards Chios or Smyrna.

Hector, the greatest of Trojan heroes, was the son of Priam and Hecuba, and married to Andromache. He is described not only as a bold and gallant warrior, but as a hero ennobled by all the more tender and humane virtues. The most tender passage in the "*Illiad*" is the one here given, in which Hector, before going to battle, takes leave of his wife and child. As the earliest specimen of conjugal devotion exemplified in poetry, to say nothing of its intrinsic poetical beauty, the passage now quoted is beyond all praise.

SILENT the warrior smiled, and pleased, resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind:
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run!
 Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
 Thou, from this tower defend the important post
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack had given,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief replied: "That post shall be my care,
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
 Attain the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to the embattled plains;
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

"Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
 As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
 I see thee, trembling, weeping, captive led!
 In Argive looms our battles to design,
 And woes of which so large a part was thine!
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
 The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs shall waken at the name;
 May I lay cold before that dreadful day,
 Prest with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy,
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp his lovely boy.
 The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
 Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child;
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And placed the beaming helmet on the ground;
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer.

"O Thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
 And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!

So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he hears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame ;'
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms ;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd,
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursued.

"Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth ;
No force can then resist, no flight can save ;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene ;
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes ;
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look : then moving slow,
Sought her own palace and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran ;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector as the dead.

THE PLAY PLACE OF EARLY DAYS.

COWPER.

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carv'd subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd ;

The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat;
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,
 That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.

 CONTENTMENT.

BURNS.

It's no' in titles nor in rank,
 It's no' in wealth, like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest:
 It's no' in makin' muckle mair,
 It's no' in books, it's no' in lear',
 To make us truly blest:
 If happiness ha'e not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest;
 Nae treasures or pleasures
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart aye's the part aye
 That mak's us right or wrang.

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, ha'e met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gi'e the wit of age to youth,
 They let us ken oursel';
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Though losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe.
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

 NIGHT.

SOUTHEY.

How beautiful is Night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven:

In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,—
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is Night!

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

COLERIDGE.

TELL me, on what holy ground,
 May Domestic Peace be found?
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,
 Far on fearful wings she flies,
 From the pomp of sceptered state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate.
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,
 Listening to the sabbath bells!
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears;
 And, conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF MAN.

WORDSWORTH.

THE poet Campbell says, "Children have so recently come out of the hands of their Creator, that they have not had time to lose the impress of their divine origin."

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

TO MY MOTHER.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think,
 That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
 Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
 Could from our best of duties ever shrink ?
 Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
 Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day,
 To pine in solitude thy life away,
 Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.
 Banish the thought !—where'er our steps may roam,
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
 Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
 And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
 While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

THE WAR-HORSE.

JOB xxxix, 19—25.

"THE leading idea in this magnificent description of the war-horse, a description which has never been equalled, is, that the majesty, energy, strength, impatience for the battle, and spirit of this noble animal, are proofs of the wisdom and power of the Great Creator, and may be appealed to as illustrating His perfections." — *Barnes' Notes on the book of Job, with a New Translation.*

HAST thou given the horse his strength ?
 Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?
 Dost thou make him to leap as the locust ?
 How terrible is the glory of his nostrils !
 He paweth in the valley ; he exulteth in his strength ;
 He goeth forth into the midst of arms.
 He laugheth at fear, and is nothing daunted ;
 And he turneth not back from the sword.
 Upon him rattleth the quiver ;
 The glittering spear and the lance.
 In his fierceness and rage he devourerth the ground,
 And will no longer stand still when the trumpet sounds.
 When the trumpet sounds, he saith, "Aha !" ¹
 And from afar he snuffeth the battle—
 The war-cry of the princes, and the battle-shout.

PREFIXES AND AFFIXES.

PREFIXES.

I. OF ENGLISH OR SAXON ORIGIN.

1. A, *at, on, to, with*,—as, *afar*, at a great distance,—*aboard*, on board,—*affield*, to the field, *apace*, with a quick pace.
2. Be, *about, before, to make*,—as, *begird*, to gird about,—*bespeak*, to order before,—*becalm*, to make calm.
3. En, (*em, im*), *in, to make*,—as *enthroned*, to place in a throne,—*embolden*, to make bold,—*imbitter*, to make bitter.
4. For, gives the word to which it is joined an *opposite* meaning, as, *forgive*, to give pardon instead of punishment,—*forbear*, to suffer but abstain from showing it.
5. Fore, *before*,—as, *forerun*, to run before.
6. Mis, *error, ill, not*,—as *misbehaviour*, ill behaviour,—*miscount*, to err in counting,—*mistrust*, not to trust, to suspect.
7. Out, *beyond, superiority*,—as, *outlive*, to live beyond another,—*outdo*, to do in a superior manner, to excel.
8. Over, *above, beyond*,—as, *overcome*, to come above or over one, to conquer,—*overcharge*, to charge beyond or too much.
9. Un, before a verb, means the *undoing* of the action,—as, *unfetter*, to take off fetters.
10. Un, before an adjective or adverb, means *not*,—as, *unable*, not able,—*unlikely*, not likely.
11. Under, *beneath*,—as, *underclerk*, a clerk beneath a principal clerk.
12. Up, *motion upwards*,—as, *upset*, to set the under part of a thing up, to overset.
13. With, *from or against*,—as, *withdraw*, to draw from,—*withhold*, to hold against.

EXERCISES.

Point out the prefix in each of the following words.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. abed, aground, afoot. | 7. outcry, outlet, outshine. |
| 2. besprinkle, bespatter, bedim. | 8. overdo, overdrive, overshadow. |
| 3. entrap, empower, imprison. | 9. unbosom, unfurl, unclasp. |
| 4. forsake, forget, forswear. | 10. unsafe, uneasy, unjustly. |
| 5. foreknow, forefather. | 11. undermine, underground. |
| 6. mislead, misdeed, misfortune. | 12. uphold, uphill, uproot. |

II. OF LATIN ORIGIN.

1. A, (*ab, abs.*) *from or away*,—as, *avert*, to turn from, *absolve*, to loose from, to acquit,—*abstain*, to hold from, to refrain.
2. Ad, (*a, ac, af, ag, al, an, ap, ar, as, at.*) *to or at*,—as, *ascend*, to

climb to,—*accede*, to yield to,—*adjoin*, to join to,—*affix*, to fix to,—*aggravate*, to make heavy to, to make worse,—*alleviate*, to make light to, to soften,—*annex*, to tie to,—*approximate*, to draw very near to,—*arrogate*, to ask to one's self, to assume,—*assimilate*, to make similar to,—*attest*, to bear witness to.

3. Am, *round*,—as, *ambition*, a going round seeking honour or preferment.

4. Ante, *before*,—as, *antecedent*, going before,—*antecessor*, contracted into ancestor, one that goes before, a predecessor.

5. Circum, (*circu*) *round*,—as, *circumfluent*, flowing around,—*circuit*, a going round.

6. Cis, *on this side of*,—as, *cisalpine*, on this side of the Alps.

7. Con, (*co*, *cog*, *col*, *com*, *cor*,) *together*,—as, *conspire*, to breathe together, to plot,—*compose*, to place together,—*coheir*, joint heir,—*cognate*, born together,—*collect*, to gather together,—*corrupt*, to burst, to rot.

8. Contra, (*contro*, *counter*,) *against*,—as, *contradict*, to speak against,—*controvert*, to turn against, to dispute,—*counterplot*, to oppose one plot by another.

9. De, *down* or *from*,—as, *deject*, to throw down,—*demonstrate*, to show *from* a height, to show clearly,—*decrease*, to grow down, to diminish.

10. Dis, (*di*, *dif*,) *asunder*, *not*,—as, *dissolve*, to loose asunder,—*dishonest*, not honest,—*digress*, to step aside, to wander,—*diffuse*, to pour asunder.

11. Ex, (*e*, *ec*, *ef*,) *out*, *from*,—as, *exclude*, to shut out,—*eject*, to cast out,—*eccentric*, from the centre, irregular,—*efflux*, a flowing out.

12. Extra, *beyond*,—as, *extraordinary*, beyond ordinary.

13. In, (*il*, *im*, *ir*,) prefixed to verbs, means *in*, *into*, *on*,—as, *invent*, to come upon something new,—*illumine*, to throw light on,—*import*, to carry into,—*irradiate*, to throw rays on, to shine.

14. In, (*ig*, *il*, *im*, *ir*,) before adjectives or adverbs, means *not*,—as, *invisible*, not to be seen,—*ignoble*, not noble,—*illegal*, not legal,—*immortal*, not mortal,—*irresistibly*, in a manner not to be resisted.

15. Inter, (*intra*, *intro*,) *between*, *among*,—as, *intercede*, to go between, to mediate,—*intramural*, within walls,—*introduce*, to lead among, to make known.

16. Juxta, *nigh*,—as *juxtaposition*, a placing nigh to.

17. Ob, (*oc*, *of*, *op*,) *against*, *in the way of*,—as, *object*, to cast against, occur, to run or come in the way of,—*offer*, to bring in the way, to present,—*oppress*, to press against, to crush.

18. Per, (*pel*,) *through* or *thoroughly*,—as, *perennial*, lasting through the year,—*perfect*, thoroughly done,—*pellucid*, letting light through.

19. Post, *after*,—as, *postpone*, to place after, to delay.

20. Pre, *before*,—as, *precede*, to go before.

21. Preter, *beyond* or *past*,—as, *pretermit*, to send past, to omit.

22. Pro, *forth*, *forward*, *in place of*,—as, *provide*, to look forward,—*protrude*, to thrust forth,—*pronoun*, a word used instead of a noun.

23. Re, *back* or *again*, as, *repulse*, to drive back,—*revise*, to see or examine again.

24. Retro, *backwards*,—as, *retrospect*, a looking backwards, or on the past.

25. Se, *aside*,—as, select, to gather aside, to choose—*seduce*, to lead aside.

26. Sine, (sim,) *without*,—as, *sinecure*, an office with emolument but without care,—*simple*, without a fold, artless.

27. Sub, (su, suc, suf, sug, sup, sus,) *under*,—as, *suspect*, to spy under, to imagine to be guilty,—*submerge*, to plunge under,—*succour*, to run under, to assist,—*suffer*, to bear under,—*suggest*, to bring under notice, to hint,—*support*, to carry under, to uphold,—*suspend*, to hang under, to interrupt.

28. Subter, *under*,—as, *subterfuge*, a flying under, a shift.

29. Super, (sur,) *over* or *above*,—as, *supervisor*, one who looks over, —*surpass*, to pass above, to excel.

30. Trans, (tra, tress,) *over, beyond, along*,—as, *transport*, to carry beyond,—*traduce*, to lead along in order to expose to public ignominy, to defame,—*tresspass*, to pass over the line.

31. Ultra, *beyond*,—as, *ultramontane*, beyond the mountain, foreign.

EXERCISES.

Point out the prefix in each of the following words.

1. avoid, abduce, absent.
2. asperse, adverb, accept, affluence, aggrandise, alluvial, annihilate, appraise, arrest, assume, attend.
3. amputate, ambiguity.
4. antedate, anticipate.
5. circumscribe, circumvent.
6. coequal, cognominal, colloquy, conjunction, compile, correspond.
7. contravene, countervail.
8. demerit, depress, degrade.
9. disfigure, divulge, diffident.
11. elongate, efface, excavate.
12. extramundane, extravagant.
13. invade, illude, impede, irruption.

14. ignorant, illegible, insane, immense, irregularly.
15. interrupt, intelligent, introvert.
17. oblige, occasion, offend, opposite.
18. peruse, perspire, perforate.
19. postscript, posthumous.
20. precursor, precaution, premature.
22. procure, proclaim, promote.
23. rebuild, reprint, return.
25. secede, secrete, seclude.
27. subvert, suppire, succumb, suffuse, supplicate, sustain.
28. subterfuge.
29. superfine, supernatural, superscribe.
30. transgress, transmit.

III. OF GREEK ORIGIN.

1. A, (an,) *want of, or without*,—as, *apathy*, want of feeling,—*anarchy*, without government, disorder.

2. Amphi, *double*,—as, *amphibious*, having a double life, that can live in two elements.

3. Ana, *through or up*,—as, *anatomy*, the act of cutting up or dissecting the body.

4. Anti, (ant,) *against*,—as, *antipathy*, a feeling against, dislike,—*antarctic*, opposite to the arctic or north, southern.

5. Apo, (ap,) *from or away*, as, *apostate*, one who stands from, or forsakes his professed principles,—*aphelion*, away from the sun.

6. Cata, (cat,) *down*,—as, *cataract*, a rushing down of water, *catarrh*, a running cold in the head.

7. Dia, (di,) *through*,—as, *diameter*, a measure through the centre of a circle.

8. En, (em,) *in or on*,—as, *endemic*, on the people, peculiar to a country,—*emphasis*, stress laid on a word in speaking.

9. Epi, *upon or over*,—as, *epitaph*, an inscription upon a tomb.

10. Hyper, *overmuch*,—as, *hypercritic*, a critic over-exact.

11. Hypo, *under*,—as, *hypocrite*, one who keeps under or conceals his real sentiments.

12. Meta, (met,) *beyond, change*,—as, *metaphor*, a carrying of a word beyond its proper meaning,—*metonymy*, change of name.

13. Para, (par,) *near to, similarity or contrariety*,—as, *parallel*, extending near to, and preserving the same distance,—*parable*, putting a thing near to another, a similitude,—*paradox*, a contrary opinion.

14. Peri, *round about*,—as, *periosteum*, a membrane that surrounds the bone,—*periphrasis*, round-about speech, circumlocution.

15. Syn, (sym, syl,) *with, together*,—as, *synonyme*, a word having a meaning with or the same as another word,—*sympathy*, a feeling together, compassion,—*syllable*, letters pronounced together.

EXERCISES.

Point out the prefix in each of the following words.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. abyss, atom, atheist. | 9. episode, epidemic. |
| 2. amphitheatre, amphibaena. | 10. hyperbole, hyperborean. |
| 3. anabaptist, analysis. | 11. hypothesis, hyphen. |
| 4. antipodes, antidote, antagonist. | 12. metathesis, metamorphosee. |
| 5. apostle, apocalypse, aphæresis. | 13. paraphrase, parasol, pariah. |
| 6. catechist, catastrophe. | 14. perimeter, peripatetic. |
| 7. diaphanous, diagonal, diorama. | 15. synthesis, symptom, syllogism. |
| 8. enthusiasm, energy, empyrean. | |

AFFIXES.

I. FORMING NOUNS.

1st. Denoting the doer of a thing; the person acted upon.

1. An, in *guardian*, the protector of an orphan.
2. Ant, in *tenant*, one who holds property of another.
3. Ar, in *beggar*, he who begs.
4. Ard, in *dotard*, one who dotes, or is silly from age.
5. Ary, in *lapidary*, one who cuts, or deals in precious stones.
6. Ate, in *advocate*, he that pleads the cause of another.
7. Ee, in *legatee*, a person to whom a legacy has been left.
8. Eer, in *mountaineer*, a dweller among the mountains.
9. Ent, in *regent*, one who rules for another.
10. Er, in *writer*, one who writes; an author.
11. Ist, in *botanist*, one who studies plants.
12. Ite, in *Levite*, a descendant from Levi.
13. Ive, in *captive*, one taken in war.
14. Or, in *intercessor*, one who goes between parties at variance in order to reconcile them.
15. Ster, in *songster*, one who sings.

EXERCISES.

Form Nouns denoting the doer of a thing, &c., from the following words.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. history, grammar, Europe. | 9. agent, deponent, penitent. |
| 2. assist, inhabit, combat. | 10. coal, village, travel. |
| 3. school, lie, family. | 11. flower, art, drug. |
| 4. slug, drunk, wise. | 12. Bedlam, Canaan, favour. |
| 5. adverse, antique, secret. | 13. operate, represent, relate. |
| 6. cure, potent, candid. | 14. create, act, precept. |
| 7. present, trust, patent. | 15. game, pun, choir. |
| 8. engine, suction, mutiny. | |

2d. Denoting *act of, state of being, quality, &c.*, taken abstractly.

1. Aey, in *celibacy*, single life, unmarried state.
2. Age, in *foliage*, the leaves or tufts of trees.
3. Ance, in *repentance*, a sorrowing for sin and turning from it.
4. Ancy, in *constancy*, quality of standing firm, lasting affection.
5. Dom, in *kingdom*, the dominion of a king.
6. Ence, in *adherence*, act of sticking close to, fidelity.
7. Ency, in *consistency*, the state in which the parts of a thing *stand together*, or agree with each other.
8. Hood, in *boyhood*, state of being a boy.
9. Ics, in *economics*, the art of managing household affairs.
10. Ion, in *collision*, act of striking together.
11. Ism, in *paganism*, the being a heathen or worshipper of idols.
12. Ment, in *concealment*, act of hiding, a hiding-place.
13. Mony, in *acrimony*, sharpness, severity of temper.
14. Ness, in *goodness*, the quality of being good.
15. Ship, in *stewardship*, the office of a steward or manager.
16. Th, in *warmth*, the being warm, moderate heat.
17. Tude, in *fortitude*, the being strong to endure, bravery.
18. Ty, in *brevity*, shortness, conciseness.
19. Ure, in *legislature*, the power that makes laws.
20. Y, in *mastery*, the being master, dominion.

EXERCISES.

What are the Nouns denoting act of, state of being, &c., from the following words.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. curate, supreme, pirate. | 11. atheist, barbarous, egotist. |
| 2. marry, plume, post. | 12. settle, punish, engage. |
| 3. vary, hinder, distant. | 13. matron, parsimonious. |
| 4. brilliant, vacant, elegant. | 14. bad, noble, joyful. |
| 5. pope, christian, sheriff. | 15. lord, fellow, friend. |
| 6. benevolent, innocent, obedient. | 16. young, die, long, deep. |
| 7. decent, fluent, agent. | 17. serve, ample, similar. |
| 8. man, false, widow. | 18. able, pious, christian. |
| 9. mechanician, optician. | 19. furnish, depart, sign. |
| 10. attend, create, adhere. | 20. honest, prophet, flatter. |

3d. Denoting *diminution, or a little thing of the kind—hence, endearment, contempt.*

1. Cle, in *corpuscule*, a very minute body.
2. Kin, in *lambkin*, a young or little lamb.
3. Let, in *streamlet*, a small stream.
4. Ling, in *darling*, a little dear.
5. Ock, in *hillock*, a very low hill.
6. Ule, in *spherule*, a small globe or sphere.

EXERCISES.

Form diminutives from the following words,—

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. part, ice, cant. | 4. lord, sap, seed. |
| 2. man, cider, pipe. | 5. bull, pad. |
| 3. flower, eagle, leaf. | 6. animal, grain, globe. |

II. FORMING ADJECTIVES.

1st. Denoting *of or pertaining to, having the nature of.*

1. Aceous, in *cetaceous*, of the whale kind.
2. Al, in *filial*, befitting a son or daughter.
3. An, in *hyperborean*, belonging to the far north.
4. Ar, in *solar*, relating to the sun.
5. Ary, in *epistolary*, having the nature of a letter.
6. En, in *golden*, having the qualities of gold, made of gold.
7. Ic, in *academic*, relating to an academy.
8. Ical, in *apostolical*, appertaining to the apostles.
9. Id, in *humid*, possessing humidity or moistness.
10. Ile, in *infantile*, pertaining to an infant.
11. Ine, in *canine*, having the properties of a dog.
12. Ory, in *prefatory*, pertaining to a preface, introductory.

EXERCISES.

Form adjectives denoting pertaining to, &c., from the following words.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. bulb, crust, membrane. | 7. angel, metal, majesty. |
| 2. nature, autumn, voice. | 8. botany, grammar, tragedy. |
| 3. Rome, Greece, metropolis. | 9. acidity, fervour, vividness. |
| 4. angle, people, circle. | 10. fertility, merchant, project. |
| 5. moment, number, example. | 11. infant, elephant, serpent. |
| 6. earth, silk, wheat. | 12. satisfy, explain, introduce. |

2d. Denoting *having or full of.*

1. Ate, in *adequate*, having what is equal to, sufficient.
2. Ful, in *wonderful*, exciting wonder, astonishing.
3. Ose, in *verbose*, abounding in words, prolix.
4. Ous, in *populous*, full of people or inhabitants.
5. Some, in *gladsome*, pleased, causing joy.
6. Y, in *stony*, made of stones, full of stones.

3d. Denoting *likeness.*

7. Ish, in *childish*, like a child, trifling.
8. Like, in *saintlike*, like a saint.
9. Ly, in *homely*, like a home, plain.

4th. Denoting *being or acting.*

10. Ant, in *abundant*, abounding, very plentiful.
11. Ent, in *belligerent*, waging war.
12. Ble, in *portable*, that can be carried.

5th. Denoting *power, wanting, &c.*

13. Ive, *having power to do*, in *persuasive*, that can convince.
14. Less, *wanting*, in *careless*, wanting care, heedless.
15. Escent, *growing*, in *quiescent*, becoming still.
16. Ward, *in the direction of*, in *downward*, tending down.

EXERCISES.

Form adjectives denoting full of, &c., from the following words.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. fortune, moderation, temper. | 9. world, brother, master. |
| 2. awe, beauty, delight. | 10. discord, repent, triumph. |
| 3. globe, joke, operate. | 11. excel, revere, provide. |
| 4. anxiety, zeal, envy. | 12. commend, attain, elect. |
| 5. trouble, burden, irk. | 13. compare, disjoin, expel. |
| 6. sponge, marsh, shade. | 14. life, spot, cease. |
| 7. blue, green, fever. | 15. putrid, effervesce, vanish. |
| 8. God, man, giant. | 16. way, back, out, for. |

III. FORMING VERBS.

1. Ate, in *renovate*, to make new again.
2. En, in *lengthen*, to make long.
3. Fy, in *sanctify*, to make holy.
4. Ish, in *publish*, to make public.
5. Ise, in *modernise*, to make modern.
6. Ize, in *fertilize*, to make fertile.

EXERCISES.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. accent, commodious, authentic. | 4. vain, flower, polite. |
| 2. sharp, ripe, fat. | 5. critic, author, method. |
| 3. glory, beauty, terror. | 6. tyrant, legal, tranquil. |

IV. FORMING ADVERBS.

1. Ly, in *the manner*, as *joyfully*, in a joyful manner.
2. Ward, in *the direction of*, as *homeward*, towards home.

EXERCISES.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. artful, candid, fierce. | 2. Zion, east, lee. |
|----------------------------|---------------------|

LATIN ROOTS,

WITH

ENGLISH DERIVATIVES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Acerbus, <i>bitter</i> ; acerbity, exac'er-
bate. | Aequus, <i>equal</i> ; equator, equinox,
-librium, adequate, iniquity. |
| Acer, acris, <i>sharp</i> ; acrimony. | Aevum, <i>life, an age</i> ; coeval, pri-
meval, longevity, ever. |
| Acidus, <i>sour</i> ; acidity, ac'e'tous. | Ager, agri, <i>a field</i> : agrarian, agri-
culture, peregrination. |
| Acūo, acūtum; to <i>sharpen</i> ; acute,
acu'men, -minate. | Agger, <i>a heap</i> ; exaggerate. |
| Adūlor, to <i>flatter</i> ; adulation. | Ago, ēgi, actum, to <i>do</i> ; agency,
agent, agility, act, -ive, -uary,
enact, ex-, re-, trans-. |
| Aedes, <i>a building</i> ; edify, -fice. | |
| Aemulus, <i>vying with</i> ; emulous,
-ation. | |

- Aliēnus**, *belonging to another, foreign*; alien, -ate.
Alo, *to nourish*; aliment.
Alter, *another*; altercation, unalterable, adulterate.
Alternus, *one after another*; alternation, subaltern.
Altus, *high*; altitude, altar, exalt.
Ambo, *both*; ambidexter, -guous.
Ambūlo, *to walk*; amble, perambulate, preamble, somnambulist.
Amo, *to love*; amicus, *a friend*; amiable, amity, amorous, enemy, inim'ical.
Amplus, *large*; ample, -ify, -itude.
Ango, *anxi, to cause pain, vex*; anguish, anxiety, anger.
Anima, *life, the soul*; animal, -cule, inanimate, re-.
Animus, *the mind*; animadvert, -osity, unanimous, magn-, pusill.
Annus, *a year*; annual, annals, anniversary, superannuate, perennial, sept-.
Antiquus, *ancient*; antiquary, antiquity, antique'.
Aperio, *apertum, to open*; aperture, o'vert.
Appello, *to call*; appellation, appeal, re-.
Apto, *aptatūm, to fit*; aptitude, adaptation, inept.
Aqua, *water*; aquatic, a'queous, terr-, aq'ueduct.
Arbiter, *an umpire, judge*; arbitrate.
Arcus, *a bow*; arc, arch, arcade.
Ardeo, *arsum, to burn, desire eagerly*; ardent, ardour, arson.
Argilla, *white clay*; argillaceous.
Arma, *arms*; armour, armistice, armada.
Aro, *to plough*; arable.
Ars, *artis, art*; artist, -isan, -ificer, -ificial.
Artus, *a joint*; articulate.
Asper, *rough*; asperity, exasperate.
Atrox, *cruel*; atrocity.
Audax, *daring*; audacity.
Audio, *to hear*; audible, -ence, -tor, obedience.
Augeo, *auctum, to increase*; augment, auction, -eer, author.
Auris, *the ear*; aurist, -icular, auscultation.
Aurum, *gold*; auriferous, oriflamme.
Auspiciūm, (*avis, specio*), *fortune-telling by observing the flight or feeding of birds*; auspices, -ious.
Auster, *the south wind*; austral, Australia.
Auxilium, *help*; auxiliary.
Avārus, *fond of money*; avarice, -ious.
Avidus, *greedy*; avidity.
Avis, *a bird*; a'viary.
Bacchus, *the god of wine*; bacchana'lian, debauchee'.
Barb, *a beard*; barb, -er, -el.
Beātus, *blessed*; beat'itude, -ific.
Bellum, *war*; belligerent, rebel.
Bellus, *beautiful*; embellishment.
Bene, *well*; benediction, -factor.
Bibo, *to drink*; imbibe, wine-bibber.
Bini, *two by two*; bi'nary, combine.
Bis, *twice*; bi'ped, bisect, bi'valve.
Bonus, *good*; bounty, boon.
Brevis, *short*; brevity, abbreviate, brief.
Bursa, *a purse*; emburse, dis-
Cado, *cāsum, to fall*; cadence, cascade, casual, coincide, decay, decid'uous.
Caedo, *cecido, caesum, to cut, kill*; homicide, regi-, sui-, decisive, incision, circum-.
Calcūlus, *a pebble*; calculate, mis-, incalculable.
Calx, *calcis, limestone*; calcareous, calcine', chalk.
Campūs, *a plain*; campaign, de-camp, en-, aid-de-camp.
Candeo, *to be on fire, be glowing white*; candent, candle, incense, incendiary.
Candidus, *white, pure*; candid, candour, candidate.
Canis, *a dog*; canine', kennel.
Cano, *cantum, to sing*; canto, -icle, chant, precentor.
Capio, *cēpi, captum, to take, seize*; capture, -ivity, capable, capacious, accept, receipt, receptacle, antici-

- pate, participate, recipient, conceive, de-, per-.
- Caput, capitis, *the head*; capital, -tain, decapitate, precipitate, chapter.
- Carbo, *a coal*; carboniferous.
- Carcer, *a prison*; incarcerate.
- Caro, carnis, *flesh*; carnal, -ival, -ation, -ivorous, incarnate, charnel.
- Carus, *dear*; caress, cherish.
- Castus, *pure*; chaste, -ity.
- Caveo, cautum, *to beware*; cautious, in-.
- Cavus, *hollow*; cave, con-, cavern, -ity, ex'cavate.
- Cedo, cessum, *to go, yield*; -cede, accede, inter-, pre-, re-, se-, proceed, procession.
- Celer, *swift*; accelerate.
- Centum, *a hundred*; centurion, -ury, -ennial, per cent.
- Cera, *wax*; cere'ment, sincere.
- Cerno, cretum, *to sift, see, judge*; discern, secretion, secretary, discreet.
- Certo, *to strive*; concert', dis-.
- Certus, *sure*; certify, uncertain, ascertain.
- Cesso, (cedo) *to leave off*; incessant, cessation.
- Charta, *paper*; chart, -er, cartel, cartoon', cartridge.
- Cingo, cinctum, *to gird*; cingle, succinct', pre'cincts.
- Cito, *to call, summon*; cite, ex-, in-, re-, resuscitate.
- Circus, *a circle*; encircle, semi-, circulate, -lation.
- Civis, *a citizen*; civ'ilize.
- Clamo, *to cry out*; cla'mant, clamorous, exclaim, pro-.
- Clarus, *clear*; declare, clarify.
- Claudo, clausum, *to shut*; include, ex-, pre-, se-, clause, recluse, close, cloister.
- Clemens, *merciful*; clemency.
- Cline, *to bend*; decline, in-, re-.
- Clivus, *a slope*; acclivity, de-.
- Coelum, *heaven*; celestial.
- Colo, cultum, *to till*; culture, agri-, horti-, cultivation, colonize.
- Commōdus, *convenient*; accommodate, incommode.
- Compleo, *to fill*; complete, -tion.
- Concilio, *to make friends again*; conciliate, rec'oncile.
- Consilium, *a meeting*; council, -sel.
- Copia, *plenty*; copious.
- Coquo, coctum, *to boil*; concoct, decoction, cook.
- Cor, cordis, *the heart*; cordial, accord, con-, dis-, courage.
- Corium, *skin, hide*; excoriate.
- Corōna, *a crown*; coronet, -ation, corolla.
- Corpus, corpōris, *the body*; corporeal, corpulent, cor'puscle, corpse.
- Cras, *to-morrow*; procrastinate.
- Credo, creditum, *to trust*; credit, -ible, -ulous, creed.
- Cresco, *to grow*; crescent, excrescence, increase, de-.
- Crux, crūcis, *a cross*; crucify, ex-cruciate, crusader.
- Cubo, (cumbo), *to lie*; incumbent, re-, succumb, incubus, cumbrous.
- Culpa, *a fault*; culprit, -able, ex-culpate.
- Cumulus, *a heap*; accumulation.
- Cura, *care*; curate, curious, procure, se-, sine-.
- Curro, *to run*, cursus, *a course*; concurrent, excursion, in-, courser.
- Curt, *short*; curtail.
- Curvus, *crooked*; curvature.
- Custos, *a keeper*; custody.
- Cutis, *the skin*; cuticle, cutaneous.
- Damnum, *loss, hurt*; damage, condemn, indemnity.
- Debilis, *weak*; debility.
- Decet, *it is becoming*; decent.
- Decor, *comeliness, beauty*; decorate, deco'rous.
- Deliberatio, (de, libra), *a weighing in the mind, consideration*; deliberate, -ative, -ation.
- Dens, dentis, *a tooth*; dentist, indent.
- Densus, *thick*; condense.
- Deus, *God*; Deity, deist.

- Dexter, right-handed, skilful; dex-**
 terous, -ity, ambidexter.
Dico, dicātum, to show, devote;
 dedicate, in-, pre-.
Dico, dictum, to speak, tell; dictate,
 contradict, prediction, verdict,
 benediction.
Dies, a day; dial, diurnal.
Dignus, worthy; dignity, in-, con-
 dign, deign.
Disco, to learn, Discipŭlus, a scholar;
 disciple, discipline.
Divido, divisum, to divide; divi-
 dend, individual, subdivide.
Doceo, doctum, to teach; doc'ile,
 doctor.
Doctrina, the thing taught; doctrine,
 indoctrinate.
Doleo, to grieve; condole.
Dominus, a master, lord; domineer,
 predominate.
Domito, (domo), to tame; indomit-
 able, undaunted.
Domus, a house; domestic.
Dormio, dormitum, to sleep; dor-
 mant, dormitory, dormouse.
Dorsum, the back; endorse.
Dubito, to be uncertain; dubious,
 indubitably, doubt.
Duco, ductum, to lead; abduce,
 con-, de-, in-, pro-, se-, aqueduct,
 ductility, duke, educate.
Duo, two, Duplex, two fold; duet,
 duel, duplicate, double.
Durus, hard, lasting; duration,
 endure, in'durate, ob-

Ebrius, drunk; inebriate, sobriety.
Edo, to eat; ed'ible.
Egeo, to be in want; indigent.
Ego, I; egotist, -tism.
Emo, emptum, to buy; redeem,
 exempt.
Ens, entis, being, esse, to be; ab-
 sent, present, entity, non-.
Eo, itum, to go, iens, going; cir-
 cuit, exit, ambient, transient,
 -ition.
Equus, a horse; equestrian,
 e'querry.
Erro, to wander; errant, aberr-
 ation.

Esca, food; es'culent.
Exemplum, a model, copy; exem-
 plar, example, sample.
Experior, to try, prove; experiment,
 -ence.
Exter, outward; exterior, external,
 extrinsic, extraneous, extreme,
 extraordinary.

Faber, a workman; fabric, -ate.
Fabŭla, a story; fable, fabulous,
 confabulate, fib.
Facies, the make or outward ap-
 pearance; face, de-, ef-, sur-, su-
 perficies, fashion.
Facilis, easy to be done; facility,
 -tate, difficult.
Facio, factum, to do, Facultas, the
 power of doing; fact, faculty,
 benefactor, male-, artificial, benef-
 icent, orifice, effect, -ual, per-
 fect, horrific, benefit, counterfeit,
 sur-, feat, vivify.
Fallo, falsum, to deceive; fallacy,
 infallible, -bility, false.
Fama, fame; famous, defame, in-
 famy.
Fanum, a temple; fane, pro-
Fastidium, disdain; fastidiousness.
Far, meal; farinaceous.
Fatigo, to weary; fatigue, inde-
 fat'igable.
Febris, a fever; feb'rile, feb'rifuge.
Felix, felicitis, happy; felicity.
Femina, a woman; feminine, ef-
 feminine, female.
Fero, to carry, bring; confer, de-
 trans-, circumference, carbonif-
 erous.
Ferveo, to boil; fervour, effervesce'.
Festus, joyful; festivity, infest,
 feast.
Fides, trust; confide, diffident, in-
 fidel, perfidious, faith.
Filius, a son, Filia, a daughter;
 affiliate, filial.
Filum, a thread; filament.
Findo, fissum, to cleave; fissure.
Fingo, fictum, to mould, invent;
 feign, figment, fiction, effigy.
Finis, an end; final, confine, de-
 infinite.

- Firmus, firm**; affirm, con-, infirmity, firmament.
- Fiscus, the public treasury**; fiscal, confiscate.
- Flagro, to burn**; conflagration.
- Flatus, wind**; inflate, flatulent.
- Flecto, flexum, to bend**; deflect, reflection, flexible.
- Fligo, sictum, to dash**; afflict, con-, in-, profligate.
- Flos, flōris, a flower**; flōrist, flourish.
- Fluo, fluxum, to flow, fluctus, a wave**; fluent, af-, con-, reflux, fluctuate, superfluous, effluvia.
- Fodio, fossum, to dig**; fosse, fossil.
- Foedus, foedēris, a treaty**; federal, confederate.
- Folium, a leaf**; foliage, exfoliate, port-folio, trefoil.
- Formido, fear**; formidable.
- Foro, to pierce**; perforate.
- Fors, fortis, chance, luck**; fortune, mis-, fortuitous.
- Fortis, strong**; fortress, fortitude.
- Frango, fractum, to break**; frangible, fragile, fracture, fragment, infringe.
- Frater, a brother**; fraternal.
- Frico, to rub**; friction.
- Frigeo, to be cold**; frigidity, refrigerate.
- Frons, frondis, a leafy twig**; frond.
- Frons, frontis, the brow**; frontlet, -ispiece, affront, con-.
- Fruor, fruitus, to enjoy**; fruit, fruition.
- Fructus, fruit**; fructify, frugal.
- Fugio, to flee**; fugitive, refuge, subter-, centrifugal.
- Fulgeo, to shine**; refulgent.
- Fulmen, fulminis, lightning, thunder**; fulminate.
- Fumus, smoke**; fume, per-, fumigate.
- Fundo, fusum, to pour out, melt**; refund, fusibility, fusion, in-, profuse, suf-.
- Fundus, the bottom**; fundamental, profound, unfounded.
- Gallus, a cock**; gallina'ceous.
- Garrio, to chatter**; gar'ulous.
- Gelu, frost**; gel'id, congeal, jelly.
- Gens, gentis, a nation**; gentile.
- Genus, genēris, race, sort, family**; general, generation, degenerate, re-, con gener, gender.
- Germen, a sprout**; germination.
- Gero, gestum, to carry on, to bear**; bellig'erent, digestion, gesture.
- Gigno, genitum, to bring forth**; genial, progeny, -itor, indig'enous, primogeniture.
- Glacies, ice**; glacier.
- Gladius, a sword**; gladiator.
- Glomus, glomēris, a clue or ball**; agglomerate, con-.
- Gluten, glue**; glutinous.
- Gradior, gressus, to go step by step**; grade, de-, retro-, gradual, congress, pro-, trans-.
- Gramen, grass**; graminivorous.
- Grandis, great**; ag'grandize, grandee, -iloquent.
- Granum, a grain of corn**; granary, granular, granite.
- Gratiae, free favour, thanks**; grateful, gratitude, in'grate, ingra'tiate, gra'tis.
- Gravis, heavy, weighty**; grave, gravitation, aggravate, grieve.
- Grex, gregis, a flock**; gregarious, aggregate, congregate, egregious, seg'regate.
- Habeo, habitum, to have, Habito, to possess**; habit, -ation, inhabit, exhibit, pro-.
- Haereo, haesum, to stick**; adhere, co-, adhesion, co-, hesitate.
- Haeres, haerēdis, an heir**; hereditary, inherit.
- Halo, to breathe**; inhale, -ation, exhale, -ation.
- Haurio, haustum, to suck out**; exhaust, -ion, -less.
- Hilāris, cheerful, hilarity**.
- Histrion, a player**; histrion'ic.
- Homo, a human being**; homici'dal.
- Hora, an hour**; hor'ologe.
- Horreo, to dread, shudder**; horrible, abhor.
- Hortus, a garden**; hor'ticulture.

- Hospes, a host or guest; hospitality, inhospitable, hotel, hostler.**
Hostis, an enemy; hostile, -ity.
Humeo, to be moist; humid, -ity.
Humus, the ground, Humilis, low; inhume, ex-, posthumous, humility, humble.
Hymen, god of marriage; hymene'al.

Idem, the same; identical.
Ignis, fire; igneous, ignite'.
Ignoro, I know not; ignore, -ant.
Imāgo, imaginis, a likeness; image, imagination.
Imitor, to copy; imitation, inimitable.
Impēro, to command; imperative, imperial, empire.
Impunitas, (in, poena,) security from punishment; impunity.
Inānis, empty; inanition.
Infra, beneath; inferior, infernal.
Ingenium, inborn quality of mind, talents; ingenuity, ingenuous.
Initium, beginning; initiate, -al.
Insidiae, snares; insidious.
Insula, an island; insular, peninsula, isolated.
Intēger, entire, sound; in'tegral, integrity, disintegration.
Interpres, an expounder, explainer; interpretation.
Intus, within; interior, intimate, intrinsic.
Ira, anger; ire, iras'cible, irritate.
Iter, itinēris, a journey; itin'erant.
Iterum, again; iteration, reit'erate.

Jaceo, to lie; adjacent, circum-.
Jacio, jactum, to throw; ejaculate, abject, deject, in-, e-, re-, interjection, adjective, projectile.
Janua, a gate; janitor.
Judex, judicis, a judge; judicial, jud'icature, adjudicate, prejudice.
Jugum, a yoke; conjugate, sub-.
Jungo, junctum, to join; juncture, conjunction, disjoin, re-.
Jus, jūris, law, Justus, right; ad-just, un-, justice, injure, jurisprudence.
Juvenis, young; juvenile.
- Juvo, jutum, to help; ad'juvant, coadju'tor.**
Juro, to swear; jury, conjure', ad-, con'jure, -er, perjury.

Labor, lapsus, to glide, slip, fall; collapse, e-, re-, sublapsarian, supra-.
Lac, lactis, milk; lacteal, -age.
Lacer, torn; lacerate, -ation.
Laedo, laesum, to hurt; collision.
Lapis, lapidis, a stone; lapidary, dilapidate.
Lassus, weary; lassitude.
Lateo, to lie hid; la'tent.
Latus, (part of Fero,) carried; collate, e-, legislator, translation.
Latus, wide; latitude, dilate'.
Latus, latēris, a side; lateral, col-, equi-.
Lavo, lotum, to wash; lave, lotion, laundress.
Lego, legātum, to depute, bequeath; leg'ate, delegate, legated, -acy, colleague.
Lego, lectum, to gather, choose, read; legible, il-, legend, delectable, collect, e-, se-, neglect.
Lenis, gentle; leniency.
Leo, a lion; leonine, leopard.
Levis, easily raised, light; levity, lever, elevate, alleviate, relief, leaven.
Lex, legis, a law; legal, legislator, legitimate.
Liber, a book; library, libel.
Liber, free; liberty, deliver.
Libra, a balance; equilibrium, de-liberation.
Licet, it is lawful; licentious, illicit.
Lignum, wood; lignite, -eous.
Ligo, ligātum, to bind; ligament, alligation, oblige, religion, alloy.
Limen, the threshold; preliminary.
Limes, limitis, a boundary; il-limitable.
Linea, a line; lineal, lineament, delineate, lineage.
Lingua, the tongue; linguist, language.
Linquo, lictum, to leave; relinquish, delinquent, rel'ict, rel'ic.

Liqueo, *to melt*; liquefaction.
 Lis, litis, *strife, a law suit*; litigate, litig'ious.
 Litēra, *a letter*; literature, illiterate, obliterate, belles-lettres.
 Locus, *a place*; local, collocate, dis-
 Longus, *long*; longitude, elongate, longevity.
 Loquor, locūtus, *to speak*; loquac-
 ity, eloquence, elocution.
 Lucrum, *gain*; lucrative.
 Ludo, lusum, *to play*; elude, de-
 illusion, col-, ludicrous.
 Lumen, luminis, *light*; luminary, -ous, illuminate.
 Luna, *the moon*; lunar, lunacy, lu'natic, sublunary.
 Luo, luitum, *to wash*; ablution, alluvial, diluvium, deluge.
 Lux, lucis, *light*; lucid, pel-
 Luxuria, *excess*; luxuriant.
 Macer, *lean*; maceration, emaciate.
 Macūla, *a spot*; immaculate.
 Magnus, *great*; magnify, -tude.
 Major, *greater*; majority, mayor.
 Malleus, *a hammer*; malleability.
 Malus, *bad*; malady, malediction, -factor, -volent.
 Mando, *to order*; mandate, remand, counter-
 Maneo, mansum, *to remain*; manse, permanent, remnant.
 Manifestus, *clear*; manifest.
 Mano, *to flow*; emanate, -ation.
 Manus, *the hand*; manacle, manu-
 facture, -script, emancipate, a-
 manuen'sis.
 Mare, *the sea*; marine, sub-, mari-
 ner, -itime.
 Margo, *the edge*; marge, margin, -al.
 Mars, *god of war*; martial, -shal.
 Mater, matris, *a mother*; maternal, ma'tron.
 Māturus, *ripe*; mature, -ity, pre-
 mature'.
 Maximum, *very great, greatest*; maxim, maximum.
 Medius, *middle*; medium, -ator, Mediterranean.
 Mel, *honey*; mellif'luous.

Melior, *better*; ameliorate.
 Memini, *to remember*, Memor, *mindful*; memorandum, reminis-
 cence, memento, memoir, re-
 mind.
 Menda, *a fault*; amend, emendation.
 Mendax, *a liar*; mendac'ity.
 Mendicus, *a beggar*; mendicant.
 Mens; mentis, *the mind*; mental, com'ment, vehemence.
 Merx, mercis, *wares, merchandise*; mer'cantile, mercenary, com-
 merce, market.
 Mergo, mersum, *to plunge*; im-
 merge, e-, sub-, emergency.
 Metior, mensus, *to measure*; mete, metre, symmetry, immensity.
 Mico, *to shine*; mi'ca, -ceous.
 Migro, *to remove*; mi'gratory, emi-
 grant.
 Miles, militis, *a soldier*; military, -ant.
 Mille, *a thousand*; millenium, mile.
 Mineo, *to overhang, jut out*; emi-
 nent, im-, pro-
 Minor, *to threaten*; Minae, *threats*; minacious, men'ace.
 Minor, *less*; minority, min'ute, minute', diminish.
 Mirus, *wonderful*; miracle, admire.
 Misceo, mixtum, *to mix*; mis'cella-
 ny, promiscuous.
 Miser, *wretched*; Miserior, *to pity*; miser, miserable, commiserate.
 Mitis, *mild*; mitigate.
 Mitto, missum, *to send*; admit, e-, re-, sub-, committee, missionary, message.
 Modus, *a measure, manner*; moder-
 ate, modest, modulate, accomo-
 date, mode, mood.
 Moles, *a heap*; demolish.
 Mollis, *soft*; mollify, emollient.
 Moneo, monitum, *to advise, warn*; admonish, monitor, summon.
 Mordeo, morsum, *to bite*; morsel, remorse.
 Mors, mortis, *death*; immortal.
 Mos, mōris, *a custom*; moral, im-, demoralize.
 Moveo, motum, *to move*; remove, motion, motive, momentum.

Multus, *many*; multitude, -form.
Mundus, *the world*; mundane.
Munio, *munifitum*, *to fortify*; muniment, ammunition.
Munus, *muneris*, *a gift*; munificent, remunerate.
Murus, *a wall*; immure, intra-mural.
Muto, *mutatum*, *to change*; mutation, immutable.

Nascor, *natus*, *to be born*; nascent, natal, -tion, -tive, innate, cognate.
Navis, *a ship*; Nauta, *a sailor*; navy, -al, -igate, nautical, -ilus, nau-sea, aeronaut.
Necto, *nexum*, *to tie*; connect, annex.
Nego, *negatum*, *to deny*; negative. Negotium, *business*; negotiate.
Nex, *necis*, *death*; pernicious, inter-necine.
Nihil, *nothing*; anni-hilate.
Noceo, *to hurt*; innocent, noisome, noxious, annoy, nuisance.
Nomen, *a name*; nominal, -ative, denomination, noun, ignominy, renown.
Norma, *a rule*; normal, enormous.
Nosco, *notum*, *to know*; recognise, notify, notion, incognito.
Nota, *a mark*; notable, -ation, denote.
Novus, *new*; novel, renovate, nov-ice.
Nox, *noctis*, *night*; nocturnal.
Nubo, *nuptum*, *to veil, marry*; connubial, nuptials.
Nudus, *naked*; nu'dity.
Nugae, *trifles*; nu'gatory.
Nullus, *none*; annul, dis-, nullify.
Numerus, *a number*; numeration, innumerable.
Nuncio, *to tell*; nuncio, announce, de-, pro-, re-, enunciate.
Nutrio, *to nourish*; nutriment, -itious, nurture, nurse.

Obliquus, *aslant*; oblique, -ity.
Oblivio, *forgetfulness*; oblivion, -ious.
Obsequiae, used for exsequiae, (ex

sequi,) *the act of following a corpse to the grave*; ob'sequies.
Occulo, *to hide*; occult'.
Oculus, *the eye*; ocular, -ist, inoe'culate.
Odi, *to hate*; odium, -ous.
Oleo, *to smell*; olfactory, red'olent.
Oleo, (allied to alo), *to grow*; adolescence, abolish, adult'.
Omnis, *all*; omnipotent, -scient, -present, omnibus.
Onus, *oneris*, *a burden*; on'erous, exonerate.
Opacus, *dark*; opaque, -city.
Opes, *wealth*; opulent.
Opus, *operis*, *a work*; op'orative, co-, in-.
Orbis, *a circle, globe*; orb, orbit, exorbitant.
Ordo, *ordinis*, *order, arrangement*; co-ordinate, sub-, disorder, ordain.
Orior, *ortus*, *to arise*; Origo, *origin, source*; o'rient, -al, abortive, aborigines.
Oro, *to entreat*; oracle, oration, ad-, inex'orable.
Os, *oris*, *the mouth*; o'al, or'ifice.
Os, *ossis*, *a bone*; osseous, -ify.
Ostendo, (ob, tendo,) *to spread before, display*; ostentation.
Ovum, *an egg*; oval, ovip'arous.

Pallium, *a cloak*; pall, palliate.
Pando, *pansum*, *to stretch out*; Passus, *a step*; expand, -se, span, tres'pass, pace.
Panis, *bread*; pantry.
Par, *equal*; parity, pair, peer.
Pareo, *to appear*; apparent, trans-, apparition.
Pario, *to bring forth*; parent, vivip'arous.
Pars, *partis*, *apart*; parse, particle, partial, partition.
Pasco, *pastum*, *to feed*; Pastor, *a shepherd*; antepast, re-, pastoral, pasture.
Pater, *a father*; paternal, pat'rimony, pa'tron, parricide.
Patior, *passus*, *to suffer*; Patiens, *suffering*; patience, impatient, passion, impassible.

- Patria, fatherland; pa'triot, com-, expatriate.**
Pauper, poor; pauperism, poverty.
Pax, pacia, peace; pac'ify, appease.
Pecco, to sin; impeccable.
Pectus, pectōris, the breast; ex- pectorate.
Peculium, private property; pe- culiar, pec'ulate.
Pecunia, money; pecuniary.
Pello, pulsum, to drive; compel, dis-, re-, expulsion.
Pendeo, pensum, to hang; pendant, depend, sus-, pen'sile, penthouse, pennant.
Pendo, pensum, to weigh, pay; expend, -se, -diture.
Pene, almost; peninsula.
Peregrinatio, (per, ager,) a travel- ling abroad; peregrination, pil- grim.
Pericūlum, danger; perilous.
Pes, pedis, a foot; pedestrian, ex- pedition, biped.
Peto, pettum, to seek eagerly; petition, competitor, impetuous.
Piscis, a fish; pis'catory.
Placeo, to please; plac'id, compla- cent, complaisant'.
Placo, to appease; pla'cable.
Plaudo, plausum, to clap the hands; applaud, explosion.
Plebs, the common people; plebeian.
Plenus, full; plenitude, replenish, plenty.
Plecto, plexum, to twist, plait; complex, perplexity.
Plico, plicātum, to fold; compli- cate, du-, im-, sup-, ex-, multiply.
Ploro, to bewail; deplore, ex-, im-
Plumbum, lead; plumber, plummet.
Pluo, to rain; pluvial.
Plus, pluris, more; surplus, plaral.
Poena, punishment; Punio, to pun- ish; pe'nal, pain, impunity.
Pondus, pondēris, weight; prepon- derance, pound.
Pono, positum, to place; depone, component, pose, de-, inter-, trans-, depot, post.
Popūlus, the people; popular, -ous, depopulate.
Porta, a gate; port, -al, -ico, -cullis.
Porto, to carry; export, im-, sup-, trans-, port-folio, deportment.
Posse, to be able; impossible.
Potens, powerful; potentate, im'- potent.
Poto, to drink; potation.
Praeda, plunder; pred'atory, dep'- redation.
Prehendo, prehensum, to seize; apprehend, com-, prehensible, impregnable.
Pretium, a price; precious, ap- preciate, de-.
Primus, first; prime, pri'mary, primeval.
Prior, former; prior, -ity.
Probo, probatum, to prove; probe, approbation, approve, proof.
Profligātus, morally bad; profligate, -acy.
Proles, offspring; prolific.
Propitius, favourably inclined; pro- pitiate, -ous.
Proprius, one's own; appropriate.
Proximus, nearest; proximity, ap- proximate.
Publicus, belonging to the people; republic, publish.
Pudeo, to be ashamed; impudent, repudiate.
Puer, a boy; pu'erile, -ity.
Pugno, to fight; impugn, pugna- cious, pu'gilist, repugnant.
Pungo, punctum, to puncture, to pierce with a sharp pointed in- strument; pungent, punctuation, poign'ant.
Puto, to prune, hence, to adjust, consider; amputate, indis'putable, reputation.
Quaero, quaesitum, to seek for; que'ry, question, acquire, in-, re-, requisite, acquisition, dis-.
Quadra, a figure having four sides, a square; quadrant, -rured, -ruple, -rille, squadron.
Quartus, fourth; quart, -er, -o.
Queror, to complain; querulous.
Quies, rest; quiet, -ude, -escent, acquiesce.

- Radius, a ray; radiant.**
Radix, a root; radical, eradicate.
Ramus, a branch; ramify.
Rapio, raptum, to seize by force; rapine, -acious, -ture, ravage, surreptitious.
Rectus, straight; rectify, -itude, -angle.
Rego, rectum, to rule; regal, reg-iment, region, regular, rector.
Religio, (re, ligo.) This word seems originally to have meant an oath or vow to the gods; religion, irreligious.
Rete, a net; reticulate, ret'ina.
Rideo, risum, to laugh at; deride, ridiculous, ris'ible.
Rigeo, to be cold, stiff; rigidity, rigour.
Rigo, to water; ir'rigate.
Robur, rob'oris, strength; corroborate, robust.
Rogo, rogātum, to ask; arrogate, de-, inter-, prerogative.
Rota, a wheel; rotation.
Rumpo, ruptum, to break, burst; abrupt, inter-, eruption.
Rus, r'uris, the country; rustic, rural.
Sacer, sacred, devoted; sacerdotal, sacrament, consecrate, sacrifice.
Sagax, sagācis, knowing, foreseeing; Sagus, wise; sagacity, presage, sage.
Salio, saltum, to leap; assailant, assault, exalt, resile'.
Salus, salūtis; salutary, -ubrious.
Sanctus, holy; sanctify, saint.
Sanguis, sanguinis, blood; sanguinary.
Sane, sound; sane, in-.
Sapio, to taste, be wise; sa'pient, sap'id, insipid, savour.
Satelles, an attendant; sat'ellite.
Satio, to satisfy; Satis, enough; satiate, -iety, saturate.
Scando, scansum, to climb; scan, ascend, de-, transcendent.
Scindo, scissum, to cleave; rescind, scissors.
Scio, to know; science, omniscient, conscious.
Scribo, scriptum, to write; Scriptura, a writing; scribe, a-, de-, manuscript, post-, Scripture, scribble.
Scrutor, to search; scrutable, in-.
Seco, sectum, to cut; sect, bi-, dis-, segment.
Seculum, the world, an age; secular.
Sedeo, sessum, to sit; sedentary, sediment, supersede, assiduity, pres'ident, siege.
Semen, seminis, seed; sem'inary, disseminate.
Senex, old; se'nile, -ity.
Sentio, sensum, to feel, think; re-sent, -ment, sentiment, sensation.
Sepelio, to bury; Sepulchrum, a grave; sepulture, sepulchre.
Sequor, secūtus, sequi, to follow; ob'sequies, execute, persecution.
Servio, to obey; servant, -itude, subservient.
Servo, to keep; conserve, ob-, pre-.
Sidus, sid'ris, a star; side'real.
Silvan, a wood; silvan, savage.
Similis, like; similar, assimilate, resemble.
Simul, together; simultaneous.
Sisto, to stand, stop; assist, de-, con-, sub-, resistance.
Socius, a companion; associate.
Sol, the sun; solar, parasol.
Solus, alone; solitude, desolate.
Solvo, solūtum, to loose, pay; solve, ab-, dis-, insolvent, soluble.
Somnus, sleep; somnam'bulist.
Sono, to sound; son'o'rous, conso-nant, dis-, unison.
Sorbeo, sorptum, to suck in; absorb, -ption.
Sors, sortis, a lot; assort, con-, sorcery.
Spargo, sparsum, to scatter; spar-gefaction, asperse, dis-.
Species, appearance, kind; species, -ious, specimen.
Specio, spectrum, to see, look; spec-tacle, aspect, circum-, pro-, retro-, despise, despicable, per-spicacity.

- Spero**, *to hope*; despair, desperate, prosperous.
- Spiro**, spirātum, *to breathe*; spiracle, aspire, con-, ex-, inspiration, per-.
- Spondeo**, sponsum, *to promise*; sponsor, correspond, responsible, spouse.
- Sponte**, *of one's own accord*; spontaneous.
- Stagnum**, *standing water*; stagnant.
- Statuo**, statūtum, *to set up, fix, ordain*; statue, statute, constituent, institute, sub-.
- Stella**, *a star*; constellation.
- Sterno**, stratum, *to spread, lay flat*; consternation, stratum, prostrate.
- Stilla**, *a drop*; distillation, instil.
- Stimulus**, *a spur*; stimulate.
- Stinguo**, stinctum, originally *to mark*, but generally used for *extinguo*, *to put out a mark, destroy*; distinguish, inextinguishable, distinct, in-, extinct.
- Stirps**, *the root*; extirpate.
- Sto**, statum, *to stand*; stable, establish, distant, standard, staple, stature, solstice.
- Stringo**, strictum, *to bind*; astringent, constriction, re-, constrain, re-.
- Struo**, structum, *to build*; structure, construction, de-, in-, ob-, construe, destroy.
- Stupeo**, *to be amazed*; stupid, -efaction, -endous.
- Suadeo**, suasum, *to advise*; suasive, dis-, per-, dissuade.
- Suavis**, *sweet*; sauvity.
- Subsidium**, *help*; subsidy, -iary.
- Sudo**, *to sweat*; sudorific, exude.
- Summa**, *chief or uppermost point, whole amount*; sum-, mit-, -mary, consummation.
- Sumo**, sumptum, *to take*; assume, con-, pre-, re-.
- Surgo**, surrectum, *to rise*; surge, insurgent, resurrection, source.
- Taberna**, *a booth, shed*; tabernacle, tavern.
- Tabula**, *a table*; tabular, entablature, tablet.
- Taceo**, *to be silent*; tacit, -urnity, reticence.
- Talis**, *such, like*; tally, tales, talion, retaliate.
- Tango**, tactum, *to touch*; tangent, -ible, contact, in-, contagion, contingent, -tiguous.
- Tantus**, *so great*; tantamount.
- Tardus**, *slow*; tardy, retard.
- Tego**, tectum, *to cover*; tegument, detect, pro-.
- Temere**, *rashly*; temerity.
- Temno**, temptum, *to despise*; contemn, -tempt, -ible.
- Tempéro**, *to mix, moderate*; temperance, -ament, -ature.
- Tempus**, temporis, *time*; temporal, -ary, extempore, contemporaneous.
- Tento**, tensum or tentum, *to stretch, strive*; attend, con-, dis-, sub-, tendon, pretence, extension, intense.
- Teneo**, tentum, *to hold*; tenant, -dril, -ement, -acity, lieutenant, tenure, abstain, con-, re-, sue-, abstinence, obstinate, continue, pertinacity, content, detention, retention.
- Tento**, *to try*; attempt, tentation.
- Tenuis**, *thin*; tenuity, extenuate.
- Tepeo**, *to be lukewarm*; tepid.
- Tergeo**, tersum, *to wipe*; detergent, abstersive, terse.
- Tergum**, *the back*; tergiversation.
- Terminus**, *an end*; terminate, determine, coterminous.
- Tero**, tritum, *to rub*; trite, attrition, con-, detriment, detritus, triturate.
- Terra**, *the earth*; terrace, -aqueous, -estrial, subterranean, interment.
- Testis**, *a witness*; testimony, attest.
- Texo**, textum, *to weave*; texture, con-text, pretext.
- Tingo**, tinctum, *to dye*; tinge, tincture, tint, taint.
- Toléro**, *to endure*; tolerant, in-, toleration.
- Tono**, *to sound loudly*; detonate, intonation, astonish.

- Torpeo, to be benumbed; torpid,**
 -or, -edo.
Torqueo, tortum, to twist, writhe;
 torture, -uous, contortion, dis-
 ex-, torment.
Torreo, tostum, to parch, roast;
 torrid, -ent, toast.
Totus, whole; total, factotum.
Toxicum, poison; intoxicate.
Trado, to deliver, hand down; tra-
 dition, traitor, betray.
Traho, tractum, to draw; subtra-
 hend, attract, con-, de-, dis-, ex-,
 re-, trace, track.
Tremo, to tremble; tremulous,
 tremendous.
Trepidus, fearful; trepidation.
Tribuo, tributum, to give; tribute,
 at-, con-, dis-, retribution.
Tribus, a tribe; tribu'nal.
Tricae, entanglements; intricate,
 ex-, intrigue.
Trudo, trusum, to thrust; intrude,
 ob-, pro-, abstruse.
Tuber, a swelling; protuberant.
Tueor, tutus, to see, watch; tutor,
 intuitive, tutelage.
Tumeo, to swell; Tumulus, an
artificial hillock; tumour, -id,
 -ultuous.
Turba, a crowd, confusion; turbid,
 -ulent, disturb, per-
Turpis, base, mean; turpitude.
Uber, fertile; exuberant.
Ubique, everywhere; ubiq'uity.
Ultimus, the last; ulterior, ultimate.
Umbra, a shade; umbrella, -ageous,
 adumbration.
Unda, a wave; undulate, inun'date,
 redundant.
Ungo, unctum, to anoint; un'guent,
 unctuous.
Unus, one; unit, union, uniform,
 unique, universe, unanimous.
Urbs, a city; urbanity, suburbs.
Urgeo, to push; urgent, -ly.
Uro, ustum, to burn; combustible.
Utor, usus, to use; utility, -tarian,
 uten'sil, usual, usury, usufruct,
 abuse, mis-, per-
Uxor, a wife; uxorious.
- Vacca, a cow; vac'cine, -ation.**
Vaco, vacatum, to be free from;
 vacuity, vacant, evacuate.
Vado, vasum, to go; evade, invader,
 -sion, wade.
Vagor, vagatus, to wander; vague,
 vaga'ry, vagrant, vagabond, ex-
 travagant.
Valeo, to be strong, have worth;
 valid, -iant, -our, -ue, inval'id,
 -date, in'valid, convales'cent,
 avail, counter-, pre-
Vallum, a wall; interval, circum-
 vallation.
Vanus, empty; vanity, -ish, evanes-
 cent.
Vapor, steam; evaporation.
Vas, a vessel; vase, vascular, vesicle.
Vastus, waste, desolate; devas'tate.
Vego, to grow; vegetation.
Veho, vectum, to carry; ve'hicle,
 ve'hemence, convey.
Vello, vulsum, to tear; vellicate,
 convulsion, re-
Velo, to cover, hide; develop, en-
 veil, unvail, reveal.
Vendo, to sell; vend, ve'nal.
Venëror, to worship, honour; vene-
 rate, ableness.
Venio, ventum, to come; convene,
 contra-, inter-, advent, invent,
 convent, circumvent, pre-, cove-
 nant, av'enue, re-
Ventus, the wind; vent, -ilate.
Ver, Spring; vernal, -dant.
Verbëro, to strike; reverberate.
Verbum, the word; verb, -al, -ose,
 adverb, pro-
Vergo, to incline towards; converge,
 di-
Verto, versum, to turn; avert, ad-
 con-, di-, re-, animad-, adversity,
 subversion, transversely, uni-
 verse.
Vestis, a garment; vesture, invest.
Vestigium, a foot-print; vestige,
 investigate.
Vetus, vetëris, old; veteran, in-
 veterate.
Verus, true; verify, -dict.
Via, a way; deviate, ob-, impervious,
 viaduct.

Vicis, <i>change, alternate succession</i> ; vic'ar, vice'roy, vicissitude.	Vivo, victum, <i>to live</i> ; vivacity, revive, sur-, victuals, viands.
Video, visum, <i>to see</i> ; providence, visionary, invisible, revise, visage, -it, envy, survey.	Voco, vocatum, <i>to call</i> ; Vox, <i>the voice</i> ; vocation, convoke, in-, pro-, re-, vocal, vociferate.
Vidūus, <i>left alone, deprived of</i> ; widow, -er.	Volo, volātum, <i>to fly</i> ; volley, vo- latile.
Vigil, <i>watchful, waking</i> ; vigilant.	Volo, <i>to be willing, wish</i> ; volunteer', benevolence.
Villa, <i>a country-seat</i> ; villa, -age, -ain.	Volvo, volūtum, <i>to roll</i> ; devolve, re-, revolution, volume, -uble.
Vinco, victum, <i>to conquer</i> ; convince, invincible, victor, convict, van- quish.	Voveo, votum, <i>to vow</i> ; devote, votary.
Vindex, vindicis, <i>a punisher of wrongs, avenger</i> ; vindicate, vin- dictive, vengeance.	Vulgus, <i>the populace</i> ; vulgar, divulge.
Vinum, <i>wine</i> ; vintner, vinegar.	Vulnus, vulnēris, <i>a wound</i> ; in- vulnerable.
Vita, <i>life</i> ; vital, -ity.	Zona, <i>a belt, girdle</i> ; zone.
Vitrum, <i>glass</i> ; vitreous.	

GREEK ROOTS,

WITH

ENGLISH DERIVATIVES.

Acadēmia, <i>a grove near Athens, where Plato taught philosophy</i> ; acad'emy, academ'ical.	Allēlōn, <i>each other</i> ; parallel, -ogram.
Achos, <i>pain</i> ; toothache.	Anthos, <i>a flower</i> ; anthol'ogy, po- lyanthus.
Acouo, <i>to hear</i> ; acoustics.	Anthrōpos, <i>a man</i> ; anthropology, misanthrophy, phil-.
Aēr, <i>the air</i> ; a-ē'rial, a'erolite, -naut.	Archē, <i>beginning, sovereignty</i> ; anar- chy, archangel, heptarchy, mon- arch, oligarchy, pol'emarch.
Aggelo,* (ang'-gel-lo), <i>to bring tid- ings</i> ; angel, evangelist.	Arctos, <i>a bear, the north</i> ; arctic, ant-.
Agōgos, <i>a leader</i> ; demagogue, ped-, syn-.	Aristos, <i>noblest, best</i> ; aristocracy, -crat.
Agōn, <i>contest, struggle</i> ; agony, antagonist.	Arithmos, <i>number</i> ; arith'metic, logarithms.
Agōra, <i>a place for public assemblies, oration, praise</i> ; allegory, cat-, panegyric.	Arōma, <i>perfume</i> ; aromat'ic.
Aithēr, <i>pure air</i> ; etherial.	Aster, <i>a star</i> ; asterisk, astronomy, -ology, disaster.
* G, before g or k in Greek, is pronounced like 'ng' in English.	Athlētēs, <i>a wrestler</i> ; athlet'ic.
	Atmos, <i>breath, air</i> ; atmosphere.

Anlos, *a pipe*; hydraulics.

Autos, *one's self*; autoerat, -maton, -graph.

Ballo, *to cast*; **Bolē**, *a casting*; bolt, emblem, hyperbole, parable, problem, symbol.

Bapto, *to dip, sprinkle*; baptism.

Baros, *weight*; barometer, barytes, barytone.

Biblos, *inner bark of the papyrus, a book*; Bible, bibliop'olist.

Bios, *life*; biography.

Bosko, *to feed*; proboscis.

Botāne, *an herb*; botany, -ist.

Bruo, *to grow*; embryo.

Byssos, *bottom*; abyss.

Chalyps, *steel*; chalyb'eatē.

Charasso, *to carve*; Character, *a mark*; characteristic.

Charis, *charitos, love, thanks*; charity, eucharist.

Cheir, *the hand*; chirographer, chirurg'eon, (cont. surgeon).

Chimaira, *a fictitious monster, a wild fancy*; chimerical.

Cholē, *bile, anger*; choler, melancholy.

Choreo, *to go, retire*; anchorite.

Christos, *anointed*; Christ the anointed, christen.

Chroma, *colour*; achromatic.

Chronos, *time*; chronology, chronom'eter, anachronism.

Chrysos, *gold*; chrysalis, chrysolite.

Daimōn, *an evil spirit*; demoniac, pandemonium.

Daktylos, *a finger*; dactyl.

Damao, *to subdue*; adamantine, di'amond.

Deka, *ten*; dec'ade, decagon, decalogue, Decap'olis.

Demos, *the people*; democracy, endemic, epidemic.

Dendron, *a tree*; dendrology, rhododendron.

Despotēs, *a master*; despotic.

Deuteros, *second*; Deuteronomy.

Didasko, *to teach*; didactic.

Diplōma, *a duplicate, a writing conferring a privilege*; diploma, -tist.

Dis, *twice*; dissyllable, diphthong, dilemma.

Diskos, *a round plate, a quoit*; disk.

Dogma, *opinion, tenet*; dogmatic.

Doxa, *opinion, glory*; doxology, heterodox, ortho-, para-.

Dromos, *a race-course*; hippodrome, dromedary.

Drus, *the oak*; druid, dryad, hama-.

Dynāmis, *force, power*; dynam'ics.

Dynastes, *a sovereign*; dynasty.

Ecclesia, *the church*; ecclesiastical, Ecclesiastes.

Echeo, *to sound*; echo, catechise, catechu'men.

Eidos, *a form, figure*; idol, ideal, spheroid, kalei'doscope.

Eikon, *an image*; iconoclast.

Eiron, *a dissembler*; ironical.

Elaos, *to drive*; elasticity.

Electron, *amber*; electricity.

Emeo, *to vomit*; emet'ic.

Epos, *a word*; epic, orthoepy.

Erēmos, *a desert*; eremite, hermit.

Ergon, *a work*; energy, metallurgy, George.

Ethnos, *a nation*; ethnography, heathen.

Ethos, *custom, manner*; ethics.

Etymos, *true*; etymon, etymology.

Eu, *well*; eulogy, -phony, -charist, evangelist.

Exo, *out*; Exōthen, *from abroad*; exot'ic.

Gala, *galaktos, milk*; galaxy.

Gameo, *to marry*; bigamy, cryptogamous, amalgamate.

Gastēr, *the stomach*; gastric, -onomy.

Ge, *the earth*; geography, -ology, -ometry, George, apogee.

Genea, *a generation, birth*; genealogy, Genesis, heteroge'neous, homo-, hydrogen, cosmog'ony.

Ginosko, *to know*; prognostic, physiognomy.

- Glossa or Glotta, *the tongue*; glossary, epiglottis, polyglot.
 Glypho, *to engrave*; hieroglyphics.
 Gonia, *a corner, angle*; diagonal, decagon, trigonometry.
 Gramma, *a writing, letter*; grammar, diagram, pro gramme, telegram.
 Grapho, *to write*; graphic, autograph, biog'raphy, paragraph.
 Gymnos, *naked*; gymnas'tics, -a'sium.
 Gynē, *a woman*; monogyn'ia, misog'ynist.
 Gyros, *a circle*; gyration, circum-
 Haima, *blood*; hemorrhage.
 Harmonia, *agreement, musical concord*; harmonious, in-.
 Hebdomas, *a week*; hebdom'adal.
 Hecaton, *a hundred*; hec'atomb.
 Hedra, *a chair, assembly*; cathedral, san'hedrim.
 Helios, *the sun*; heliotrope, aphe' lion, peri-, Heliop'olis.
 Hemēra, *a day*; ephemeral.
 Hepta, *seven*; heptarchy.
 Hetēros, *another*; het'erodox, -geneous.
 Hex, *six*; hexagon, -ameter.
 Hiēros, *sacred*; hierarchy, -gyphic.
 Hippos, *a horse*; hippopotamus, -drome, Philip.
 Hodos, *a way*; episode, exodus, period.
 Holos, *the whole*; catholic, holocaust, -graph.
 Homos, *similar*; homol'ogate, -logous, -geneous.
 Hopla, *arms*; panoply.
 Hora, *on hour*; horologe, -ometry, -oscope.
 Horāma, *a view*; panorama, di-.
 Hydōr, *water*; hydrostatics, -aulics, hydrodynamics, -cephalus, -phobia, clepsydra, drosy.
 Hygros, *moist*; hygrom'eter.
 Hygieia, *health*; hygieian.
 Hymnos, *a sacred song*; hymn, anthem.
 Ichthys, *a fish*; ichthyology, -phagi, ichneumon.
 Idios, *peculiar*; idiom, -syn'crazy, idiot.
 Isos, *equal*; isos'celes, isothermal, -chronous.
 Kaio, kauso, *to burn*; caustic, holocaust.
 Kakos, *bad*; cacoe'thes.
 Kalos, *beautiful*; calig'raphy, kaleidoscope.
 Kalypto, *to conceal*; apocalypse.
 Kanon, *a rule*; canon, -ical.
 Kardia, *the heart*; pericardium.
 Karpos, *fruit, the wrist*; pericarp, metacarp.
 Kathāros, *pure*; cathar'tic.
 Kenos, *empty*; cenotaph.
 Kephālē, *the head*; cephal'ic, hydrocephalus.
 Keras, *a horn*; ceras'tes, mono'ceros, rhino-.
 Klazo, *to break*; iconoclast.
 Klimax, *a ladder*; climax.
 Komē, *hair*; comet.
 Komos, *a jovial meeting*; comic, comedy.
 Koneo, *to serve*; deacon, arch-, sub-.
 Kopto, *to cut*; coppice, apoc'ope, syn-.
 Kosmos, *order, the world*; cosmetic, cosmogony, -graphy, microcosm.
 Kranion, *the skull*; craniology, pericranium.
 Krasis, *temperament*; idiosyn'crazy.
 Kratos, *power, rule*; aristocracy, demo-, theo-, strato-.
 Kritēs, *a judge*; critic, hypocrisy.
 Krypto, *to hide*; crypt, cryptog'o-mous, -graphy, apocrypha.
 Kurios, *a lord*; church, kirk.
 Kyclos, *a circle*; cycle, cyclopædia, en-, cy'clloid.
 Kyliindros, *a roller*; cylinder, -rical.
 Kyōn, kynos, *a dog*; cyn'ic, cyn'nosure.
 Labo, *to take*; astrolabe, syllable.
 Laos, *the people*; la'ity, layman, Archelaus.
 Lego, lexo, *to say*; prolegom'ena, dialect, lexicon, lexicog'rapher, eclectic.

- Leipo**, to leave out; eclipse, elliptical.
Lethē, forgetfulness, death; le'thal, lethargic.
Lithos, a stone; lithog'raphy, -tomy, aerolite, chryso-.
Logos, a reason, word, discourse; logic, syllogism, dialogue, monologue, pro-, geol'ogy, pathology, theology, &c.
Lýsis, a loosing, a solution; analysis, paralysis, palsy.

Machē, a battle; logom'achy, Androm'ache.
Mania, madness; maniac, bibliomania.
Manteia, divination; chiromancy, necro-.
Martyr, a witness; martyrdom.
Mathēma, learning; mathematics, philomath.
Mechanē, a contrivance; mechanics, machine.
Melan, black; melancholy.
Melos, a song; melody, philomel.
Meteōra, luminous bodies in the sky; meteor, mete'orous.
Mētēr, a mother; metropolis.
Metron, a measure; meter, metre, barometer, chronometer, geometry, symmetry.
Mikros, small; microscope.
Mimos, an imitator, buffoon; mimic, pantomime.
Misos, hatred; misan'thropy.
Mnēmē, remembrance; mnemon'ics, am'nesty.
Monos, alone; monk, monastery, monarch, monody, monopoly, monotony.
Morphē, shape; amorphous, metamor'phose.
Myrias, ten thousand; myriad.
Mythos, a fable; myth, -ology.

Naus, a ship; nau'machy, nautical, nau'sea, Argonaut.
Neos, new; neophyte, Naples.
Nesos, an island; Polynesia.
Nomos, a law; anom'alous, anti-

- nom'ianism, astronomy, economy, -ise.
Nosos, a disease; nosology.

Odē, a song, poem; ode, pal'inode, prosody, psalmody.
Oikos, a house; economy; anto'ci, œcumen'ical.
Oligos, few; oligarchy.
Onōma, a name; anonymous, synonyme, metonymy, patronymic.
Optomai, to see; optics, synopsis.
Ornis, a bird; ornithology.
Orthos, right; orthography.
Osteon, a bone; osteology, perios-teum.
Ostrākon, a shell; ostracism, oyster.
Oxys, sharp; acid, oxalic, -ide, paroxysm.

Pais, paidos, a boy; pedagogue, -baptist.
Paideia, instruction; encyclopaedia.
Pan, all; panace'a, pandect, panthe'on.
Pateo, to walk; peripatet'ic, patrol'.
Pathos, feeling; pathetic, apathy, anti-, sym-.
Pente, five; pentateuch, -gon.
Petalon, a leaf; pet'al, apetalous.
Phago, to eat; sarcoph'agus.
Phaino, to shine; Phainomai, to appear; sycophant, phenomenon, phantom, fancy.
Pharmākon, a drug; pharmacy, pharmacopœ'ia.
Phemi, to speak; blaspheme, emphasis, euphemism.
Phero, to carry; metaphor, periph'ery.
Philos, one who loves; philosophy, -logy, -math, Philadelphia.
Phobos, fear; hydrophobia.
Phonē, voice, sound; phonic, cacoph'ony, eu-, sym-.
Phōs, photos, light; phosphorus, photog'raphy.
Phrasis, a saying; phraseology, paraphrase, periph'asis.
Phrēn, the mind; phrenology, franc-tic.
Phthongos, a sound; diphthong.

Physis, *nature*; physics, meta-
Phyton, *a plant*; phytology, zo'o-
phyte.

Planao, *to wander*; planet, -ary,
-arium.

Plasso, *to form in clay*; plastic,
plaster, cataplasm.

Pneuma, *air, spirit*; pneumatics,
peripneu'mony.

Polēmos, *war*; pol'emarch, polem'ics.

Poleo, *to sell*; pharmacopolist,
monopoly.

Polis, *a city*; police', politica,
necropolis, Adrianople, Constan-
tin-.

Polys, *many*; polygon, -pus, pol'y-
theism.

Poros, *a passage*; porous, Bosphorus,
emporium.

Potāmos, *a river*; Mesopotamia.

Pous, podos, *a foot*; antip'odes,
polypus.

Presbys, *an elder*; presbyterianism.

Protos, *first*; prot'ocol, -type.

Pseudos, *false*; pseudo-prophet.

Psychē, *the soul*; psych'ology,
metem'psychosis.

Pyr, *fire*; pyre, pyramid, pyro-
technics, pyri'tes.

Rheo, *to flow*; rhetoric, rheum,
catarrh, diarrhœa, hemorrhage.

Rhin, *the nose*; rhinoceros.

Rhythmos, *harmony*; rhythm,
rhyme.

Rhodon, *a rose*; rhododendron,
Rhoda.

Sarx, *flesh*; Sark'azo, *I tear off the
flesh*; sarcasm, sarcoph'agy.

Schema, *a plan*; scheme, -er.

Schizo, *to split*; schism, -atic.

Sepo, *to rot*; antiseptic.

Sitos, *meat*; parasite.

Skandālon, *a stumbling-block, of-
fence*; scandal, -ous.

Skeptomai, *to consider, doubt*;
scepticism.

Skoepo, *to view*; scope, telescope,
episcopacy, bishop.

Sophia, *wisdom*; sophist, -ism.

Spao, *to draw*; spasm, -odic.

Sphaira, *a globe*; sphere, -ical,
spheroid, hemisphere.

Spiggo, (sping'o), *to bind tight*;
sphincter.

Stasis, *a standing, condition*; statics,
hydro-, statistics, apostasy.

Stello, *to send*; apostle, epistle,
dias'tole.

Stenos, *short*; stenog'raphy.

Sterēos, *solid*; stereotype, -scope.

Stethos, *the breast*; stethoscope.

Sthenos, *strength*; calisthenics.

Stigma, *a mark of infamy*; stig-
matize.

Stoa,* *a porch*; stoic, -ism.

Stratēgos, *the leader of an army*;
strategy, stratagem.

Strophē, *a turning*; strophe, an-
tis'trophe.

Sylē, *plunder, prey*; asy'lum.

Taphos, *a tomb*; epitaph, ceno-.

Tasso, taxo, *to arrange*; tactics,
syntax.

Tautos, *the same*; tautology.

Technē, *art*; technical, polytechnic.

Tēlē, *afar off*; telegraph.

Thanātos, *death*; euthana'sia.

Theatron, *a place for seeing*; thea-
tre, amph-.

Theos, *God*; theology, apoth'eosis,
atheist, Theophilus, Timothy.

Thermē, *heat*; thermom'eter,
thermop'ylæ.

Thesaurus, *a store laid up*; treasure.

Timao, *to fear*; Timotheus.

Tome, *a cutting, division*; atom,
epitome.

Topos, *a place*; topography, Utopia.

Trophē, *nourishment*; at'rophy.

Tropos, *a turning, change*; tropic,
heliotrope.

Typos, *an impression*; type, typo-
graphy.

Tyrannos, *a ruler*; tyr'an'ny, ty'-
rant.

Zelos, *ardour*; zeal, -ous, -ot.

Zoon, *an animal*; zodiac, zoology.

* Zeno, founder of the stoic philosophy,
taught in a porch at Athens.

FRENCH ROOTS,

WITH

ENGLISH DERIVATIVES.

- Abandonner** (ah-bang'-don-nay), *to forsake*; abandon, -ment.
Abreger (ah-brai'-zhay), *to shorten*; abridge, -er, -ment.
Aigre (aygr), *keen, sour*; eager, -ness, vinegar, -aigrette, e'griot.
Aise (ayze), *comfort, joy*; ease, -y, -ness, disease, uneasy.
Aller (al'-lay), *to go*; alley.
Allier (ah'-lyay), *to ally, mix*; ally', alliance, alloy'.
Amateur (ah-ma-teur'), *one fond of any science*.
Ancien (ang'-syang), *old*; ancient, -ly.
Arriere (ah'-ryayre), *behind*; rear, arrear, rearward.
Assassin (ah-sah'-saing), *a secret murderer*; assassin, -ate, -ation.
Attacher (at-tah'-shay), *to tie, fasten*; attach, -ment, tache, tack.
Avant (ah-vawn'), *before*; van, -guard, -courier, advance, -ment, advantage, dis-, vantage-ground.
Barque (bark), *a ship*; bark, embark, disembark.
Barre (bar), *bar, bolt*; barrier, -ricade, -rester, debar, embarrass.
Battre (batr), *to strike*; batter.
Beau (bo), *fair, handsome*; beau, -ish, beau-monde, beauty, -ify.
Belle (bell), *fair, handsome*; belle, belles-lettres.
Benir (bai-neer'), *to bless*; benison.
Billet (be'-yay), *a ticket, small note*; bill, billet, billet-doux, (bil-le-doo).
Blanc (blawng), *white, pure*; blank, carte-blanche, blanch, blench, bleach, blanket.
Bois (b-wah), *a wood*; ambush, hautboy, (ho'boy).
Briller (bree'-yay), *to shine*; brilliant, -ancy.
Brouiller (broo-ee-yay), *to mix, confound*; broil, embroil, dis-
Caisse (kayss), *a box, ready-money*; case, -ment, cash, -ier, cask, -et.
Canaille (kah-nah'-yay), *the rabble, mob*.
Chef, (shéf), *the head*; chief, kerchief, achieve.
Chercher (shair'-shay), *to seek*; search, research, unsearchable.
Cheval (sh'-val), *a horse*; chivalry, -rous.
Cheveu (sh'-veu'), *the hair*; dishevel.
Courber (koo'-bai), *to bend*; curb, uncurbed.
Coutume (koo-too'-m), *way, habit*; costume'.
Couvrir (koo-vreer'), *to cover*; discover, -y, -able, recover, curtain, curfew, (couvre-feu).
Dame (dam), *a lady*; dame, dam, damsel, madam, (cont. ma'am), beldam.
Devoir, (d'-vwar), *duty*; devoir, endeavour.
Dieu, *God*; adieu.
Dompter (dong'-tay), *to overcome*; daunt, -less.
Drap (drah), *cloth*; drape, draper, drab.
Droit (dr-wah), *right, straight*; adroit, -ly, -ness.

- Ecouter (ay-koo'-tay), *to listen*; scout.
- Effrayer (ay-fray'yay), *to frighten*; affray, afraid, fray.
- Embler (ang'blay), *to steal*; embezzle, -ment.
- Empêcher (ang-pay'-shay), *to hinder, oppose*; impeach, -er, -able, -ment.
- Ennui (ang-wee'), *wearisomeness, lassitude*.
- Entrepot (ang-tr-po), *a warehouse, a magazine*.
- Envoyer (ang-vwah'-yay), *to send*; en'voy, -ship, invoice.
- Essayer (ay-say'-yay), *to try*; essay, essayist, assay, -er.
- Feu, *fire*; fuel, curfew.
- Faible (faybl), *weak*; foible, feeble, en-.
- Frais (fray), *expensive*; defray.
- Franc (frawng), *free*; frank, -ness, -incense, fran'chise, en-, dis-.
- Gage (gazh), *a pledge*; gage, en, disen-, mort'gage, wage, wager.
- Garantir (gah-rang-teer'), *to give surety*; guaranteed, warrant, unwarrantable.
- Garder (gar'-day), *to keep*; guard, -ianship, unguarded, warden, wardrobe.
- Garnir (gar-neer'), *to adorn, furnish*; garnish, garniture, garment.
- Gorge (gorzh), *the throat*; gorge, en-, dis-, gargle.
- Gourmand (goor'-mawng), *a glutton*; gormand, -ize, -izer.
- Habiller (ah-bee'-yay), *to dress*; dishabille'.
- Haine (hayne), *hate*; henious, -ness, -ly.
- Haler (hah'-lay), *to draw with a rope*; hale, haul, overhaul, hal'ser.
- Haut (ho), *high*; haut'-boy, hauteur, haut-gout, haughty, -ily, -ness.
- Jambe (zhawngb), *a leg*; jamb, jambeux.
- Jaune (zhoan), *yellow*; jaundice, jaundiced.
- Jeter (zhay'-tay), *to throw*; jet, jet-d'eau, jettee, jetty.
- Joie (zh-wah), *delight*; joyful, -ness, joyous, -ness, enjoy, -ment, rejoice, unenjoyed.
- Jour (zhoor), *a day*; journey, -man, journal, -ist, -neyman, adjourn, sojourn, -er.
- Larron (lah-rong'), *a thief*; burglar, burglary.
- Leurre, *lure, decoy*; allure, allure-ment.
- Lieu, *place*; lieu, lieutenant, -ten-antship, purlieu.
- Loi (l-wah), *law*; loyal, -ty.
- Manger (mawng'zhay), *to eat*; manger, munch.
- Main (măng), *the hand*; main'-pernor, mainprise, legerdemain, mort'main.
- Manteau (mawng-to'), *a cloak*; mantle, man'telet, man'tua-maker, mantle, dis-, portman'-teau.
- Menage (may-nazh'), *a family*; menage, menag'ery, menial.
- Mener (may'nay), *to carry, lead*; ame'nable, demean, -our, misde-meanour, promenade.
- Miner (mee'nay), *to mine, excavate*; miner, mineral, -ist, -ogy, -ogist.
- Mutin (mu-tăing), *refractory, seditious*; mutiny, -eer, -ous, -ously.
- Naivete (nah'-eev-tay), *ingenuousness, simplicity*.
- Nappe (napp), *a table-cloth*; na'perry, napkin.
- Nonchalance (nong-shah-lawngce'), *coolness, indifference*.
- Œuvre, *a work*; manœu'vre, chef d'œuvre (shay-day'vr).
- Outre (oo-tray), *extraordinary, eccentric, odd*.
- Parler (par'lay), *to speak*; parle,

-ey, -ance, -our, -iament, -ia- mentary, parole', par'ol.	Saisir (say-zeer'), <i>to lay hold; seize</i> , -ure, -in.
Paysan (pay-zawng'), <i>a country- man; peasant, -ry.</i>	Saison (say-zong'), <i>season; season</i> , -able, -ableness, -ably, unseason- able.
Penchant (pång-shawng), <i>a leaning or inclination towards.</i>	Suivre (swee'vr), <i>to follow; sue</i> , ensue, issue, suit, -able, -or, suite, pursue, pur'suivant, unsuitable.
Peser (pay'zay), <i>to weigh; poise</i> , counter-, equi-, out-, over-.	Tailler (tah'e-yay), <i>to cut, deal</i> ; tailor, curtail, detail, entail, re- tail, tally.
Petit (p-tee'), <i>little, small; pet</i> , petticoat, petty, pettifogger, ped- dle, peddling.	Tater (tay'tay), <i>to taste, try by the mouth; taste, -ful, -less, -lessness</i> , distaste, -ful, -fulness, untasted.
Pouvoir (poo-vwahr), <i>to be able; power, -ful, -less, empower.</i>	Temir (tay-neer'), <i>to hold; lieutenant.</i>
Protege (pro-tay-zhay), <i>one that is patronized and protected.</i>	Tirer (tee'ray), <i>to draw; tirade'</i> , tier, tire, attire, tiring-room, retire, -ment.
Puissant (poo'e-sawng), <i>powerful, potent; pu'issant, pu'issance.</i>	Tourner (toor'nay), <i>to turn; turn- key, -pike, -stile, -sol, return</i> , tour, -ist, contour', detour', tour'- nament, tour'niquet.
Quitter (kee'tay), <i>to leave; acquit</i> , -tal, -tance, requite.	Trancher (trawng'shay), <i>to cut</i> ; trench, -ant, -er, intrench, -ment, retrench, -ment.
Ranger (rawng'zhay), <i>to put in order; range, ar-, de-, disar-, rank.</i>	Travailler (trah-vah'e-yay), <i>to la- bour, work; tra'vail, travel, -ler</i> , untravelled.
Rendre (rang'dr), <i>to give back</i> ; render, surrender, rendition, ren'dezvous.	Trouver (troo'vay), <i>to find; tro'ver</i> , contrive, -ance, retrieve, -able, irretrievable.
Reveiller (ray-vay'-yay), <i>to awake</i> ; revel, revelry, reveille.	
Roi (r-wah), <i>a king; royal, -ty</i> , -ist, -ly, viceroy, -alty.	

Note.—It is very difficult, and in some cases impossible, to give with our letters the true French sounds. The pronunciations here given, therefore, are, in many cases, mere approximations.

ENGLISH DERIVATIVES

FROM

HEBREW, ITALIAN, AND OTHER ROOTS.

Abba (Syriac), <i>father; ab'bacy</i> , -ot, -ess, -ey.	Algebra (Ar), <i>arithmetical by letters</i> ; al'gebra, -ist, -ic, -ical.
Alcohol (Ar.) <i>pure spirit; al'cohol</i> , -ize, -ization.	Alkali (Ar.), <i>the plant; any sub- stance which when mixed with an acid produces fermentation</i> ; alkali, -ine, -escent.
Alcoran, or the Koran (Ar.), <i>the book of the Mahommetan faith.</i>	

- Babel (Heb.), *confusion*; Ba'bel, Bab'yion, -lonish, -lonian.
- Bar (Heb.), *son*; Barjesus, -jonas, -time'us, -nabas.
- Cabal' (Heb.), *the secret science of the Hebrew rabbins; a close intrigue*; cab'alist, cabal'ler, -istic.
- Cherub (Heb.), *a celestial spirit, angel*; cherub, (pl. cherubs, or cherubim), cheru'bic.
- Cicerone (Ital., tchee-tchay-ro'ny), *a guide or conductor, one who oratorizes in his descriptions*; from Cicero, the great Roman orator.
- Gala (Span.), *fine dress*; ga'la, gal'lant, gallant', gallantry.
- Gazetta (Ital.), *a Venetian half-penny, a newspaper first published at Venice, which cost a gazet*; gazette, gazetteer.
- Halleluia, Hallelujah, Allelujah, (Heb.), *Praise ye the Lord, a song of thanksgiving*.
- Intaglio (Ital.), *a precious stone with a figure engraved on it*; intaglio, (in-tal'yo), -iated.
- Judah (Heb.), *Jehovah's praise; the fourth son of Jacob and Leah*; Jude'a, -aical, -aism, -aize, Jew, -ry, -ish.
- Mahomet, Mohammed, *the great Arabian impostor, born at Mecca, 527*; Mahometan, -edan, Mahomedanism.
- Mammon (Syriac), *the god of wealth; riches*.
- Messiah (Heb.), *the Anointed, the Christ*; Messiahship.
- Nadir (Ar.), *the point in the lower hemisphere opposite to the zenith*.
- Nazareth (Heb.), *separated; a village in Galilee*; Nazarite, Nazarene.
- Nicot, *the name of the man who first introduced tobacco into France, A. D. 1560*; nico'tian, nic'otin.
- Palabra (Span.), *a word*; pala'ver.
- Pharash (Heb.), *to separate*; Pharisee, -aie, -aical, -aism.
- Pascha (Heb.), *the passover, a feast of the Jews*; pas'chal, antepaschal.
- Rabbi (Heb.), *lord, master, a Jewish doctor*; Rabbin, -ical.
- Sabbätum (Heb.), *rest; the Lord's day*; sabbath, sabbatical, sabbatarian.
- Seraph (Heb.), *an angel of the highest order*; seraph, (pl. seraphs, or seraphim), seraph'ic.
- Sombria (Span.), *a shade*; sombre, sombrous.
- Talmud (Heb.), *the book of the Jewish traditions*; talmud, -ic, -ist, -istic.
- Tantälus, *a king of Lydia, who was condemned to perpetual hunger and thirst, with food and water near him which he could never reach*; tan'talize, tantalized, tantal'ization.
- Viola (Ital.), *a musical instrument*; viol, -in, -inist, violoncello.
- Zenith (Ar.), *the point over head, directly opposite to the nadir*.

NUMERALS.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>Greek.</i>
One	Unus	Hen
Two	Duo	Duo
Three	Tres	Treis
Four	Quatuor	Tessāres
Five	Quinque	Pente
Six	Sex	Hex
Seven	Septem	Hepta
Eight	Octo	Ociō
Nine	Novem	Ennēa
Ten	Decem	Deka
Eleven	Undēcim	Hendēka
Twelve	Duodēcim	Dodēka

<i>English.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>Greek.</i>
First	Primus	Prōtos
Second	Secundus	Deutēros
Third	Tertius	Tritos
Fourth	Quartus	Tetartos
Fifth	Quintus	Pemptos
Sixth	Sextus	Hektos
Seventh	Septimus	Hebdōmos
Eighth	Octāvus	Ogdōs
Ninth	Nonus	Enātos
Tenth	Decimus	Dekātos
Eleventh	Undecimus	Hendekātos
Twelfth	Duodecimus	Dōdekātos

ERRATA.

Page 14, *For lapsum read lapsus.*

„ 67, „ gressum „ gressus.
 „ 88, „ tego „ texo.
 „ 124, „ standing „ slanting.
 „ 330, „ cecido „ cecidi.

Finis.

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